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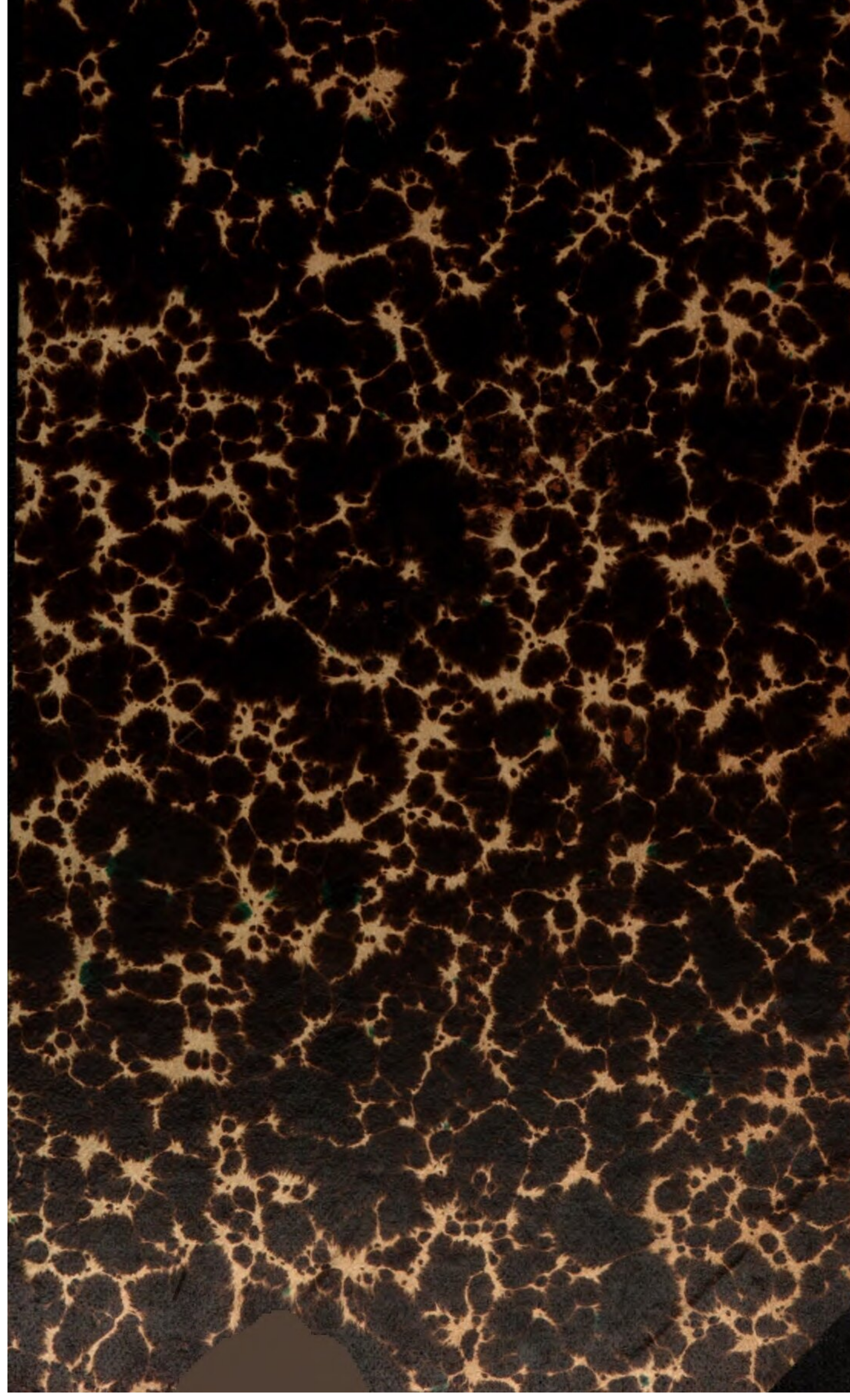
Household words

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TAUCHNITZ EDITION.

VOL. 208.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS. BY CHARLES DICKENS.

VOL. 3.

3
1851

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HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

COLLECTION

OF

BRITISH AUTHORS.

VOL. CCVIII.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS BY CHARLES DICKENS.

VOL. III.

LEIPZIG

BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ

1851.

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OF THE

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CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

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Shakespeare.

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VOL. III.

LEIPZIG

BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ

1851.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS

COMPILED BY

CHARLES DICKENS



COMPANY EDITION

VOL. III

LEIPZIG

BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ

1881

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HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

CONDUCTED BY
CHARLES DICKENS.

A DETECTIVE POLICE PARTY.

IN pursuance of the intention mentioned at the close of a former article on "The Modern Science of Thief-taking," we now proceed to endeavour to convey to our readers some faint idea of the extraordinary dexterity, patience, and ingenuity, exercised by the Detective Police. That our description may be as graphic as we can render it, and may be perfectly reliable, we will make it, so far as in us lies, a piece of plain truth. And first, we have to inform the reader how the anecdotes we are about to communicate, came to our knowledge.

We are not by any means devout believers in the Old Bow-Street Police. To say the truth, we think there was a vast amount of humbug about those worthies. Apart from many of them being men of very indifferent character, and far too much in the habit of consorting with thieves and the like, they never lost a public occasion of jobbing and trading in mystery and making the most of

themselves. Continually puffed besides by incompetent magistrates anxious to conceal their own deficiencies, and hand-in-glove with the penny-a-liners of that time, they became a sort of superstition. Although as a Preventive Police they were utterly ineffective, and as a Detective Police were very loose and uncertain in their operations, they remain with some people, a superstition to the present day.

On the other hand, the Detective Force organised since the establishment of the existing Police, is so well chosen and trained, proceeds so systematically and quietly, does its business in such a workman-like manner, and is always so calmly and steadily engaged in the service of the public, that the public really do not know enough of it, to know a tithe of its usefulness. Impressed with this conviction, and interested in the men themselves, we represented to the authorities at Scotland Yard, that we should be glad, if there were no official objection, to have some talk with the Detectives. A most obliging and ready

permission being given, a certain evening was appointed with a certain Inspector for a social conference between ourselves and the Detectives, at our Office in Wellington Street, Strand, London. In consequence of which appointment the party "came off," which we are about to describe. And we beg to repeat that, avoiding such topics as it might for obvious reasons be injurious to the public, or disagreeable to respectable individuals, to touch upon in print, our description is as exact as we can make it.

The reader will have the goodness to imagine the Sanctum Sanctorum of Household Words. Anything that best suits the reader's fancy, will best represent that magnificent chamber. We merely stipulate for a round table in the middle, with some glasses and cigars arranged upon it; and the editorial sofa elegantly hemmed in between that stately piece of furniture and the wall.

It is a sultry evening at dusk. The stones of Wellington Street are hot and gritty, and the watermen and hackney-coachmen at the Theatre opposite, are much flushed and aggravated. Carriages are constantly setting down the people who have come to Fairy-Land; and there is a mighty shouting and bellowing every now and then, deafening us for the moment, through the open windows.

Just at dusk, Inspectors Wiold and Stalker are announced; but we do not undertake to warrant the orthography of any of the

names here mentioned. Inspector Wiold presents Inspector Stalker. Inspector Wiold is a middle-aged man of a portly presence, with a large, moist, knowing eye, a husky voice, and a habit of emphasising his conversation by the aid of a corpulent fore-finger, which is constantly in juxta-position with his eyes or nose. Inspector Stalker is a shrewd, hard-headed Scotchman — in appearance not at all unlike a very acute, thoroughly-trained schoolmaster, from the Normal Establishment at Glasgow. Inspector Wiold one might have known, perhaps, for what he is — Inspector Stalker, never.

The ceremonies of reception over, Inspectors Wiold and Stalker observe that they have brought some sergeants with them. The sergeants are presented — five in number, Sergeant Dornton, Sergeant Witchem, Sergeant Mith, Sergeant Fendall, and Sergeant Straw. We have the whole Detective Force from Scotland Yard with one exception. They sit down in a semi-circle (the two Inspectors at the two ends) at a little distance from the round table, facing the editorial sofa. Every man of them, in a glance, immediately takes an inventory of the furniture and an accurate sketch of the editorial presence. The Editor feels that any gentleman in company could take him up, if need should be, without the smallest hesitation, twenty years hence.

The whole party are in plain

clothes. Sergeant Dornton, about fifty years of age, with a ruddy face and a high sun-burnt forehead, has the air of one who has been a Sergeant in the army — he might have sat to Wilkie for the Soldier in the Reading of the Will. He is famous for steadily pursuing the inductive process, and, from small beginnings, working on from clue to clue until he bags his man. Sergeant Witchem, shorter and thicker-set, and marked with the small pox, has something of a reserved and thoughtful air, as if he were engaged in deep arithmetical calculations. He is renowned for his acquaintance with the swell-mob. Sergeant Mith, a smooth-faced man with a fresh bright complexion, and a strange air of simplicity, is a dab at housebreakers. Sergeant Fendall, a light-haired, well-spoken, polite person, is a prodigious hand at pursuing private inquiries of a delicate nature. Straw, a little wiry Sergeant of meek demeanour and strong sense, would knock at a door and ask a series of questions in any mild character you chose to prescribe to him, from a charity-boy upwards, and seem as innocent as an infant. They are, one and all, respectable-looking men; of perfectly good deportment and unusual intelligence; with nothing lounging or slinking in their manners; with an air of keen observation, and quick perception when addressed; and generally presenting in their faces, traces more or less marked of habitually leading

lives of strong mental excitement. They have all good eyes; and they all can, and they all do, look full at whomsoever they speak to.

We light the cigars, and hand round the glasses (which are very temperately used indeed), and the conversation begins by a modest amateur reference on the Editorial part to the swell-mob. Inspector Wield immediately removes his cigar from his lips, waves his right hand, and says, "Regarding the Swell-Mob, Sir, I can't do better than call upon Sergeant Witchem. Because the reason why? I'll tell you. Sergeant Witchem is better acquainted with the Swell-Mob than any officer in London."

Our heart leaping up when we beheld this rainbow in the sky, we turn to Sergeant Witchem, who very concisely, and in well-chosen language, goes into the subject forthwith. Meantime, the whole of his brother officers are closely interested in attending to what he says, and observing its effect. Presently they begin to strike in, one or two together, when an opportunity offers, and the conversation becomes general. But these brother officers only come in to the assistance of each other — not to the contradiction — and a more amicable brotherhood there could not be. From the swell-mob, we diverge to the kindred topics of cracksmen, fences, public-house dancers, area-sneaks, designing young people who go out "gonophing," and other "schools," to which our

readers have already been introduced. It is observable throughout these revelations, that Inspector Stalker, the Scotchman, is always exact and statistical, and that when any question of figures arises, everybody as by one consent pauses, and looks to him.

When we have exhausted the various schools of Art — during which discussion the whole body have remained profoundly attentive, except when some unusual noise at the Theatre over the way, has induced some gentleman to glance inquiringly towards the window in that direction, behind his next neighbour's back — we burrow for information on such points as the following. Whether there really are any highway robberies in London, or whether some circumstances not convenient to be mentioned by the aggrieved party, usually precede the robberies complained of, under that head, which quite change their character? Certainly the latter, almost always. Whether in the case of robberies in houses, where servants are necessarily exposed to doubt, innocence under suspicion ever becomes so like guilt in appearance, that a good officer need be cautious how he judges it? Undoubtedly. Nothing is so common or deceptive as such appearances at first. Whether in a place of public amusement, a thief knows an officer, and an officer knows a thief, — supposing them, beforehand, strangers to each other — because each recognises in the other, under all disguise, an

inattention to what is going on, and a purpose that is not the purpose of being entertained? Yes. That's the way exactly. Whether it is reasonable or ridiculous to trust to the alleged experiences of thieves as narrated by themselves, in prisons, or penitentiaries, or anywhere? In general, nothing more absurd. Lying is their habit and their trade; and they would rather lie — even if they hadn't an interest in it, and didn't want to make themselves agreeable — than tell the truth.

From these topics, we glide into a review of the most celebrated and horrible of the great crimes that have been committed within the last fifteen or twenty years. The men engaged in the discovery of almost all of them, and in the pursuit or apprehension of the murderers, are here, down to the very last instance. One of our guests gave chase to and boarded the Emigrant Ship, in which the murderess last hanged in London was supposed to have embarked. We learn from him that his errand was not announced to the passengers, who may have no idea of it to this hour. That he went below, with the captain, lamp in hand — it being dark, and the whole steerage abed and seasick — and engaged the Mrs. Manning who *was* on board, in a conversation about her luggage, until she was, with no small pains, induced to raise her head, and turn her face towards the light. Satisfied that she was not the object of his search, he quietly re-embarked in

the Government steamer alongside, and steamed home again with the intelligence.

When we have exhausted these subjects, too, which occupy a considerable time in the discussion, two or three leave their chairs, whisper Sergeant Witchem, and resume their seats. Sergeant Witchem, leaning forward a little, and placing a hand on each of his legs, then modestly speaks as follows:

"My brother-officers wish me to relate a little account of my taking Tally-ho Thompson. A man oughtn't to tell what he has done himself; but still, as nobody was with me, and, consequently, as nobody but myself can tell it, I'll do it in the best way I can, if it should meet your approval."

We assure Sergeant Witchem that he will oblige us very much, and we all compose ourselves to listen with great interest and attention.

"Tally-ho Thompson," says Sergeant Witchem, after merely wetting his lips with his brandy-and-water, "Tally-ho Thompson was a famous horse-stealer, couper, and magsman. Thompson, in conjunction with a pal that occasionally worked with him, gammoned a countryman out of a good round sum of money, under pretence of getting him a situation — the regular old dodge — and was afterwards in the 'Hue and Cry' for a horse — a horse that he stole, down in Hertfordshire. I had to look after Thompson, and I applied myself, of course, in the first

instance, to discovering where he was. Now, Thompson's wife lived, along with a little daughter, at Chelsea. Knowing that Thompson was somewhere in the country, I watched the house — especially at post-time in the morning — thinking Thompson was pretty likely to write to her. Sure enough, one morning the postman comes up, and delivers a letter at Mrs. Thompson's door. Little girl opens the door, and takes it in. We're not always sure of postmen, though the people at the post-offices are always very obliging. A postman may help us, or he may not, — just as it happens. However, I go across the road, and I say to the postman, after he has left the letter, 'Good morning! how are you?' 'How are *you*?' says he. 'You've just delivered a letter for Mrs. Thompson.' 'Yes, I have.' 'You didn't happen to remark what the post-mark was, perhaps?' 'No,' says he, 'I didn't.' 'Come,' says I, 'I'll be plain with you. I'm in a small way of business, and I have given Thompson credit, and I can't afford to lose what he owes me. I know he's got money, and I know he's in the country, and if you could tell me what the post-mark was, I should be very much obliged to you, and you'd do a service to a tradesman in a small way of business that can't afford a loss.' 'Well,' he said, 'I do assure you that I did not observe what the post-mark was; all I know is, that there was money in the letter — I should say a sovereign.' This was

enough for me, because of course I knew that Thompson having sent his wife money, it was probable she 'd write to Thompson, by return of post, to acknowledge the receipt. So I said 'Thankee' to the postman, and I kept on the watch. In the afternoon I saw the little girl come out. Of course I followed her. She went into a stationer's shop, and I needn't say to you that I looked in at the window. She bought some writing-paper and envelopes, and a pen. I think to myself, 'That 'll do!' — watch her home again — and don't go away, you may be sure, knowing that Mrs. Thompson was writing her letter to Tallyho, and that the letter would be posted presently. In about an hour or so, out came the little girl again, with the letter in her hand. I went up, and said something to the child, whatever it might have been; but I couldn't see the direction of the letter, because she held it with the seal upwards. However, I observed that on the back of the letter there was what we call a kiss — a drop of wax by the side of the seal — and again, you understand, that was enough for me. I saw her post the letter, waited till she was gone, then went into the shop, and asked to see the Master. When he came out, I told him, 'Now, I'm an Officer in the Detective Force; there's a letter with a kiss been posted here just now, for a man that I'm in search of; and what I have to ask of you, is, that you will let me look at the direction of that letter.'

He was very civil — took a lot of letters from the box in the window — shook 'em out on the counter with the faces downwards — and there among 'em was the identical letter with the kiss. It was directed, Mr. Thomas Pigeon, Post-Office, B—, to be left 'till called for. Down I went to B— (a hundred and twenty miles or so) that night. Early next morning I went to the Post-Office; saw the gentleman in charge of that department; told him who I was; and that my object was to see, and track, the party that should come for the letter for Mr. Thomas Pigeon. He was very polite, and said, 'You shall have every assistance we can give you; you can wait inside the office; and we'll take care to let you know when anybody comes for the letter.' Well, I waited there, three days, and began to think that nobody ever *would* come. At last the clerk whispered to me, 'Here! Detective! Somebody's come for the letter!' 'Keep him a minute,' said I, and I ran round to the outside of the office. There I saw a young chap with the appearance of an Ostler, holding a horse by the bridle — stretching the bridle across the pavement, while he waited at the Post-Office Window for the letter. I began to pat the horse, and that; and I said to the boy, 'Why, this is Mr. Jones's Mare!' 'No. It an't.' 'No?' said I. 'She's very like Mr. Jones's Mare!' 'She an't Mr. Jones's Mare, anyhow,' says he. 'It's Mr. So-and-So's, of the War-

wick Arms.' And up he jumped, and off he went — letter and all. I got a cab, followed on the box, and was so quick after him that I came into the stable-yard of the Warwick Arms, by one gate, just as he came in by another. I went into the bar, where there was a young woman serving, and called for a glass of brandy-and-water. He came in directly, and handed her the letter. She casually looked at it, without saying anything, and stuck it up behind the glass over the chimney-piece. What was to be done next?

"I turned it over in my mind while I drank my brandy-and-water (looking pretty sharp at the letter the while), but I couldn't see my way out of it at all. I tried to get lodgings in the house, but there had been a horse-fair, or something of that sort, and it was full. I was obliged to put up somewhere else, but I came backwards and forwards to the bar for a couple of days, and there was the letter, always behind the glass. At last I thought I'd write a letter to Mr. Pigeon myself, and see what that would do. So I wrote one, and posted it, but I purposely addressed it, Mr. John Pigeon, instead of Mr. Thomas Pigeon, to see what *that* would do. In the morning (a very wet morning it was) I watched the postman down the street, and cut into the bar, just before he reached the Warwick Arms. In he came presently with my letter. 'Is there a Mr. John Pigeon staying here?' 'No! — stop a bit though,' says the bar-

maid; and she took down the letter behind the glass. 'No,' says she, 'it's Thomas, and *he* is not staying here. Would you do me a favour, and post this for me, as it is so wet?' The postman said Yes; she folded it in another envelope, directed it, and gave it him. He put it in his hat, and away he went.

"I had no difficulty in finding out the direction of that letter. It was addressed, Mr. Thomas Pigeon, Post-Office, R—, Northamptonshire, to be left till called for. Off I started directly for R—; I said the same at the Post-Office there, as I had said at B—; and again I waited three days before anybody came. At last another chap on horseback came. 'Any letters for Mr. Thomas Pigeon?' 'Where do you come from?' 'New Inn, near R—.' He got the letter, and away *he* went — at a canter.

"I made my enquiries about the New Inn, near R—, and hearing it was a solitary sort of house, a little in the horse line, about a couple of miles from the station, I thought I'd go and have a look at it. I found it what it had been described, and sauntered in, to look about me. The landlady was in the bar, and I was trying to get into conversation with her; asked her how business was, and spoke about the wet weather, and so on; when I saw, through an open door, three men sitting by the fire in a sort of parlour, or kitchen; and one of those men, according to the

description I had of him, was Tally-ho Thompson!

"I went and sat down among 'em, and tried to make things agreeable; but they were very shy — wouldn't talk at all — looked at me, and at one another, in a way quite the reverse of sociable. I reckoned 'em up, and finding that they were all three bigger men than me, and considering that their looks were ugly — that it was a lonely place — railroad station two miles off — and night coming on — thought I couldn't do better than have a drop of brandy-and-water to keep my courage up. So I called for my brandy-and-water; and as I was sitting drinking it by the fire, Thompson got up and went out.

"Now the difficulty of it was, that I wasn't sure it *was* Thompson, because I had never set eyes on him before; and what I had wanted was to be quite certain of him. However, there was nothing for it now, but to follow, and put a bold face upon it. I found him talking, outside in the yard, with the landlady. It turned out afterwards, that he was wanted by a Northampton officer for something else, and that, knowing that officer to be pock-marked (as I am myself), he mistook me for him. As I have observed, I found him talking to the landlady, outside. I put my hand upon his shoulder — this way — and said, 'Tally-ho Thompson, it's no use. I know you. I'm an officer from London, and I take you into cus-

tody for felony!' 'That be d—d!' says Tally-ho Thompson.

"We went back into the house, and the two friends began to cut up rough, and their looks didn't please me at all, I assure you. 'Let the man go. What are you going to do with him?' 'I'll tell you what I'm going to do with him. I'm going to take him to London to-night, as sure as I'm alive. I'm not alone here, whatever you may think. You mind your own business, and keep yourselves to yourselves. It'll be better for you, for I know you both very well.' I'd never seen or heard of 'em in all my life, but my bouncing cowed 'em a bit, and they kept off, while Thompson was making ready to go. I thought to myself, however, that they might be coming after me on the dark road, to rescue Thompson; so I said to the landlady, 'What men have you got in the house, Missis?' 'We haven't got no men here,' she says, sulkily. 'You have got an ostler, I suppose?' 'Yes, we've got an ostler.' 'Let me see him.' Presently he came, and a shaggy-headed young fellow he was. 'Now attend to me, young man,' says I; 'I'm a Detective Officer from London. This man's name is Thompson. I have taken him into custody for felony. I'm going to take him to the railroad station. I call upon you in the Queen's name to assist me; and mind you, my friend, you'll get yourself into more trouble than you know of, if you don't!' You never saw a person open his eyes

so wide. 'Now, Thompson, come along!' says I. But when I took out the handcuffs, Thompson cries, 'No! None of that! I won't stand *them*! I'll go along with you quiet, but I won't bear none of that!' 'Tally-ho Thompson,' I said, 'I'm willing to behave as a man to you, if you are willing to behave as a man to me. Give me your word that you'll come peaceably along, and I don't want to handcuff you.' 'I will,' says Thompson, 'but I'll have a glass of brandy first.' 'I don't care if I've another,' said I. 'We'll have two more, Missis,' said the friends, 'and con-found you, Constable, you'll give your man a drop, won't you?' I was agreeable to that, so we had it all round, and then my man and I took Tally-ho Thompson safe to the railroad, and I carried him to London that night. He was afterwards acquitted, on account of a defect in the evidence; and I understand he always praises me up to the skies, and says I'm one of the best of men."

This story coming to a termination amidst general applause, Inspector Wield, after a little grave smoking, fixes his eye on his host, and thus delivers himself:

"It wasn't a bad plant that of mine, on Fikey, the man accused of forging the Sou' Western Railway debentures — it was only t' other day — because the reason why? I'll tell you.

"I had information that Fikey and his brother kept a factory over yonder there," indicating any region on the Surrey side of the

river, "where he bought second-hand carriages; so after I'd tried in vain to get hold of him by other means, I wrote him a letter in an assumed name, saying that I'd got a horse and shay to dispose of, and would drive down next day, that he might view the lot, and make an offer — very reasonable it was, I said — a reg'lar bargain. Straw and me then went off to a friend of mine that's in the livery and job business, and hired a turn-out for the day, a precious smart turn-out, it was — quite a slap-up thing! Down we drove, accordingly, with a friend (who's not in the Force himself); and leaving my friend in the shay near a public-house, to take care of the horse, we went to the factory, which was some little way off. In the factory, there was a number of strong fellows at work, and after reckoning 'em up, it was clear to me that it wouldn't do to try it on there. They were too many for us. We must get our man out of doors. 'Mr. Fikey at home?' 'No, he ain't.' 'Expected home soon?' 'Why, no, not soon.' 'Ah! is his brother here?' 'I'm his brother.' 'Oh! well, this is an ill-convenience, this is. I wrote him a letter yesterday, saying I'd got a little turn-out to dispose of, and I've took the trouble to bring the turn-out down, a' purpose, and now he ain't in the way.' 'No, he an't in the way. You couldn't make it convenient to call again, could you?' 'Why, no, I couldn't. I want to sell; that's the fact; and I can't put it off. Could you find

him anywheres?' At first he said No, he couldn't, and then he wasn't sure about it, and then he'd go and try. So, at last he went upstairs, where there was a sort of loft, and presently down comes my man himself, in his shirt sleeves.

"Well," he says, "this seems to be rayther a pressing matter of yours." "Yes," I says, "it is rayther a pressing matter, and you'll find it a bargain — dirt-cheap." "I ain't in partickler want of a bargain just now," he says, "but where is it?" "Why," I says, "the turn-out's just outside. Come and look at it." He hasn't any suspicions, and away we go. And the first thing that happens is, that the horse runs away with my friend (who knows no more of driving than a child) when he takes a little trot along the road to show his paces. You never saw such a game in your life!

"When the bolt is over, and the turn-out has come to a stand-still again, Fikey walks round and round it, as grave as a judge — me too. "There, Sir!" I says. "There's a neat thing!" "It an't a bad style of thing," he says. "I believe you," says I. "And there's a horse!" — for I saw him looking at it. "Rising eight!" I says, rubbing his fore-legs. (Bless you, there an't a man in the world knows less of horses than I do, but I'd heard my friend at the Livery Stables say he was eight year old, so I says, as knowing as possible, "Rising Eight.") "Rising eight, is he?" says he. "Rising eight," says I. "Well," he says, "what do

you want for it?" "Why, the first and last figure for the whole concern is five-and-twenty pound!" "That's very cheap!" he says, looking at me. "An't it?" I says. "I told you it was a bargain! Now, without any higgling and haggling about it, what I want is to sell, and that's my price. Further, I'll make it easy to you, and take half the money down, and you can do a bit of stiff* for the balance." "Well," he says again, "that's very cheap." "I believe you," says I; "get in and try it, and you'll buy it. Come! take a trial!"

"Ecod, he gets in, and we get in, and we drive along the road, to show him to one of the railway clerks that was hid in the public-house window to identify him. But the clerk was bothered, and didn't know whether it was him, or wasn't — because the reason why? I'll tell you, — on account of his having shaved his whiskers. "It's a clever little horse," he says, "and trots well; and the shay runs light." "Not a doubt about it," I says. "And now, Mr. Fikey, I may as well make it all right, without wasting any more of your time. The fact is, I'm Inspector Wield, and you're my prisoner." "You don't mean that?" he says. "I do, indeed." "Then burn my body," says Fikey, "if this ain't too bad!"

"Perhaps you never saw a man so knocked over with surprise. "I hope you'll let me have my coat?" he says. "By all means." "Well, then, let's drive to the factory." "Why, not exactly that, I think,"

* Give a bill.

said I; 'I've been there, once before, to-day. Suppose we send for it.' He saw it was no go so he sent for it, and we drove him up to London, comfortable."

This reminiscence is in the height of its success, when a general proposal is made to the fresh-complexioned, smooth-faced officer, with the strange air of simplicity, to tell the "Butcher's story." But we must reserve the Butcher's story, together with another not less curious in its way, for a concluding article.

"SWINGING THE SHIP."

A VISIT TO THE COMPASS OBSERVATORY.

THE noble ship with her floating battery of heavy guns, her hundreds of seamen, smart and brave, her powder, shot, and shell for destroying an enemy, and her tons of provender to supply her crew; with her anxious captain and aspiring lieutenants, mates, middys, warrant officers, and her pipe-clayed marines are on board. The long pennon whips the winds; the hurry, bustle, and noise of preparation has subsided into the quietude of everything in its place; when the word passes that she is "Ready for Sea."

Next morning the newspapers find just a line and a half in their naval corner for the announcement, — "Her Majesty's ship Unutterable, 120 guns, went out of harbour yesterday. After she has been swung, and had her com-

passes adjusted, she will sail for the Pacific."

"Swing a hundred and twenty gun ship?" says the good citizen interrogatively to himself, as he devours his coffee and his newspaper at breakfast. He pays his taxes and is proud of Britannia and the British navy, but his admiration of the nautical does not help him to a solution. "After she has been swung!" he repeats, and then more immediate affairs draw off his attention, and he leaves the Unutterable to undergo the mysterious. He turns to the debates.

Naval officers are of course more wise on the point, and some of them have more knowledge of the operation than liking for it. It's apt to spoil the paint now and then, and gives trouble, and upsets some of their arrangements. Many, it must be confessed, have more experience than science in their composition, and when they let out their true feeling, indulge, perhaps, in a half growl, in which the words "new-fangled" and "deal of trouble" might be heard. But the operation goes on nevertheless, and little doubt but the toil is forgotten and the growl repented when — far, far at sea, a murky sky shuts out the sun and the stars, and forbids heaven to tell the navigator where he is — with a waste of waters, hundreds, perhaps thousands of miles around him, he has nought but his figures and his little trembling needles of magnetised iron to guide him on his way; to direct him wide of the sunken

rock and the sandy shoal as he nears the wished-for coast.

The loss of British ships by wreck has been stated at between five and six hundred in a year — or about “a ship and a half-a-day.” This terrible loss has been ascribed to many causes — to the tides and currents of the ocean; to imperfect logs; inaccurate charts; unsteady steerage; inattention to the lead; stress of weather; defective ships, and defective management; but last, if not greatest, says Captain Johnson, who gives this catalogue of sources of disaster, we have the errors of the compass. These errors were noticed — now nearly a couple of centuries ago, and from those days to the present time careful mariners have often called attention to the subject. “Officers in charge of convoys during the war,” continues Captain Johnson, “will probably remember the care with which the general signal was displayed at sunset, to steer a given course during the night,” with what alacrity that signal was repeated by the ships of war in their stations, and answered by every merchant-vessel in the fleet; and they will also possibly remember with what surprise, — nay, indignation, — they observed when daylight came, almost the entire convoy dispersed over the ocean as far as the eye could reach, and mayhap a suspicious looking stranger or two escorting those farthest away, further astray, in despite of all the shots fired during a morning watch to recall them.

That such dispersements were in part attributable to the differences of the compasses in each ship, there can be no doubt; but the greatest delinquents in this particular, in all probability, were not the merchant vessels, but rather the ships of war; *the attractive power of their guns upon the compasses* being now a well-known and constantly proved fact.”

The Apollo frigate, and forty merchantmen of her convoy, in 1803 were wrecked together on the coast of Portugal, when they believed themselves to be two hundred miles to the westward. The error of the frigate’s compasses is believed to have been the cause of the disaster; and a similar belief exists with respect to the dreadful wrecks of our line-of-battle ships on the coasts of Jutland and Holland in 1811. The wreck of the *Reliance*, Indiaman, on the coast of France, when one hundred and nine lives were lost, in 1842, is another painful accident ascribed to errors of the compasses induced by the presence on board of a large iron tank forty-six feet long, the attraction of which had been overlooked — for a hollow tank has a magnetic influence as great as a solid mass of the same external dimensions — and such a mass would weigh four hundred and sixty-eight tons.

These errors in the needle that guides the ship, so dangerous in their results, at last attracted official attention in England. Inquiries were extended in various directions, and it was found that

“in some ships the deviation was small; in others it was large enough to cause the loss of a ship, even during a short run; whilst in others, again, from the position of some iron stanchion, bolt or bar, or stand of arms, the error might be changed in the opposite direction; so that the deviation in one vessel was not a guide to its amount or direction in another; and that there was no other remedy but ascertaining the fact by direct experiment in each ship.” These facts were recognised by a committee of English officers, appointed to investigate the matter, one of whom was the Captain Johnson whom we have already quoted, and of whose subsequent labours we shall have further presently to speak.

With these words of explanatory preface, let us set out on a visit to the establishment where the dangers of those afloat are sought to be lessened by scientific investigations on shore.

About two miles and a half eastwards from the Greenwich Observatory, in the picturesque parish of Charlton, and on the extreme corner of the high land that runs from Blackheath, till it juts out close upon the banks of the Thames — stands the building we are in search of. Those who may try to discover it will probably find some little difficulty in the task, for the place is unpretending in outward aspect, and is little known in the neighbourhood; has never before been publicly described — except, perhaps, in those unread publica-

tions called Blue Books, and in the technical volume of the naval officer who has charge of this sanctum of science.

It is called the Compass Observatory; and its locality may probably be more completely indicated by saying that it is not very distant from, though on a far higher level than that corner of the Woolwich Dockyard whence the great chimney soars up like a rival monument to that on Fish Street Hill, and where the engine that sets the Dockyard Machines in motion hums like a bee of forty-horse power. When the place is reached, those who expect to see “a public building,” will be disappointed; those who like to find that Science may abide in small and humble places, will be pleased. A long strip of newly-reclaimed land, a detached brick house, and in its rear, an octagonal wooden structure of little greater outward pretensions than a citizen’s “summer house,” make up the whole establishment.

Passing under the pleasant shade of two fine oak trees, and then between a collection of very promising roses, we enter the house. Once inside, we see that the spirit of order, regularity, and neatness, is there paramount. The exactitude requisite for scientific observation, gives a habit of exactness in other things. In one room we perceive a galvanic battery ready for experiments; a disc of iron for showing a now defunct mode of stayding the vibrations of the compass; a specimen of the

mixed iron and wood braced together as they are now employed in the construction of first-class ships of the Royal Navy, like the Queen's Yacht; and more interesting than all the rest, a copper bowl, contrived by Arago, for stilling the irritability (so to speak) of the magnetic needle.

The French astronomer and ex-minister of the Provisional Government here claims our admiration of his scientific skill, and his work suggests the reflexion how much more pleasant the calm pursuit of nature's laws must be to such a man, than the turbulent effort to enact rules and constitutions for an impetuous and changeable people. Passing from this room to another, we find books, and charts, and maps, on which are laid down the magnetic currents over the great oceans, and amongst its instrumental relics, a magnetic needle that belonged to poor Captain Cook. It is a plain small bar of steel in a rough wooden case, but to the mariner who loves his craft and its heroes, this morsel of iron has an interest greater than the most perfect of nautical inventions — for Cook was a seaman who achieved great ends with humble means and from humble beginnings. A third room is full of compasses of all sorts, sizes, and kinds, from China, from Denmark, from France; from the most rude and simple, to the most complex and finished. All the schemes and plans ever proposed for improving this useful invention are here pre-

served. Many of the contrivances have been discovered more than once. A sanguine theorist completes what to him is perfectly new. Certain that he is to be immortalised and enriched, he sets off to the Observatory with his treasure, to reveal his grand secret, and receive the anticipated reward. He is shown into the compass-room, and there, — horror of horrors, — upon the table, amidst a host of others, there is an old discarded instrument the very counterpart of his own! It was made, and tried, and discarded, years ago.

From the main brick building we pass through another line of roses, and under a bower, boasting some fifty different varieties of that charming flower, to the wooden structure in the rear, which is, in fact, the Observatory.

This building is entirely free from iron. It is approached by stone steps; the door has a pure copper lock, which being opened by a copper key, swings on copper hinges to admit the visitor after he has first cleared the dirt from his shoes upon a copper scraper. Nearly facing the door is a stove to keep up the temperature in cold weather. It looks black enough, and has a black funnel. When the visitor is told that Captain Johnson has his coat-buttons carefully made without any iron shank concealed under their silken cover; and that his assistant, Mr. Brunton, repudiates buttons to his jacket altogether, and has pockets guiltless of a knife; he is apt to turn to

the stove, and hint the presence there of the forbidden metal.

"Ah, ah!" is the reply, it looks like iron sure enough; but the fireplace, the chimney, the poker, the shovel, are all alike. Nothing but copper, copper, pure copper. This suggests an anecdote. When the operations in this Compass Observatory were first commenced, there was found to be a small variation in the magnet. The instruments were re-adjusted; their character was investigated, their construction re-examined; other observations were made—but still the variation continued. Pockets were searched for knives; the garden looked over to see that no stray spade or rake had been left outside the building, yet near enough for mischief. Nothing could be discovered. At length the *brass* bolt on the window was suspected; and though brass had a good character, not being thought capable of coaxing the magnet from its truth, it was, in despair of finding any other delinquent, unscrewed from its position. No sooner was this done, than the wayward needle returned to its true position; the brass bolt was ejected in disgrace, and no morsel of the brazen metal has since been allowed to show itself within the precincts of the building sacred to the mysterious fluid that draws the iron needle to the North.

Once inside the Observatory, the first impression is one of isolation and quietude. Look up to the wooden roof, and you see two shutters, to be opened when an

observation is to be made upon a star. Through the floor rise three pedestals of masonry, built solidly from the earth, and isolated from the Observatory floor, so that no vibration may be communicated to them. All three stand in a row, running north and south. The object of two of them is to support with complete steadiness and truth two instruments for determining, at any moment of time, the exact magnetic north, whilst the third pedestal holds one by one the compasses brought there to be tested. The most northern of these three narrow stone tables is, in fact, a bed of trial—a place of ordeal—whilst the other two support the instrumental judges, who are to pass sentence upon the fluttering needles brought under their unyielding gaze. The test is a severe one. It is easy, with proper means, to get the true magnetic north with a fixed instrument on shore, but to make something that shall tell it with equal truth upon the deck of a ship, as it heaves and tosses, and plunges on the sea, is a very different thing. Yet, instruments equal to such triumphs of skill are obtained, and in this place it is that their qualities are first investigated. The south pedestal has upon it a tall tube of glass, within which there hang some long fibres of untwisted silk, supporting a magnetic tube so beautifully poised, that it obeys without let or hindrance its natural tendency towards the magnetic north. This tubular magnet has at one end a

glass on which a scale and figures are engraved, but so fine and small as to be with difficulty seen by the naked eye. The second pedestal supports a telescope, with which the observer looks down the tubular throat of the magnet towards this tiny scale on the glass at its extremity. Our friends, the "spiders," have contributed some lines to the telescope, and the centre one of these crosses the exact figure showing the magnetic position at the moment.

With this figure in his mind, the telescope and the observer's eye are poised in the opposite direction, through the window of the Observatory, towards a spot some half mile to the north, called Cox's Mount; an eminence on which a wall has been raised to bear a numbered scale similar to that on the magnet — with this difference — that the one is very minute, and the other very large. To the corresponding figure on the distant wall the instrument is directed, and being thus pointed towards the true magnetic, north, it is brought to bear upon the pivot of the compass — which by this time occupies a place on the top of the third pedestal to be tested. Without a complex description, and the free use of scientific terms, it would be perhaps impossible to convey a thoroughly exact conception of the steps of the whole process. Such a detail would be not only too technical, but unnecessary, here. It will be enough in general terms to say, therefore, that the indication obtained from

a star, or from the instrument on the south pedestal, called the collimator, is, by means of the instrument in the centre, combined with a mark upon a distant object, and then brought down to prove the true powers of the compass placed on the third pedestal. It is a beautifully exact operation. The silence of isolation, the steadiness of stone tables and practised operators, the most beautifully constructed instruments, are combined to ensure accurate realities as a result. The tests are so varied, and so often repeated, that no error can escape, and the compass, when it leaves the building to begin its adventures afloat, commences its career with an irreproachable character as a Standard Compass of the Royal Navy — to be, on board the ship of war to which it is sent, a kind of master instrument of reference, by which ruder and cheaper compasses may be checked and regulated.

Just as the history of the stars and of the variations of the magnet is registered and posted up at the Greenwich Observatory, so is that of the compasses entered up here. Every compass that passes its examination may be said to receive its commission, and be appointed to a ship. Its number is taken; its vessel and destination are noted, and, subsequently, its length of service. On its return home from successive trips, it comes back to this place, when its character is again investigated and note made of any loss of magnetic power, of any deviations it may have ex-

hibited, how it may have lost and how gained, and of any other circumstances showing either improvement or deterioration. Now and then one is blacklisted, but this seldom happens; the greatest loss yet noted being 30 minutes. The Standard Compasses cost, when made new, with tripod and all complete, 25*l.* each. After they have been some years in service afloat, they are sent into hospital for overhaul and repair. This costs generally 4*l.* or 5*l.*, and they are then again as good as ever, and ready to guide another ship on her way over the mighty waters. The scientific part of the fittings of a ship of war, though of greatest value, are thus of lowest cost. A Standard Compass is, indeed, a beautiful result of human ingenuity. Generations of seamen and men of science have discussed the best form and materials, and the best mode of suspending the needle, that it may most freely and truly follow its mysterious love for the north. From the days of the old adventurers round the globe, to the date of the last voyages to the Arctic regions, successive sea captains have thought, and watched, and suggested, and the Standard Compass of the English Navy combines, it is believed, all that is best in all their thinking. After the Observatory was established, and one of its duties had been defined to be to pursue investigations on the deviation of the needle, it was thought desirable to have specimens of the instruments used in the war ships

of other naval nations. With the open liberality that unites in brotherhood the scientific men of all countries, France and Denmark sent specimens of what their best men had succeeded in perfecting for the use of their navies. These instruments are very good, and attract deserved attention in the observatory - collection of specimens. The Frenchman is scientific, simple, and with an excellent contrivance for a moveable agate plane to avoid friction in the motion of the needle. The Dane is a good substantial instrument, even more excellently finished than the compasses issued to our navy.

The English Compass is, however, believed with good reason to be the best yet contrived. It has grown up to its present excellence by slow degrees. Human ingenuity has been taxed to its utmost, and it has passed to its present perfection through the various trials of needles of all sorts of shapes swung in all sorts of ways, and by springs, and floating cards, modifying the instrument to the varying conditions of a small boat tossing on waves, or a line of battle ship jarring under the recoil of a broadside. And now we find our Compass-needle made of iron that, being got from the Swedish mines, has travelled to Strasbourg to be prepared for clock springs; thence to Paris, to be still more highly wrought by the watchmaker; and then to London, to take its sea-going shape. Four bars of this

choice metal, or of shear-steel of equally fine quality, are ranged edgewise under a card, thickened and stiffened yet kept transparent by a sheet of mica, brought from the Russian mines; this card moves upon a point made of a metal harder than steel, and incapable of corrosion; and which sometimes, under the name of Iridium, but more correctly under that of "native alloy," is found by the refiners as they smelt the platinum and silver gained from the Ural Mountains or the mines of Spain. The Iridium or alloy comes to the workshop in the tiniest of glass bottles — bottles as small round as a goose-quill, and about an inch long — in morsels not much bigger than a pin's head, and weighing each less than half a grain. Some of these prove too soft, some too spongy, some too brittle, but at last one is found hard and good, and it is soldered upon the pivot, that, when sharpened and polished, is to work upon a cap, formed of a ruby, brought from the East. A bowl of the metal suggested by the French philosopher being prepared from the produce of the mines of Cornwall; and the science of the English philosopher, and the skill of the English workman, having brought all these things into their proper shape and places; we have, as the result, the Standard Compass, whose fitness to guide her Majesty's ship the Unutterable, we have just seen tested by Captain Johnson at the Woolwich Compass Observatory.

Our favourite newspaper has just stated that that gallant ship "is now at Greenhithe waiting to have her compasses adjusted." So, then, the instruments so accurate at the Observatory a few days ago, are all wrong again on shipboard. Just so. The moment they get to their places afloat, their fidelity to the north wavers, — in one ship more, in another less; but in all in a greater or smaller degree in proportion to the quantity of iron used in the construction of the vessel, and the nearness of that metal to the compasses; in proportion to the number of the iron guns and the total weight of metal carried; to the length of the funnel in steamships, and to the condition of that funnel whether upright or hauled down. All this is both new and strange enough. We have learnt already what loss of ships convoyed and ships wrecked has arisen from these deviations: deviations long neglected on board all vessels and to this hour unrecognised or unattended to in our mercantile marine! Since the Royal Navy, however, has a scientific officer, Captain Johnson, especially employed in attending to the important duty of adjusting the compasses: let us go with him and his assistant, Mr. Brunton, from the Compass Observatory to the anchorage at Greenhithe, and see how he will "swing" the gallant line of battle ship, the Unutterable.

The trip occupies a very short time, for we have steam at command. Arrived in the Reach, we

find five floating buoys anchored in the stream, one forming a centre, and four being disposed at equal distances about it, just as the five pips are placed upon a card — say the five of spades. The good ship to be operated upon is already fast by the head to the centre buoy, and Captain Johnson having mounted her deck, and his assistant, Mr. Brunton, having been rowed ashore, a rope is run out from the ship's stern and made fast to one of the corner buoys. The Standard Compass being fixed in the proper position which it is to occupy in the ship, neither too high nor too low, and the guns and other iron being round about it, as they are to remain during the voyage, the mooring ropes are adjusted, and the ship's head is put due north. Meanwhile, Mr. Brunton has set up a compass ashore, and all being ready, Captain Johnson, at a given moment, observes the bearing of a distant object — the Tower at Shooter's Hill — noting the bearing of the needle on board. At that instant the pennant that floated at the mast-head is hauled down from the truck. This being the concerted signal, at the same second of time the assistant ashore observed the needle of his compass. The two instruments vary, and the deviation of that on board, compared with that ashore, is due to the iron of the ship. The stern ropes are hauled from one buoy to another, and again made fast, the ship's head now pointing in another direction. The obser-

vations and the signals are repeated. Each deviation of the ship's compass is carefully noted upon a card previously prepared for the purpose. The ship's stern is then hauled round to the third outside buoy, and the compasses being again examined, she is next hauled round to the fourth buoy. Her head by this time has been north, east, south, west; on each point the deviations of her compasses have been tested, noted, and the card shows their character and proper adjustment. *The ship has been swung.* Science has done its best for her, and the word is given to heave anchor, for she is now truly "Ready for Sea."

AN EXPLORING ADVENTURE.

THE Litany of a Bushman on the Borders might well run, "From native dogs, from scabby sheep, from blacks, from droughts, from governors' proclamations, good Lord, deliver us."

The droughts come in their appointed season, and the day will be, when wells and tanks and aqueducts will redeem many a part from the curse of periodical barrenness: the blacks soon tame or fade before the white man's face; unfortunately the seat of the native dogs, and home-bred or town-bred governing crotchets are more plentiful in long settled than new found countries. At any rate, I have experienced them all, and now give the following passage of

my life for the benefit of the gentlemen "who live at home at ease," hatching theories for our good — Heaven help their silliness!

I had been two years comfortably settled with a nice lot of cattle and sheep, part my own, part on "thirds," when the people south of me began to complain of drought. I had enough feed and water; the question was, whether it would last.

I called my bullock-driver, Bald-faced Dick, into consultation. He was laid up at the time with a broken leg. Dick strongly advised looking for a new station "to the nor'ard."

The sheep would do for months, but he thought we were overstocked with cattle. I had a good deal of confidence in Dick's judgment; for he was a "first fleeter," that is, came over with Governor Phillips in the first fleet; had seen everything in the colony, both good and bad; had, it was whispered, in early years fled from a flogging master, and lived, some said, with the blacks; others averred with a party of Gully-rakers (cattle-stealers); he swore horridly, was dangerous when he had drunk too much rum, but was a thorough Bushman; by the stars, or by sun, and the fall of the land, could find his way anywhere by day or night, understood all kinds of stock, and could make bullocks understand him. He knew every roving character in the colony, the quality of every station, and more about the far

interior than he chose to tell to everyone. With all his coarseness, he was generous and good-natured, and when well paid, and fairly and strictly treated, stood upon "Bush honour," and could be thoroughly depended on.

Having had an opportunity of serving him in a rather serious matter previous to his entering my service, I was pretty sure of his best advice.

The end of it was, for a promise of five pounds he obtained from a friend of his a description of a country hitherto unsettled, and first-rate for cattle. These men, who can neither read nor write, have often a talent for description, which is astonishing.

Having heard a minute detail of the "pack," and studied a sort of map drawn on the lid of a tea-chest with a burned stick, I decided on exploring with my overseer, Jem Carden, and, if successful, returning for the cattle and drags, all loaded for founding a station.

We only took our guns and tomahawks, with tea, sugar, a salt tongue, and small damper ready baked, being determined to make long marches, starting early, camping at mid-day, and marching again in the evening as long as it was light.

Our first stage was only twenty-five miles to young Marson's cattle-station. Marson was a cadet, of a noble family, and having been too fast at home and in India as a cavalry subaltern, had been sent out with a fair capital to Australia, under the idea that a

fortune was to be had for asking, and no means of expense open in the Bush. What money he did not leave in the bars and billiard-rooms of Sydney, he invested in a herd of six hundred cattle; to look after these, he had four men, whom he engaged, one because he could fight, another because he could sing, and all because they flattered him. With these fellows he lived upon terms of perfect equality, with a keg of rum continually on the tap. Then, for want of better society, he made his hut the rendezvous of a tribe of tame blacks.

We found him sitting on the floor in a pair of trowsers and ragged shirt, unwashed, uncombed, pale-faced and red-eyed, surrounded by half-a-dozen black gins (his sultanas), a lot of dogs, poultry, a tame kangaroo, and two of his men. The floor was littered with quart pots, lumps of fat, and damper outside the hut; the relations of the black ladies had made a fire, and were cooking a piece of a fine young heifer. What with the jabbering of the gins, the singing and swearing of the men, and the yelping of the dogs, it was no place for a quiet meal, so we only stayed long enough to drink a pot of tea, so as not to offend, and passed on to camp an hour under the shade of a thicket near the river.

Marson having, with the assistance of his black friends, consumed all his stock, has returned home; and, I hear, asserts every-

where that Australia is not a country a gentleman can live in.

Our course next, after crossing the dividing range, lay over a very flat country, all burned up as far as the eye could reach, — a perfect desert of sand. The chain of pools which formed the river after rain, were nearly choked up by the putrifying carcasses of cattle, smothered in fighting for water. The air was poisonous; the horses sank fetlock-deep at every stride; the blazing sun was reflected back from the hot sand with an intensity that almost blinded our half-shut eyes. After three hours of this misery, we struck into a better country, and soon after came up to the camp of a squatter, who had been forced forward by the drought. He had marked out about twenty miles along the river for his run, — a pretty good slice, I thought, when, before turning back, he said, "That is all I want." It was no business of ours, as we had views further a-field. For three days we pushed on, making from thirty to forty miles a day, without seeing anything exactly to our mind. We rode over arid plains, dotted with scrubby brushwood, then up precipitous hills; now leaping, now clambering down and up, and now riding round to avoid dry gullies and ravines; passing occasionally breaks of green pasture, but insufficiently watered for my purpose. Sometimes our way lay along mountain sides, sometimes in the dry bed of a torrent. Sometimes huge boulders interrupted our course,

sometimes the gigantic trunks of fallen trees. More than once we had to steer through a forest of the monotonous, shadeless gum, with its lofty, dazzlingly white trunks festooned with the brown, curly bark of the previous year, and its parasol-like but shadeless branches, where crimson, green, and snowy parrot tribes shrieked and whistled among the evergreen leaves. It is impossible to conceive anything more gorgeous than these birds as they fluttered in the sun; but I confess that, "on serious thoughts intent," during this journey, they were more often associated with my ideas of supper than anything else.

The evening of the third day, we found ourselves obliged to camp down with a scanty supply of brackish water, and no signs of any living thing. The next day was worse; a land of silence and desolation, where it seemed as if mountains had been crumbled up and scattered about in hills and lumps. The dry earth cracked and yawned in all directions. Failing to find water, we camped down, parched, weary, silent, but not despairing.

The next morning the horses were gone.

I cannot find words to describe what we suffered in the subsequent twelve hours. I had walked until my feet were one mass of blisters, and was ready to lie down and die ten times in the day; but somehow I found strength to walk, always chewing a bullet. At length, at nightfall, we found our horses;

and, nearly at the same time, to crown our delight — water. At the sight of this, we both involuntarily sank down on our knees to return thanks for life saved.

The next morning, after a scanty breakfast, we set to work, and by dint of cutting away with axe and jack-knife, at the expense of clothes and skin, through a brigalow scrub for half a mile, found our way into a gap through which our track lay, and which we had missed. It led straight to the dividing range.

After crossing five miles from the foot of the range, through a barren tract, our eyes and hearts were suddenly rejoiced by the sight of the wished-for land.

A plain, covered with fine green barley-grass, as high as our horses' heads, and sprinkled over with the myal shrub, which cattle and sheep will eat and thrive on, even without grass. Such was the delicious prospect before us. A flood had evidently but lately subsided, for lagoons full of water were scattered all about; a river running at the rate of five miles an hour, serpentine as far as the eye could see, from which the water-fowl fluttered up as we passed; the eagle hawks were sweeping along after flocks of quail, and mobs of kangaroos hopping about like huge rabbits. There was not a sign of horn or hoof anywhere, but it was evident the aborigines were numerous, for there were paths worn down where they had been in the habit of travelling, from one angle of the river to another; we could trace their foot-

marks and of all sizes, and there-upon we unslung our guns and looked at the priming. Altogether I thought I had discovered the finest place for a cattle-station in the colony; I found out afterwards that the first appearance of a new country before it has been stocked is not to be depended on.

We formed a camp in an angle of the river, so as to have protection on three sides, ventured, in spite of the danger, to light a fire and cook some game. Oh, how delicious was that meal! As I lay near the river's edge, peeping through the tall grass, I saw the horrid emus, that rare and soon to be extinct bird, come down the slopes on the opposite side to drink in numbers; a sure sign that white men were as yet strangers to these plains.

We spent some days in examination, and during the exploration met with adventures with the aborigines, I will not now relate. Having marked a station with my initials, and in returning made out a route practicable for drays, by which I afterwards made my way with a large herd of cattle, although not without enduring more than I could tell in a few lines.

Our horses having picked up their flesh in a fortnight's spell on the green plains, we got back at a rattling pace, but, before arriving home, met with an adventure I shall not soon forget. It was at the first station we reached after crossing the "barrens" that divided our newly discovered coun-

try. A hut had just been built for the Stockman, a big strong Irishman, more than six feet high, a regular specimen of a Tipperary chicken. He had been entertaining us with characteristic hospitality; and we were smoking our pipes round the fire, when the hut-keeper rushed in without his hat, crying —

"Tom! Tom! the blacks are coming down on us, all armed, as hard as they can run. Shut the door! for Heaven's sake shut the door!" Tom banged it to, and put his shoulder against it, while the keeper was pulling up the bar, and Carden and I were getting the lock-cases off our fire-arms. Unfortunately the door was made roughly of green wood, and had shrunk, leaving gaps between the slabs.

In the mean time about thirty blacks hurled a volley of spears that made the walls ring again; and then advancing boldly up, one of them thrust a double-jagged spear through the door, slap into Tom's throat. My back was turned towards him, being busy putting a fresh cap on my carbine. I heard his cry, and, turning, saw him fall into the arms of the hut-keeper. I thrust the barrel of my piece through a hole against a black devil, and fired at the same moment that my man did. The two dropped; the rest retreated, but turned back, and caught up their dead friends. Carden flung open the door again, and gave them the contents of his other barrel. My black put the hut-

keeper's musket into my hand; I gave them a charge of buck-shot. Three more fell, and the rest, dropping their friends, disappeared across the river. All this was the work of a moment. We then turned our attention to the stock-keeper. The spear had entered at the chin, and come out on the other side three or four inches. There was not a great flow of blood, but he was evidently bleeding inwardly. He was perfectly collected, and said he was quite sure he should die.

We cut the end of the spear short off, but did not dare to take it out. The hut-keeper got on a horse, leading another, and rode for a doctor who lived one hundred and fifty miles off; he never stopped except to give the horses a feed two or three times in the whole distance, but when he reached his journey's end, the doctor was out. In the mean time poor Tom made his will, disposing of a few head of cattle, mare and foal, and also signed a sort of dying testament to the effect that he had never wronged any of the blacks in any way. The weather was very hot, mortification came on, and he died in agony two days after receiving his wound.

The outrage was reported to the Commissioner, but no notice was taken of it although we were paying a tax for Border Police at the time.

Not many years have elapsed since we fought for our lives — since I read the burial service over the poor murdered Stockman. A

handsome verandah'd villa now stands in the place of the slab hut; yellow corn waves over the Irishman's grave, and while cattle and sheep abound, as well white men, women, and children, there is not a wild black within two hundred miles.

THE BIRTH OF MORNING.

PURE, calm, diffused, the twilight of
the morn
Is in the glen, among the dewy leaves.
Its gentle radiance, more heavenly-
born
Than the half-loving sunbeam, never
grieves
A nook, unvisited. This Earth receives
The light which makes no shade, as the
caress
Of God on his creation, and upheaves
Her soft face, innocent with peace, to
bless,
Babe-like, his watchful eye with waking
tenderness.

A gate admits us to the Hill we seek;
Through woods a track upon the turf
we find;
The trees are dripping dew, their tall
stems creak
And rub together when the morning
wind
Lightly caresses them. We pause to
mind
The note of one awakened bird, whose
cry,
Quaint and repeated, is not like its kind.
Our ears are ignorant. Now up the high
And mossy slope we climb, beneath an
open sky.

We reach the summit. Earth is in a
dream
Of misty seas, and islands strangely
born —
The unreal, from reality. The stream
Of wraith-like sights which, ere he can
be torn
From peaceful sleep, delights the
travel worn

At slumber's painted gate, is not more
wild
Than the imagining of Earth when Morn
Bids her awaken. So a dreaming child
Looks through white angel wings, and
sees all undefiled.

The blessed dream-land fancy of the
young,
More truthful than the reasoning of age,
Is like this vision of the morning, sprung
Of earth and air. These lines upon the
page
Of Nature have life in them. They as-
suage
The fevers of the world, they are the
dew
Of calm, — and God is calm. How
mortals wage
Their wars of weakness Light reveals
to view;
Reason fights through the false, but
Fancy feels the true.

AN EXCELLENT OPPOR- TUNITY.

IN one of the dirtiest and most gloomy streets leading to the Rue Saint Denis, in Paris, there stands a tall and ancient house, the lower portion of which is a large mercer's shop. This establishment is held to be one of the very best in the neighbourhood, and has for many years belonged to an individual on whom we will bestow the name of Ramin.

About ten years ago, Monsieur Ramin was a jovial red-faced man of forty, who joked his customers into purchasing his goods, flattered the pretty *grisettes* outrageously, and now and then gave them a Sunday treat at the barrier, as the cheapest way of securing their custom. Some people thought him a careless, good-natured fellow, and wondered how, with his

off-hand ways, he contrived to make money so fast, but those who knew him well saw that he was one of those who "never lost an opportunity." Others declared that Monsieur Ramin's own definition of his character was, that he was a "*bon enfant*," and that "it was all luck." He shrugged his shoulders and laughed when people hinted at his deep scheming in making, and his skill in taking advantage of Excellent Opportunities.

He was sitting in his gloomy parlour one fine morning in Spring, breakfasting from a dark liquid honoured with the name of onion soup, glancing at the newspaper, and keeping a vigilant look on the shop through the open door, when his old servant Catharine suddenly observed:

"I suppose you know Monsieur Bonelle has come to live in the vacant apartment on the fourth floor?"

"What!" exclaimed Monsieur Ramin in a loud key.

Catherine repeated her statement, to which her master listened in total silence.

"Well!" he said, at length, in his most careless tones; "what about the old fellow?" and he once more resumed his triple occupation of reading, eating, and watching.

"Why," continued Catherine, "they say he is nearly dying, and that his housekeeper, Marguerite, vowed he could never get upstairs alive. It took two men to carry him up; and when he was at length

quiet in bed, Marguerite went down to the porter's lodge and sobbed there a whole hour, saying, "Her poor master, had the gout, the rheumatics, and a bad asthma; that though he had been got up stairs, he would never come down again alive; that if she could only get him to confess his sins and make his will, she would not mind it so much; but that when she spoke of the lawyer or the priest, he blasphemed at her like a heathen, and declared he would live to bury her and every body else."

Monsieur Ramin heard Catherine with great attention, forgot to finish his soup, and remained for five minutes in profound rumination, without so much as perceiving two customers who had entered the shop and were waiting to be served. When aroused, he was heard to exclaim:

"What an excellent opportunity!"

Monsieur Bonelle had been Ramin's predecessor. The succession of the latter to the shop was a mystery. No one ever knew how it was that this young and poor assistant managed to replace his patron. Some said that he had detected Monsieur Bonelle in frauds which he threatened to expose, unless the business were given up to him as the price of his silence; others averred that, having drawn a prize in the lottery, he had resolved to set up a fierce opposition over the way, and that Monsieur Bonelle, having obtained a hint of his intentions, had

thought it most prudent to accept the trifling sum his clerk offered, and avoid a ruinous competition. Some charitable souls — moved no doubt by Monsieur Bonelle's misfortune — endeavoured to console and pump him; but all they could get from him was the bitter exclamation, "To think I should have been duped by *him*!" For Ramin had the art, though then a mere youth, to pass himself off on his master as an innocent provincial lad. Those who sought an explanation from the new mercer, were still more unsuccessful. "My good old master," he said in his jovial way, "felt in need of repose, and so I obligingly relieved him of all business and botheration."

Years passed away; Ramin prospered, and neither thought nor heard of his "good old master." The house, of which he tenanted the lower portion, was offered for sale: he had long coveted it, and had almost concluded an agreement with the actual owner, when Monsieur Bonelle unexpectedly stepped in at the eleventh hour, and by offering a trifle more secured the bargain. The rage and mortification of Monsieur Ramin were extreme. He could not understand how Bonelle, whom he had thought ruined, had scraped up so large a sum; his lease was out, and he now felt himself at the mercy of the man he had so much injured. But either Monsieur Bonelle was free from vindictive feelings, or those feelings did not blind him to the expediency of keeping a good tenant; for though

he raised the rent, until Monsieur Ramin groaned inwardly, he did not refuse to renew the lease. They had met at that period; but never since.

"Well, Catherine," observed Monsieur Ramin to his old servant, on the following morning, "How is that good Monsieur Bonelle getting on?"

"I dare say you feel very uneasy about him," she replied with a sneer.

Monsieur Ramin looked up and frowned.

"Catherine," said he, dryly, "you will have the goodness, in the first place, not to make impertinent remarks; in the second place, you will oblige me by going up stairs to inquire after the health of Monsieur Bonelle, and say that I sent you."

Catherine grumbled, and obeyed. Her master was in the shop, when she returned in a few minutes, and delivered with evident satisfaction the following gracious message:

"Monsieur Bonelle desires his compliments to you, and declines to state how he is; he will also thank you to attend to your own shop, and not to trouble yourself about his health."

"How does he look?" asked Monsieur Ramin with perfect composure.

"I caught a glimpse of him, and he appears to me to be rapidly preparing for the good offices of the undertaker."

Monsieur Ramin smiled, rubbed his hands, and joked merrily with

a dark-eyed grisette, who was cheapening some ribbon for her cap. That girl made an excellent bargain that day.

Towards dusk the mercer left the shop to the care of his attendant, and softly stole up to the fourth story. In answer to his gentle ring, a little old woman opened the door, and, giving him a rapid look, said briefly,

"Monsieur is inexorable; he won't see any doctor whatever."

She was going to shut the door in his face, when Ramin quickly interposed, under his breath, with "I am not a doctor."

She looked at him from head to foot.

"Are you a lawyer?"

"Nothing of the sort, my good lady."

"Well then, are you a priest?"

"I may almost say, quite the reverse."

"Indeed you must go away, Master sees no one."

Once more she would have shut the door; but Ramin prevented her.

"My good lady," said he in his most insinuating tones, "it is true I am neither a lawyer, a doctor, nor a priest. I am an old friend, a very old friend of your excellent master; I have come to see good Monsieur Bonelle in his present affliction."

Marguerite did not answer, but allowed him to enter, and closed the door behind him. He was going to pass from the narrow and gloomy ante-chamber into an inner room — whence now proceed-

ed a sound of loud coughing — when the old woman laid her hand on his arm, and raising herself on tiptoe, to reach his ear whispered:

“For Heaven’s sake, Sir, since you are his friend, do talk to him; do tell him to make his will, and hint something about a soul to be saved, and all that sort of thing: do, Sir!”

Monsieur Ramin nodded and winked in a way that said “I will.” He proved however his prudence by not speaking aloud; for a voice from within sharply exclaimed,

“Marguerite, you are talking to some one. Marguerite, I will see neither doctor nor lawyer; and if any meddling priest dare —”

“It is only an old friend, Sir;” interrupted Marguerite, opening the inner door.

Her master, on looking up, perceived the red face of Monsieur Ramin peeping over the old woman’s shoulder, and irefully cried out,

“How dare you bring that fellow here? And you, Sir, how dare you come?”

“My good old friend, there are feelings,” said Ramin, spreading his fingers over the left pocket of his waistcoat, — “there are feelings,” he repeated, “that cannot be subdued. One such feeling brought me here. The fact is, I am a good-natured easy fellow, and I never bear malice. I never forget an old friend, but love to forget old differences when I find one party in affliction.”

He drew a chair forward as he

spoke, and composedly seated himself opposite to his late master.

Monsieur Bonelle was a thin old man with a pale sharp face and keen features. At first he eyed his visitor from the depths of his vast arm-chair; but, as if not satisfied with this distant view, he bent forward, and laying both hands on his thin knees, he looked up into Ramin’s face with a fixed and piercing gaze. He had not, however, the power of disconcerting his guest.

“What did you come here for?” he at length asked.

“Merely to have the extreme satisfaction of seeing how you are, my good old friend. Nothing more.”

“Well, look at me — and then go.”

Nothing could be so discouraging: but this was an Excellent Opportunity, and when Monsieur Ramin *had* an excellent opportunity in view, his pertinacity was invincible. Being now resolved to stay, it was not in Monsieur Bonelle’s power to banish him. At the same time, he had tact enough to render his presence agreeable. He knew that his coarse and boisterous wit had often delighted Monsieur Bonelle of old, and he now exerted himself so successfully as to betray the old man two or three times into hearty laughter.

“Ramin,” said he, at length, laying his thin hand on the arm of his guest, and peering with his keen glance into the mercer’s purple face, “you are a funny fellow,

but I know you; you cannot make me believe you have called just to see how I am, and to amuse me. Come, be candid for once; what do you want?"

Ramin threw himself back in his chair, and laughed blandly, as much as to say, "*Can you suspect me?*"

"I have no shop now out of which you can wheedle me," continued the old man; "and surely you are not such a fool as to come to me for money."

"Money?" repeated the draper, as if his host had mentioned something he never dreamt of. "Oh, no!"

Ramin saw it would not do to broach the subject he had really come about, too abruptly, now that suspicion seemed so wide awake — *the opportunity had not arrived.*

"There is something up, Ramin, I know; I see it in the twinkle of your eye: but you can't deceive me again."

"Deceive *you?*" said the jolly schemer, shaking his head reverentially. "Deceive a man of your penetration and depth? Impossible! The bare supposition is flattery. My dear friend," he continued, soothingly, "I did not dream of such a thing. The fact is, Bonelle, though they call me a jovial, careless, rattling dog, I have a conscience; and, somehow, I have never felt quite easy about the way in which I became your successor down-stairs. It *was* rather sharp practice, I admit."

Bonelle seemed to relent.

"Now for it," said the Opportunity-hunter to himself. — "By-the-by," (speaking aloud,) "this house must be a great trouble to you in your present weak state? Two of your lodgers have lately gone away without paying — a great nuisance, especially to an invalid."

"I tell you I'm as sound as a colt."

"At all events, the whole concern must be a great bother to you. If I were you, I would sell the house."

"And if I were *you*," returned the landlord, dryly, "I would buy it —"

"Precisely," interrupted the tenant, eagerly.

"That is, if you could get it. Phoo! I knew you were after something. Will you give eighty thousand francs for it?" abruptly asked Monsieur Bonelle.

"Eighty thousand francs!" echoed Ramin. "Do you take me for Louis Philippe or the Bank of France?"

"Then, we'll say no more about it — are you not afraid of leaving your shop so long?"

Ramin returned to the charge, heedless of the hint to depart. "The fact is, my good old friend, ready money is not my strong point just now. But if you wish very much to be relieved of the concern, what say you to a life annuity? I could manage that."

Monsieur Bonelle gave a short, dry, churchyard cough, and looked as if his life were not worth an hour's purchase. "You think

yourself immensely clever, I dare say," he said. "They have persuaded you that I am dying. Stuff! I shall bury you yet."

The mercer glanced at the thin fragile frame, and exclaimed to himself, "Deluded old gentleman!" "My dear Bonelle," he continued, aloud, "I know well the strength of your admirable constitution; but allow me to observe that you neglect yourself too much. Now, suppose a good sensible doctor —."

"Will you pay him?" interrogated Bonelle sharply.

"Most willingly," replied Ramin, with an eagerness that made the old man smile. "As to the annuity, since the subject annoys you, we will talk of it some other time."

"After you have heard the doctor's report," sneered Bonelle.

The mercer gave him a stealthy glance, which the old man's keen look immediately detected. Neither could repress a smile: these good souls understood one another perfectly, and Ramin saw that this was not the Excellent Opportunity he desired, and departed.

The next day Ramin sent a neighbouring medical man, and heard it was his opinion that if Bonelle held on for three months longer, it would be a miracle. Delightful news!

Several days elapsed, and although very anxious, Ramin assumed a careless air, and did not call upon his landlord, or take any notice of him. At the end of the

week old Marguerite entered the shop to make a trifling purchase.

"And how are we getting on up - stairs?" negligently asked Monsieur Ramin.

"Worse and worse, my good Sir," she sighed. "We have rheumatic pains, which make us often use expressions the reverse of Christian-like, and yet nothing can induce us to see either the lawyer or the priest; the gout is getting nearer to our stomach every day, and still we go on talking about the strength of our constitution. Oh, Sir, if you have any influence with us, do, pray do, tell us how wicked it is to die without making one's will or confessing one's sins."

"I shall go up this very evening," ambiguously replied Monsieur Ramin.

He kept his promise, and found Monsieur Bonelle in bed, groaning with pain, and in the worst of tempers.

"What poisoning doctor did you send?" he asked, with an ireful glance; "I want no doctor, I am not ill; I will not follow his prescription; he forbade me to eat; I *will* eat."

"He is a very clever man," said the visitor. "He told me that never in the whole course of his experience has he met with what he called so much 'resisting power' as exists in your frame. He asked me if you were not of a long-lived race."

"That is as people may judge," replied Monsieur Bonelle. "All I can say is, that my grandfather

died at ninety, and my father at eighty-six."

"The doctor owned that you had a wonderfully strong constitution."

"Who said I hadn't?" exclaimed the invalid feebly.

"You may rely on it, you would preserve your health better if you had not the trouble of these vexatious lodgers. Have you thought about the life annuity?" said Ramin as carelessly as he could, considering how near the matter was to his hopes and wishes.

"Why, I have scruples," returned Bonelle, coughing. "I do not wish to take you in. My longevity would be the ruin of you."

"To meet that difficulty," quickly replied the mercer, "we can reduce the interest."

"But I must have high interest," placidly returned Monsieur Bonelle.

Ramin, on hearing this, burst into a loud fit of laughter, called Monsieur Bonelle a sly old fox, gave him a poke in the ribs, which made the old man cough for five minutes, and then proposed that they should talk it over some other day. The mercer left Monsieur Bonelle in the act of protesting that he felt as strong as a man of forty.

Monsieur Ramin felt in no hurry to conclude the proposed agreement. "The later one begins to pay, the better," he said, as he descended the stairs.

Days passed on, and the negotiation made no way. It struck the observant tradesman that all was

not right. Old Marguerite several times refused to admit him, declaring her master was asleep: there was something mysterious and forbidding in her manner that seemed to Monsieur Ramin very ominous. At length a sudden thought occurred to him: the housekeeper—wishing to become her master's heir—had heard his scheme and opposed it. On the very day that he arrived at this conclusion, he met a lawyer, with whom he had formerly had some transactions, coming down the staircase. The sight sent a chill through the mercer's commercial heart, and a presentiment—one of those presentiments that seldom deceive—told him it was too late. He had, however, the fortitude to abstain from visiting Monsieur Bonelle until evening came; when he went up, resolved to see him in spite of all Marguerite might urge. The door was half-open, and the old housekeeper stood talking on the landing to a middle-aged man in a dark cassock.

"It is all over! The old witch has got the priests at him," thought Ramin, inwardly groaning at his own folly in allowing himself to be forestalled.

"You cannot see Monsieur tonight," sharply said Marguerite, as he attempted to pass her.

"Alas! is my excellent friend so very ill?" asked Ramin, in a mournful tone.

"Sir," eagerly said the clergyman, catching him by the button of his coat, "if you are indeed the friend of that unhappy man,

do seek to bring him into a more suitable frame of mind. I have seen many dying men, but never so much obstinacy, never such infatuated belief in the duration of life."

"Then you think he really is dying?" asked Ramin; and, in spite of the melancholy accent he endeavoured to assume, there was something so peculiar in his tone, that the priest looked at him very fixedly as he slowly replied,

"Yes, Sir, I think he is."

"Ah!" was all Monsieur Ramin said; and as the clergyman had now relaxed his hold of the button, Ramin passed in spite of the remonstrances of Marguerite, who rushed after the priest. He found Monsieur Bonelle still in bed and in a towering rage.

"Oh! Ramin, my friend," he groaned, "never take a house-keeper, and never let her know you have any property. They are harpies, Ramin, — harpies! such a day as I have had; first, the lawyer, who comes to write down 'my last testamentary dispositions,' as he calls them; then the priest, who gently hints that I am a dying man. Oh, what a day!"

"And *did* you make your will, my excellent friend?" softly asked Monsieur Ramin, with a keen look.

"Make my will?" indignantly exclaimed the old man; "make my will? what do you mean, Sir? do you mean to say I am dying?"

"Heaven forbid!" piously ejaculated Ramin.

"Then why do you ask me if I

have been making my will?" angrily resumed the old man. He then began to be extremely abusive.

When money was in the way, Monsieur Ramin, though otherwise of a violent temper, had the meekness of a lamb. He bore the treatment of his host with the meekest patience, and having first locked the door so as to make sure that Marguerite would not interrupt them, he watched Monsieur Bonelle attentively, and satisfied himself that the Excellent Opportunity he had been ardently longing for had arrived. "He is going fast," he thought; "and unless I settle the agreement to-night, and get it drawn up and signed to-morrow, it will be too late."

"My dear friend," he at length said aloud, on perceiving that the old gentleman had fairly exhausted himself and was lying panting on his back, "you are indeed a lamentable instance of the lengths to which the greedy lust of lucre will carry our poor human nature. It is really distressing to see Marguerite, a faithful, attached servant, suddenly converted into a tormenting harpy by the prospect of a legacy! Lawyers and priests flock around you like birds of prey, drawn hither by the scent of gold! Oh, the miseries of having delicate health combined with a sound constitution and large property!"

"Ramin," groaned the old man, looking inquiringly into his visitor's face, "you are again going

to talk to me about that annuity—I know you are!”

“My excellent friend, it is merely to deliver you from a painful position.”

“I am sure, Ramin, you think in your soul I am dying,” whimpered Monsieur Bonelle.

“Absurd, my dear Sir. Dying? I will prove to you that you have never been in better health. In the first place you feel no pain.”

“Excepting from rheumatism,” groaned Monsieur Bonelle.

“Rheumatism! who ever died of rheumatism? and if that be all—”

“No, it is not all,” interrupted the old man with great irritability; “what would you say to the gout getting higher and higher up every day?”

“The gout is rather disagreeable, but if there is nothing else—”

“Yes, there is something else,” sharply said Monsieur Bonelle. “There is an asthma that will scarcely let me breathe, and a racking pain in my head that does not allow me a moment’s ease. But if you think I am dying, Ramin, you are quite mistaken.”

“No doubt, my dear friend, no doubt; but in the meanwhile, suppose we talk of this annuity. Shall we say one thousand francs a year.”

“What?” asked Bonelle, looking at him very fixedly.

“My dear friend, I mistook; I meant two thousand francs per annum,” hurriedly rejoined Ramin.

Monsieur Bonelle closed his eyes, and appeared to fall into a gentle

slumber. The mercer coughed; the sick man never moved.

“Monsieur Bonelle.”

No reply.

“My excellent friend.”

Utter silence.

“Are you asleep?”

A long pause.

“Well, then, what do you say to three thousand?”

Monsieur Bonelle opened his eyes.

“Ramin,” said he, sententiously, “you are a fool; the house brings me in four thousand as it is.”

This was quite false, and the mercer knew it; but he had his own reasons for wishing to seem to believe it true.

“Good Heavens!” said he, with an air of great innocence, “who could have thought it, and the lodgers constantly running away. Four thousand? Well, then, you shall have four thousand.”

Monsieur Bonelle shut his eyes once more, and murmured “The mere rental—nonsense!” He then folded his hands on his breast, and appeared to compose himself to sleep.

“Oh, what a sharp man of business he is!” Ramin said, admiringly: but for once omnipotent flattery failed in its effect: “So acute!” continued he, with a stealthy glance at the old man, who remained perfectly unmoved. “I see you will insist upon making it the other five hundred francs.”

Monsieur Ramin said this as if five thousand five hundred francs had already been mentioned, and was the very summit of Monsieur

Bonelle's ambition. But the ruse failed in its effect; the sick man never so much as stirred.

"But, my dear friend," urged Monsieur Ramin in a tone of feeling remonstrance, "there is such a thing as being too sharp, too acute. How can you expect that I shall give you more when your constitution is so good, and you are to be such a long liver?"

"Yes, but I may be carried off one of those days," quietly observed the old man, evidently wishing to turn the chance of his own death to account.

"Indeed, and I hope so," muttered the mercer, who was getting very ill-tempered.

"You see," soothingly continued Bonelle, "you are so good a man of business, Ramin, that you will double the actual value of the house in no time. I am a quiet, easy person, indifferent to money; otherwise this house would now bring me in eight thousand at the very least."

"Eight thousand!" indignantly exclaimed the mercer. "Monsieur Bonelle, you have no conscience. Come now, my dear friend, do be reasonable. Six thousand francs a year (I don't mind saying six) is really a very handsome income for a man of your quiet habits. Come, be reasonable." But Monsieur Bonelle turned a deaf ear to reason, and closed his eyes once more. What between opening and shutting them for the next quarter of an hour, he at length induced Monsieur Ramin

to offer him seven thousand francs.

"Very well, Ramin, agreed," he quietly said; "you have made an unconscionable bargain." To this succeeded a violent fit of coughing.

As Ramin unlocked the door to leave, he found old Marguerite, who had been listening all the time, ready to assail him with a torrent of whispered abuse for duping her "poor dear innocent old master into such a bargain." The mercer bore it all very patiently; he could make allowances for her excited feelings, and only rubbed his hands and bade her a jovial good evening.

The agreement was signed on the following day, to the indignation of old Marguerite, and the mutual satisfaction of the parties concerned.

Every one admired the luck and shrewdness of Ramin, for the old man every day was reported worse; and it was clear to all that the first quarter of the annuity would never be paid. Marguerite, in her wrath, told the story as a grievance to every one: people listened, shook their heads, and pronounced Monsieur Ramin to be a deuced clever fellow.

A month elapsed. As Ramin was coming down one morning from the attics, where he had been giving notice to a poor widow who had failed in paying her rent, he heard a light step on the stairs. Presently a sprightly gentleman, in buoyant health and spirits, wearing the form of Monsieur

Bonelle, appeared. Ramin stood aghast.

"Well, Ramin," gaily said the old man, "how are you getting on? Have you been tormenting the poor widow up-stairs? Why, man, we must live and let live!"

"Monsieur Bonelle," said the mercer, in a hollow tone; "may I ask were are your rheumatics?"

"Gone, my dear friend, — gone."

"And the gout that was creeping higher and higher every day," exclaimed Monsieur Ramin, in a voice of anguish.

"It went lower and lower, till it disappeared altogether," composedly replied Bonelle.

"And your asthma —"

"The asthma remains, but asthmatic people are proverbially long-lived. It is, I have been told, the only complaint that Methuselah was troubled with." With this Bonelle opened his door, shut it, and disappeared.

Ramin was transfixed on the stairs; petrified with intense disappointment, and a powerful sense of having been duped. When he was discovered, he stared vacantly, and raved about an Excellent Opportunity of taking his revenge.

The wonderful cure was the talk of the neighbourhood, whenever Monsieur Bonelle appeared in the streets, jauntily flourishing his cane. In the first frenzy of his despair, Ramin refused to pay; he accused every one of having been in a plot to deceive him; he turned off Catherine and expelled his

porter; he publicly accused the lawyer and priest of conspiracy; brought an action against the doctor, and lost it. He had another brought against him for violently assaulting Marguerite in which he was cast in heavy damages. Monsieur Bonelle did not trouble himself with useless remonstrances, but, when his annuity was refused, employed such good legal arguments, as the exasperated mercer could not possibly resist.

Ten years have elapsed, and MM. Ramin and Bonelle still live on. For a house which would have been dear at fifty thousand francs, the draper has already handed over seventy thousand.

The once red-faced, jovial Ramin is now a pale haggard man, of sour temper and aspect. To add to his anguish, he sees the old man thrive on that money which it breaks his heart to give. Old Marguerite takes a malicious pleasure in giving him an exact account of their good cheer, and in asking him if he does not think Monsieur looks better and better every day. Of one part of this torment Ramin might get rid, by giving his old master notice to quit, and no longer having him in his house. But this he cannot do; he has a secret fear that Bonelle would take some Excellent Opportunity of dying without his knowledge, and giving some other person an Excellent Opportunity of personating him, and receiving the money in his stead.

The last accounts of the victim of Excellent Opportunities re-

present him as being gradually worn down with disappointment. There seems every probability of his being the first to leave the world; for Bonelle is heartier than ever.

REVIEW OF A POPULAR PUBLICATION.

IN THE SEARCHING STYLE.

THE BANK NOTE. *Oblong Octavo.* London, 1850. *The Governor and Company of the Bank of England.* Price, from Five to One Thousand Pounds.

THE object of this popular but expensive pocket companion, is not wholly dissimilar from that of its clever and cheaper contemporary "Notes and Queries." As the latter is a "medium of inter-communication for literary men," so the former is a medium of inter-communication for commercial men; and surely there is no work with which so many queries are constantly connected as the Bank Note. Nothing in existence is so assiduously inquired for; nothing in nature so perseveringly sought.

This is not to be wondered at; for in whatever light we view it, to whatever test we bring it, whether we read it backwards or forwards, from left to right, or from right to left; or whether we make it a transparency to prove its substantial genuineness and worth, who can deny that the Bank Note is a most valuable work? — a publication, in short, without

which no gentleman's pocket can be complete?

Few can rise from a critical examination of the literary contents of this narrow sheet, without being forcibly struck with the power, combined with the exquisite fineness of the writing. It strikes conviction at once. It dispels all doubts, and relieves all objections. There is a pithy terseness in the construction of the sentences; a downright, direct, straight-forward, coming to the point, which would be wisely imitated in much of the contemporaneous literature that constantly obtains currency (though not as much). Here we have no circumlocution, no discursive pedantry, no smell of the lamp; the figures, though wholly derived from the East (being Arabic numerals), are distinct and full of purpose; and if the writing abounds in flourishes, which it does, these are not rhetorical, but boldly graphic: struck with a nervous decision of style, which, instead of obscuring the text and meaning, convinces the reader that he who traced them when promising to pay the sum of five, ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, one hundred, or a thousand pounds, means honestly and instantly to keep his word: that he *will* pay it to bearer on demand, without one moment's hesitation.

Strictly adapted for utility, yet the dulcet is not wholly overlooked; for, besides figures and flourishes, the graces of art are shed over this much-prized publication. The figure of Britannia

is no slavish reproduction of any particular school whatever. She sits upon her scroll of state utterly inimitable and alone. She is hung up in one corner of the page, the sole representative of the P. R. F. P., or pre-re-issue-of-the-four-penny-piece, school. Neither, if judged by the golden rule of our greatest bard, is the work wholly deficient in another charm. As we have just explained, its words are few: brevity is the soul of wit. And we fearlessly put it to the keenest appreciator of good things, whether a Bank Note (say for a hundred) is not the best joke conceivable — except, indeed, a Bank Note for a thousand.

A critical analysis of a work of this importance cannot be complete without going deeply into the subject. Reviewing is, alas, too often mere surface-work; for seldom do we find the critic going below the superficies, or extending his scrutiny beyond the letter-press. We shall, however, set a bright example of profundity, and having discharged our duty to the face of the Bank Note, shall proceed to penetrate below it: having analysed the print, we shall now speak of the paper.

The late Mr. Cobbett, to express his idea of the intrinsic worthlessness of these sheets, in comparison with the prices at which they pass current, was wont to designate Bank Notes as "Rags." It may, indeed, be said of them that, "Rags they were, and to tinder they return;" for they are born of shreds of linen, and, ten years after death,

are converted in bonfires into the finest of known tinder. It may be considered a curious fact by those who wear shirts, and a painful, because hopeless one, by those who make them, that the refuse or cuttings of linen forms, with a slight admixture of cotton, the pabulum or pulp of Bank Note Paper. Machinery has made no inroads on this branch of paper-making. The pulp is kept so well mixed in a large vat, that the fibrous material presents the appearance of a huge cauldron of milk. Into this the paper-maker dips his mould, which is a fine wire sieve, having round its edge, a slight mahogany frame, called the "Deckel," which confines the pulp to the dimensions of the mould. This dip is quite a feat of dexterity, for on it depends the thickness and evenness of the sheet of paper. The water-mark, or, more properly, the wire-mark, is obtained by twisting wires to the desired form or design, and stitching them on the face of the mould; therefore the design is above the level face of the mould, by the thickness of the wires it is composed of. Hence, the pulp in settling down on the mould, must of necessity be thinner on the wire design than on other parts of the sheet. When the water has run off through the sieve-like face of the mould, the new-born sheet of paper is transferred to a blanket; this operation is called "couching," and is effected by pressing the mould gently but firmly on the blanket, when the spongy sheet clings to the

cloth. Sizing is a subsequent process, and, when dry, the water-mark is plainly discernible, being, of course, transparent where the substance is thinnest. The paper is then made up into reams of five hundred sheets each, ready for press. The water-mark in the notes of the Bank of England is secured to that Establishment by a special Act of Parliament. Indeed, imitation of anything whatever connected with a Bank Note is an extremely hazardous feat.

A scrupulous examination of this curious piece of paper, implants a thorough conviction that it is a very superior article — in short, unique. There is nothing like it in the world of sheets. Tested by the touch, it gives out a crisp, crackling, sharp, sound — a note essentially its own — a music which resounds from no other quires. To the eye it shows a colour belonging neither to blue-wove nor yellow-wove, nor to cream-laid, but a white, like no other white, either in paper and pulp. The rough fringiness of three of its edges are called the “deckeled” edges, being the natural boundary of the pulp when first moulded; the fourth is left smooth by the knife, which eventually cuts the two notes in twain. It is so thin that, when printed, there is much difficulty in making erasures; yet it is so strong that a “water-leaf” (a leaf before the application of size) will support thirty-six pounds; and, with the addition of one grain of size, half a hundred weight, without tearing;

yet the quantity of fibre of which it consists, is no more than eighteen grains and a half.

The process of engraving the Bank Note is peculiar. Its general design is remarkably plain — steel plates are used, and are engraved in a manner somewhat analogous to that employed in the Mint for the production of the coin, except that heavy pressure is used instead of a blow. The form of the Note is divided into four or five sections, each engraved on steel dies which are hardened. Steel rollers, or mills, are obtained from these dies, and each portion of the Note is impressed on a steel plate to be printed from by the mills until the whole form is complete.

By means of a very ingenious machine, the engraving on the plates when worn by long printing is repaired by the same mills, and thus perfect identity of form is permanently secured. The merits of this system are due to the late Mr. Oldham, and the many improvements introduced not only into this, but into the printing department, are the work of his son and successor, Mr. Thomas Oldham, the present chief engraver to the Bank of England. The plate — always with a pair of notes upon it — is now ready for the press; for it contains all the literary part of the work, except the date, the number, and the cashier's signature.

We must now review the manner of printing. Before passing through the press, all paper must be damped that it may readily

absorb ink; and Bank Note paper is not exempt from this law; but the process by which it is complied with is an ingenious exception to the ordinary modes. The sheets are put into an iron chamber which is exhausted of air; water is then admitted, and forces itself through every pore at the rate of thirty thousand sheets, or double notes, per minute!

In a long gallery that looks like a chamber of the Inquisition with self-acting racks, stands a row of plate-printing presses worked by steam. Every time a sheet passes through them they emit a soft "click" like a ship's capstan creaking in a whisper. By this sound they announce to all whom it may concern that they have printed two Bank Notes. They are tell-tales, and keep no secrets; for, not content with stating the fact aloud, each press moves, by means of a chain, an index of numerals at the end of the room; so that the chief of the department can see at any hour of the day how many each press has printed. To take an impression of a note plate "on the sly," is therefore impossible. By a clever invention of Mr. Oldham the impression returns to the printer when made, instead of remaining on the opposite side of the press, after it has passed through the rollers, as of old. The plates are heated, for inking, over steam boxes instead of charcoal fires.

When a ream, consisting of five hundred sheets or one thousand notes, have been printed, they are

placed in a tray which is inserted in a sort of shelf-trap that shuts up with a spring. No after-abstraction can, therefore, take place. One such repository is over the index appertaining to each press, and at the end of the day it can at once be seen whether the number of sheets corresponds with the numerals of the tell-tale. Any sort of mistake can thus be readily detected. The average number of "promises to pay" printed per diem is thirty thousand.

As we cannot allow the dot over an *i*, or the cross of a *t* to escape the focus of our critical microscope, we now proceed to apply it to the Bank Ink. Like the liquid of Messrs. Day and Martin, this inestimable composition, with half the usual labour, produces the most brilliant jet-black, fully equal to the highest Japan varnish, and is warranted to keep in any climate. It is made from the charred husks of Rhenish grapes after their juice has been expressed and bottled for exportation to the dinner-tables of half the world. When mixed with pure linseed oil, carefully prepared by boiling and burning, the vinous refuse produces a species of blacks so tenacious that they obstinately refuse to be emancipated from the paper when once enslaved to it by the press. It is so intensely nigritious that, compared with it, all other blacks are musty browns; and pale beside it. If the word of a printer's devil may be taken, it is many degrees darker than the streams of Erebus. Can deeper praise be awarded?

The note is, when plate-printed, two processes distant from negotiable; the first being the numbering and dating — and here we must point out the grand distinction which exists between the publication which we have the satisfaction of stating, now lies before us (but it is only a “Five”) and ordinary prints. When the types for this miscellany, for instance, are once set up, every copy struck off from them by the press is precisely similar. On the contrary, of those emitted from the Bank presses *no two are alike*. They differ either in date, in number, or in denomination. This difference constitutes a grand system of check, extending over every stage of every Bank Note’s career — a system which records its completion and issue, tracks it through its public adventures, recognises it when it returns to the Bank, from among hundreds of thousands of companions, and finally enables the proper officers to pounce upon it, in case of inquiry, at any official half-hour for ten years after it has returned in fulfilment of its “promise to pay.” To promise an explanation of what must appear so complicated a plan, may seem to the reader like a threat of prolixity. But he may read on in security; the system is as simple as the alphabet.

Understand then, that the dates of Bank Notes are arbitrary, and bear no reference to the day of issue. At the beginning of the official year (February) the Directors settle what dates each of

the eleven denominations of Bank Notes shall bear during the ensuing twelve months, taking care to apportion to each sort of note a separate date. The table of dates is then handed to the proper officer, who prints accordingly. The five-pound Note which now rejoices our eyes is, for example, dated February the 2nd, 1850; we therefore know that there is no genuine note in existence, for any other sum, which bears that date; and if a note for ten, twenty, fifty, hundred, &c., having “2nd Feb., 1850,” upon it were to be offered to us or to a Bank Clerk, we or he would, without a shadow of further evidence, impound it as a forgery.

Now, as to the numbering: — It is a rule that of every date and denomination, one hundred thousand Notes — no more and no less — shall be completed and issued at one time. We know, therefore, that our solitary five is one of a hundred thousand other fives, each bearing a different number — from 1* to 100,000 — but all dated 2nd Feb., 1850. The numbers are printed on each Note by means of a letter-press, the types of which change with each pull of the press. For the first Note, the press is set at “00001,” and when that is printed, the “1,” by the mere act of impression, retires to make room for “2,” which impresses itself on the next

* To prevent fraudulent additions of numerals, less than five figures are never used. When units, tens, &c., are required, they are preceded by cyphers. “One” is therefore expressed on a Bank Note thus: — “00001.”

Note, and so on up to "100,000." The system has been applied to the stamping of railway tickets. The date, being required for the whole series, is of course immovable. After this has been done, the autograph of a cashier is only requisite to render the Note worth the value inscribed on it, in gold.

While the printers are at work, manufacturing each series of Notes, the account-book makers are getting-up a series of ledgers so exactly to correspond, that the books of themselves, without the stroke of a pen, are a record of the existence of the Note. The book in which the birth of our own especial and particular "Five" is registered, is legibly inscribed, "Fives, Feb. 2, 1850."

When you open a page, you find it to consist of a series of horizontal and perpendicular lines, like the pattern of a pair of shepherd's plaid inexpressibles, variegated with columns of numerals; these figures running on regularly from No. 1, on the top of the first page, to No. 100,000 at the bottom of the last. It must therefore be obvious to the meanest capacity that the mere existence of that book, with its arbitrary date and series of numbers, corresponding to the like series of Notes, is a sufficient record of the existence and issue of the latter. The return of each Note after its public travels, is recorded in the square opposite to its number. Each page of the book contains two hundred squares and numbers; consequently, whatever number a Note

may bear, the Clerk who has to register its safe return from a long round of public circulation, knows at once on which page of the book to pounce for its own proper and particular square. In that he inserts the date of its return — not at full length, but in cypher. "S" in red ink means 1850, and the months are indicated by one of the letters of the word AMBIDEXTROUS, with the date in numerals. Our only, and therefore favourite, five is numbered 31177. Should it chance to finish its travels in the Accountant's Office on the 6th of August next, it will be narrowly inspected (for fear of forgery) and defaced — a Clerk will then turn at once to the book lettered "Fives, Feb. 2," and so exactly will he know which page to open, and where the square numbered 31177 is situated, that he could point to it blindfold. He will write in it "6 t," which means 6th August; that being the eighth month in the year, and "t" the eighth letter in the chosen word.

The intermediate history of a Bank Note is soon told. Nineteen - twentieths are issued to Bankers or known houses of business. If Glynn's, or Smith's, or any other banking firm, require a hundred ten-pound Notes, the Clerk who issues them makes a memorandum showing the number of the Notes so issued, and the name of the party to whom they have been handed — an easy process, because Notes being new,*

* The Bank ceased to re-issue its Notes since 1835.

are always given out in regular series, and the first and last Note that makes the sum required need only be recorded. Most Bankers make similar memoranda when notes pass out of their hands; and the public, as each Note circulates among them, frequently sign the name of the last holder. When an unknown person presents a Note for gold at the Bank of England, he is required to write his name and address on it, and if the sum be very large, it is not paid without inquiry. By these expedients, a stolen, lost, or forged note can often be traced from hand to hand up to its advent.

The average periods which each denomination of London Notes remain in circulation has been calculated, and is shown by the following

ACCOUNT OF THE NUMBER OF DAYS A BANK NOTE ISSUED IN LONDON REMAINS IN CIRCULATION: —

£ 5	72.7 days	£ 50	38.8 days
10	77.0 "	100	29.4 "
20	57.4 "	200	12.7 "
30	18.9 "	300	10.6 "
40	13.7 "	500	11.8 "
£ 1000		11.1	

The exceptions to these averages are few, and, therefore, remarkable. The time during which some Notes remain unrepresented are reckoned by the century. On the 27th of September, 1845, a fifty pound Note was presented bearing date 20th January, 1743. Another for ten pounds, issued on

the 19th November, 1762, was not paid till the 20th April, 1843. There is a legend extant, of the eccentric possessor of a thousand pound Note, who kept it framed and glazed for a series of years, preferring to feast his eyes on it, to putting the amount it represented out at interest. It was converted into gold, however, without a day's loss of time by his heirs, on his demise. Stolen and lost Notes are generally long absentees. The former usually make their appearance soon after some greathorse-race, or other sporting event, altered or disguised so as to deceive Bankers, to whom the Bank of England furnishes a list of the numbers and dates of stolen Notes. In a Chapter on Forgery, which we are preparing, the reader will see some singular facts on this point.

Mr. Francis, in his "History of the Bank of England," tells a curious story about a bank-post bill, which was detained during thirty years from presentation and payment. It happened in the year 1740: — "One of the Directors, a very rich man, had occasion for 30,000*l.*, which he was to pay as the price of an estate he had just bought; to facilitate the matter, he carried the sum with him to the Bank and obtained for it a Bank bill. On his return home, he was suddenly called out upon particular business; he threw the Note carelessly on the chimney, but when he came back a few minutes afterwards to lock it up, it was not to be found. No one had entered

the room; he could not therefore suspect any person. At last, after much ineffectual search, he was persuaded that it had fallen from the chimney into the fire. The Director went to acquaint his colleagues with the misfortune that had happened to him; and as he was known to be a perfectly honourable man he was readily believed. It was only about four-and-twenty hours from the time that he had deposited his money; they thought, therefore, that it would be hard to refuse his request for a second bill. He received it upon giving an obligation to restore the first bill, if it should ever be found, or to pay the money himself, if it should be presented by any stranger. About thirty years afterwards (the Director having been long dead, and his heirs in possession of his fortune), an unknown person presented the lost bill at the Bank, and demanded payment. It was in vain that they mentioned to this person the transaction by which that bill was annulled; he would not listen to it; he maintained that it had come to him from abroad, and insisted upon immediate payment. The Note was payable to bearer; and the thirty thousand pounds were paid him. The heirs of the Director would not listen to any demands of restitution; and the Bank was obliged to sustain the loss. It was discovered afterwards that an architect having purchased the Director's house, had taken it down, in order to build another upon the same spot, had found the Note in a crevice of the chimney, and made his discovery an engine for robbing the Bank."

Carelessness, equal to that recorded above, is not at all uncommon, and gives the Bank enormous profit, against which the loss of a mere thirty thousand pound is but a trifle. Bank-Notes have been known to light pipes, to wrap up snuff, to be used as curl-papers; and British tars, mad with rum and prize-money, have not unfrequently, in time of war, made sandwiches of them, and eaten them between bread-and-butter. In the forty years between the years 1792 and 1832 there were out-standing Notes (presumed to have been lost or destroyed) amounting to one million, three hundred and thirty odd thousand pounds; every shilling of which was clear profit to the Bank.

The superannuation, death, and burial of a Bank of England Note is a story soon told. The returned Notes, or promises performed, are kept in "The Library" for ten years, and then burnt in an iron cage in one of the Bank yards.

A few words on the history and general appearance of the Bank of England Note will conclude our criticism.

The strong principle to insure the detection of forgery is uniformity; hence, from the very first Note issued by the Bank, to that, the merits of which we are now discussing, the same general design has been preserved, — only that the execution has been from

£131.10.11
Promissory Note
on demand the sum of

£131.10.11
thirty one pounds
ten shillings and
one penny

£36

£36
for the year 1899

£36
for the year 1899
the 19 day of October 1899

for the year 1899
of the Bank of England
James Mackay

time to time improved; except, we are bound to add, that of the signatures, some of which are still as illegible as ever. Originally, Notes were granted more in the form of Bank post-bills, — that is, not nominally to a member of the establishment, but really to the party applying for them, and for any sum he might require. If it suited his convenience, he presented his Note several times, drawing such lesser sums as he might require; precisely as if it were a letter of credit, after the manner of the Sailor mentioned in the latest edition of Joe Miller. Jack, somehow or other, got possession of a fifty-pound Note; the sum was so dazzlingly enormous that he had not the heart, on presenting it for payment, to demand the whole sum at once, for fear of breaking the Bank. So, leaning confidentially over the counter, he whispered to the cashier, that he wouldn't be hard upon 'em. He knew times were bad, — so, as it was all the same to him, he would take five sovereigns now, and the rest at so much a week. In like manner, the fac-simile on the opposite page, while it presents a specimen of one of the earliest Bank Notes in existence, shows that the holder took the amount as Jack proposed; — by instalments. It was granted to Mr. Thomas Powell, on the 19th of December, 1699, for five hundred and fifty-five pounds. His first draft was one hundred and thirty-one pounds, ten shillings, and one penny; the second “in

gould,” three hundred and sixty; the third, sixty-three pounds, nine shillings, and eleven-pence, when the note was retained by the Bank as having been fully honoured.

With this curious specimen of the ancient Bank of England Note, we take leave of the modern ones — only, however, for a short time. In a week or two, we shall change the topic (as we have previously intimated) to one closely bearing upon it. Circumstances, however, demand that we should change the subject of it at a much earlier date.

INNOCENCE AND CRIME.

AN ANECDOTE.

A BENEVOLENT old gentleman — the late Mr. Harcourt Brown of Beech Hall — was plodding his way home to his hotel from a ramble in the suburbs of London; and having made a bold attempt at “a short cut,” soon found himself lost in a maze of squalid streets, leading one into the other, and apparently leading no where else. He inquired his way in vain. From the first person, he received a coarse jest; from another, a look of vacant stupidity; a third eyed him in dogged silence. He stepped with one foot into several wretched little shops; but the people really seemed to know nothing beyond the next street or alley, except one man, a dealer in tripe, of a strange, earthy colour, who called over his shoulder, “Oh, you 're miles out o' your way!”

The only exception to the general indifference, rudeness and stupidity, was a thin sallow-cheeked man, who had a fixed smile on his face, and spoke in rather an abject cringing tone of obsequiousness, and even walked up one street and down a second to show Mr. Brown the way. But it soon became evident that he knew nothing about the matter, and he slunk away with the same fixed unmeaning smile.

In this state of affairs Mr. Brown buttoned up his coat, and manfully resolved to work his way out of this filthy locality by walking straight forward.

Trudging onward at a smart pace, the worthy gentleman presently heard the sound of sobbing and crying, and behind the boards of a shed at the side of a ruined hovel he saw a girl of some nine or ten years of age, clasping and unclasping her hands in a paroxysm of grief and apprehension. "Oh, what *shall* I do? — what *shall* I do?" sobbed the child.

She started with terror as Mr. Brown approached, and hid her head in the folds of her little apron; but on being assured by the mild voice of Mr. Brown that he had no thought of hurting her, she ventured to look up. She had soft blue eyes, flaxen hair of silvery glossiness, pretty features; and, notwithstanding the stain of tears down a cheek which had a smear of brickdust upon it, had a most innocent and prepossessing face.

"What is the matter, my little girl?" inquired Mr. Brown.

The child turned one shoulder half round, and displayed the red and purple marks of blows from a whip or stick.

"What cruel wretch has done this?" asked Mr. Brown. "Tell me, child; tell me directly."

"It was mother," sobbed the child.

"Ah — I'm sorry to hear this. Perhaps you have been naughty?"

"Yes, Sir;" answered the child.

"Poor child," ejaculated Mr. Brown; "but you will not be naughty again. What was your offence. Come, tell me?"

"I shook it, Sir; oh, yes, it's quite true; I did shake it very much."

"What did you shake?" inquired Mr. Brown.

"I shook the doll, Sir."

"The doll! Oh, you mean you shook the baby; that, certainly was naughty of you;" said Mr. Brown.

"No, Sir; it was not the baby I shook — it was the doll; and I'm afraid to go home — mother will be sure to beat me again."

An impulse of benevolence led Mr. Brown's hand to search for his purse. Had he tried the wrong pocket? His purse was on the other side. No, it was not — it must be in this inner pocket. Where is Mr. Brown's purse? It is not in any of his pockets! He tries them all over again. And his pocket-book! — chiefly of memorandums, but also having a few bank-notes. This is gone too —

and his silk handkerchief — both his handkerchiefs! — also his silver-gilt snuff-box, filled with rappee only five minutes before he left the hotel this morning — he is certain he had it when he came out — but it is certainly gone! Every single thing he had in his pockets is gone.

The child also — now *she* is gone! Mr. Brown looks around him, and yonder he sees the poor child flying with frequent looks behind of terror, — and now a shrill and frightful voice causes him to start. Turning in that direction, the sudden flight of the little girl is immediately explained. Over the rubbish and refuse, at a swift, wild pace, courses a fiendish woman, with a savage eye and open mouth, her cheeks hollow, her teeth projecting, her thin hair flying like a bit of diseased mane over her half-naked shoulder; she has a stick in her hand, with which she constantly threatens the flying child, whom her execrations follow yet more swiftly than her feet.

Mr. Brown remained watching them till they were out of sight. He once more searched all his pockets, but they were all empty. He called to mind the man with the fixed smile on his hollow cadaverous cheek, and several other faces of men whom he had casually noticed in the course of the last half hour, thinking what a pity it was that something could not be done for them. He now began to think it was a very great pity that something had not *already* been done for them or with them, for

they had certainly “done” him. Poor Mr. Brown!

Some six or seven months after this most disagreeable adventure, it chanced that Mr. Brown was going over the prison at Coldbath Fields, accompanied by the Governor. As they entered one of the wards, the voice of a child sobbing, attracted the ears of our philanthropist. In answer to his inquiries, the Governor informed him that it was a child of about eleven years of age, who had been detected in the act of picking a lady’s pocket in one of the most crowded thoroughfares.

On a few kind words being spoken to her, she looked up; and in the blue eye, glossy flaxen hair, and pretty features, Mr. Brown at once recognised the little girl who had “shaken the doll.”

“This child is an innocent creature!” cried he, turning to the Governor, “the victim of ignorance and cruel treatment at home. I recollect her well. Her mother had beaten her most shamefully; and the last glimpse I had of her was in her flight from a still more savage assault. And for what crime do you suppose?”

“For not picking pockets expertly, I dare say:” replied the Governor.

“Nothing of the sort!” exclaimed Mr. Brown. “Would you believe it, Sir; it was for nothing more than a childish bit of pretence-anger with her doll, on which occasion she gave the doll a good shaking. Mere pretence, you know.”

"My dear Sir," said the Governor, smiling, "I fancy I am right, after all. She was beaten for not being expert in the study and practice of pocket-picking at home. You are not, perhaps, aware that the lesson consists in picking the pockets of a figure which is hung up in the room, in such a way that the least awkwardness of touch makes it shake, and rings a little bell attached to it. This figure is called the 'doll.' Those who ring the bell, shake it in emptying its pockets, are punished according to the mind and temper of the instructor."

"Good heavens!" ejaculated Mr. Brown, "to what perfection must the art be brought! Then it is all accounted for. The sallow gentleman with the fixed smile must have been master of the craft of not shaking the doll, when he took my purse, pocket-book, snuff-box, and both handkerchiefs from me, without my feeling so much as the motion of the air!"

THE LAST OF A LONG LINE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

SIR ROGER ROCKVILLE of Rockville was the last of a very long line. It extended from the Norman Conquest to the present century. His first known ancestor came over with William, and must have been a man of some mark, either of bone and sinew, or of brain, for he obtained what the

Americans would call a prime location. As his name does not occur in the Roll of Battle Abbey, he was, of course, not of a very high Norman extraction; but he had done enough, it seems, in the way of knocking down Saxons, to place himself on a considerable eminence in this kingdom. The centre of his domains was conspicuous far over the country, through a high range of rock overhanging one of the sweetest rivers in England. On one hand lay a vast tract of rich marsh land, capable, as society advanced, of being converted into meadows; and on the other, as extensive moorlands, finely undulating, and abounding with woods and deer.

Here the original Sir Roger built his castle on the summit of the range of rock, with huts for his followers; and became known directly all over the country of Sir Roger de Rockville, or Sir Roger of the hamlet on the Rock. Sir Roger, no doubt, was a mighty hunter before the lord of the feudal district; it is certain that his descendants were. For generations they led a jolly life at Rockville, and were always ready to exchange the excitement of the chase for a bit of civil war. Without that the country would have grown dull, and ale and venison lost their flavour. There was no gay London in those days, and a good brisk skirmish with their neighbours in helm and hauberk was the way of spending their season. It was their parliamentary debate, and was necessary to thin their woods.

Protection and Free Trade were as much the great topics of interest as they are now, only they did not trouble themselves so much about Corn bills. Their bills were of good steel, and their protective measures were arrows a cloth-yard long. Protection meant a good suit of mail; and a castle with its duly prescribed moats, bastions, portcullises, and donjon keep. Free Trade was a lively inroad into the neighbouring baron's lands, and the importation thence of goodly herds and flocks. Foreign cattle for home consumption was as *sticking an article* in their markets as in ours, only the blows were expended on one another's heads, instead of the heads of foreign bullocks — that is, bullocks from over the Welch or Scotch Marches, as from beyond the next brook.

Thus lived the Rockvilles for ages. In all the iron combats of those iron times they took care to have their quota. Whether it were Stephen against Matilda, or Richard against his father, or John against the barons; whether it were York or Lancaster, or Tudor or Stuart. The Rockvilles were to be found in the *mêlée*, and winning power and lands. So long as it required only stalwart frames and stout blows, no family cut a more conspicuous figure. The Rockvilles were at Bosworth Field. The Rockvilles fought in Ireland under Elizabeth. The Rockvilles were staunch defenders of the cause in the war of Charles I. with his Parliament. The Rockvilles

even fought for James II. at the Boyne, when three-fourths of the most loyal of the English nobility and gentry had deserted him in disgust and indignation. But from that hour they had been less conspicuous.

The opposition to the successful party, that of William of Orange, of course brought them into disgrace: and though they were never molested on that account, they retired to their estate, and found it convenient to be as unobtrusive as possible. Thenceforward you heard no more of the Rockvilles in the national annals. They became only of consequence in their own district. They acted as magistrates. They served as high sheriffs. They were a substantial county family, and nothing more. Education and civilisation advanced; a wider and very different field of action and ambition opened upon the aristocracy of England. Our fleets and armies abroad, our legislature at home, law and the church, presented brilliant paths to the ambition of those thirsting for distinction, and the good things that follow it. But somehow the Rockvilles did not expand with this expansion. So long as it required only a figure of six feet high, broad shoulders, and a strong arm, they were a great and conspicuous race. But when the head became the member most in request, they ceased to go a-head. Younger sons, it is true, served in army and in navy, and filled the family pulpit, but they produced no generals, no admirals, no

archbishops. The Rockvilles of Rockville were very conservative, very exclusive, and very stereotype. Other families grew poor, and enriched themselves again by marrying plebeian heiresses. New families grew up out of plebeian blood into greatness, and intermingled the vigour of their fresh earth with the attenuated aristocratic soil. Men of family became great lawyers, great statesmen, great prelates, and even great poets and philosophers. The Rockvilles remained high, proud, bigotted, and *borné*.

The Rockvilles married Rockvilles, or their first cousins, the Cesgilles, simply to prevent property going out of the family. They kept the property together. They did not lose an acre, and they were a fine, tall, solemn race — and nothing more. What ailed them?

If you saw Sir Roger Rockville, — for there was an eternal Sir Roger filling his office of high sheriff, — he had a very fine carriage, and a very fine retinue in the most approved and splendid of antique costumes; — if you saw him sitting on the bench at quarter sessions, he was a tall, stately, and solemn man. If you saw Lady Rockville shopping, in her handsome carriage, with very handsomely attired servants; saw her at the county ball, or on the race-stand, she was a tall, aristocratic, and stately lady. That was in the last generation — the present could boast of no Lady Rockville.

Great outward respect was shown to the Rockvilles on ac-

count of the length of their descent, and the breadth of their acres. They were always, when any stranger asked about them, declared, with a serious and important air, to be a very ancient, honourable, and substantial family. "Oh! a great family are the Rockvilles, a very great family."

But if you came to close quarters with the members of this great and highly distinguished family, you soon found yourself fundamentally astonished: you had a sensation come over you, as if you were trying, like Moses, to draw water from a rock, without his delegated power. There was a goodly outside of things before you, but nothing came of it. You talked, hoping to get talking in return, but you got little more than "noes" and "yeses," and "oh! indeeds!" and "reallys," and sometimes not even that, but a certain look of aristocratic dignity or dignification, that was meant to serve for all answers. There was a sort of resting on aristocratic oars or "sculls," that were not to be too vulgarly handled. There was a feeling impressed on you, that eight hundred years of descent and ten thousand a-year in landed income did not trouble themselves with the trifling things that gave distinction to lesser people — such as literature, fine arts, politics, and general knowledge. These were very well for those who had nothing else to pride themselves on, but for the Rockvilles — oh! certainly they were by no means requisite.

In fact, you found yourself, with a little variation, in the predicament of Cowper's people,

— who spent their lives
In dropping buckets into empty wells,
And *growing tired* of drawing nothing up.

Who hasn't often come across these "dry wells" of society; solemn gulphs out of which you can pump nothing up? You know them; they are at your elbow every day in large and brilliant companies, and defy the best sucking-buckets ever invented to extract anything from them. But the Rockvilles were each and all of this adust description. It was a family feature, and they seemed, if either, rather proud of it. They must be so; for proud they were, amazingly proud; and they had nothing besides to be proud of, except their acres, and their ancestors.

But the fact was, they could not help it. It was become organic. They had acted the justice of peace, maintained the constitution against upstarts and manufacturers, signed warrants, supported the church and the house of correction, committed poachers, and then rested on the dignity of their ancestors for so many generations, that their skulls, brains, constitutions, and nervous systems, were all so completely moulded into that shape and baked into that mould, that a Rockville would be a Rockville to the end of time, if God and Nature would have allowed it. But such things wear out. The American Indians and the Australian nations wear out; they are not

progressive, and as Nature abhors a vacuum, she does not forget the vacuum wherever it may be, whether in a hot desert, or in a cold and stately Rockville; — a very ancient, honourable, and substantial family that lies fallow till the thinking faculty literally dies out.

For several generations there had been symptoms of decay about the Rockville family. Not in its property, that was as large as ever; not in their personal stature and physical aspect. The Rockvilles continued, as they always had been, a tall and not bad-looking family. But they grew gradually less prolific. For a hundred and fifty years past there had seldom been more than two, or at most three, children. There had generally been an heir to the estate, and another to the family pulpit, and sometimes a daughter married to some neighbouring squire. But Sir Roger's father had been an only child, and Sir Roger himself was an only child. The danger of extinction to the family, apparent as it was, had never induced Sir Roger to marry. At the time that we are turning our attention upon him, he had reached the mature age of sixty. Nobody believed that Sir Roger now would marry; he was the last, and likely to be, of his line.

It is worth while here to take a glance at Sir Roger and his estate. They wore a strange contrast. The one bore all the signs of progress, the other of a stereotyped feudality. The estate, which in

the days of the first Sir Roger de Rockville had been half morass and half wilderness, was now cultivated to the pitch of British agricultural science. The marshlands beyond the river were one splendid expanse of richest meadows, yielding a rental of four solid pounds per acre. Over hill and dale on this side for miles, where formerly ran wild deer, and grew wild woodlands or furze-bushes, now lay excellent farms and hamlets, and along the ridge of the ancient cliffs rose the most magnificent woods. Woods, too, clothed the steep hill-sides, and swept down to the noble river, their very boughs hanging far out over its clear and rapid waters. In the midst of these fine woods stood Rockville Hall, the family seat of the Rockvilles. It reared its old brick walls above the towering mass of elms, and travellers at a distance recognised it for what it was, the mansion of an ancient and wealthy family.

The progress of England in arts, science, commerce, and manufacture, had carried Sir Roger's estate along with it. It was full of active and moneyed farmers, and flourished under modern influences. How lucky it would have been for the Rockville family had it done the same!

But amid this estate there was Sir Roger solitary, and the last of the line. He had grown well enough—there was nothing stunted about him, so far as you could see on the surface. In stature, he exceeded six feet. His colossal elms could not boast of a pro-

perer relative growth. He was as large a landlord, and as tall a justice of the peace, as you could desire; but, unfortunately, he was, after all, only the shell of a man. Like many of his veteran elms, there was a very fine stem, only it was hollow. There was a man, just with the rather awkward deficiency of a soul.

And it were no difficult task to explain, either, how this had come about. The Rockvilles saw plainly enough the necessity of manuring their lands, but they scorned the very idea of manuring their family. What! that most ancient, honourable, and substantial family, suffer any of the common earth of humanity to gather about its roots! The Rockvilles were so careful of their good blood, that they never allied it to any but blood as pure and inane as their own. Their elms flourished in the rotten earth of plebeian accumulations, and their acres produced large crops of corn from the sewage of towns and fat sinks, but the Rockvilles themselves took especial care that no vulgar vigour from the real heap of ordinary human nature should infuse a new force of intellect into their race. The Rockvilles needed nothing; they had all that an ancient, honourable, and substantial family could need. The Rockvilles had no need to study at school—why should they? They did not want to get on. The Rockvilles did not aspire to distinction for talent in the world—why should they? They had a large estate. So the Rockville

soul, unused from generation to generation, grew —

Fine by degrees, and *spiritually* less,

till it tapered off into nothing.

Look at the last of a long line in the midst of his fine estate. Tall he was, with a stoop in his shoulders, and a bowing of his head on one side, as if he had been accustomed to stand under the low boughs of his woods, and peer after intruders. And that was precisely the fact. His features were thin and sharp; his nose prominent and keen in its character; his eyes small, black, and peering like a mole's, or a hungry swine's. Sir Roger was still oracular on the bench, after consulting his clerk, a good lawyer, — and looked up to by the neighbouring squires in election matters, for he was an unswerving Tory. You never heard of a rational thing that he had said in the whole course of his life; but that mattered little, he was a gentleman of solemn aspect, of stately gait, and of a very ancient family.

With ten thousand a-year, and his rental rising, he was still, however, a man of overwhelming cares. What mattered a fine estate if all the world was against him? And Sir Roger firmly believed that he stood in that predicament. He had grown up to regard the world as full of little besides upstarts, radicals, manufacturers, and poachers. All were banded, in his belief, against the landed interest. It demanded all the energy of his very small facul-

ties to defend himself and the world against them.

Unfortunately for his peace, a large manufacturing town had sprung up within a couple of miles of him. He could see its red-brick walls, and its red-tiled roofs, and its tall smoke-vomiting chimneys, growing and extending over the slopes beyond the river. It was to him the most irritating sight in the world; for what were all those swarming weavers and spinners but arrant radicals, upstarts, sworn foes of the ancient institutions and the landed interests of England? Sir Roger had passed through many a desperate conflict with them for the return of members to parliament. They brought forward men that were utter wormwood to all his feelings, and they paid no more respect to him and his friends on such occasions than they did to the meanest creature living. Reverence for ancient blood did not exist in that plebeian and rapidly multiplying tribe. There were master manufacturers there actually that looked and talked as big as himself, and *entre nous*, a vast deal more cleverly. The people talked of rights and franchises, and freedom of speech and of conscience, in a way that was really frightful. Then they were given most inveterately to running out in whole and everlasting crowds on Sundays and holidays into the fields and woods; and as there was no part of the neighbourhood half so pleasant as the groves and river banks of Rockville, they came swarming up

there in crowds that were enough to drive any man of acres frantic.

Unluckily, there were roads all about Rockville; foot roads, and high roads, and bridle roads. There was a road up the riverside, all the way to Rockville woods, and when it reached them, it divided like a fork, and one pony or foot-path led straight up a magnificent grove of a mile long, ending close to the hall; and another ran all along the river side, under the hills and branches of the wood.

Oh, delicious were these woods! In the river there were islands, which were covered in summer with the greenest grass, and the freshest of willows, and the clear waters rushed around them in the most inviting manner imaginable. And there were numbers of people extremely ready to accept this delectable invitation of these waters. There they came in fine weather, and as these islands were only separated from the mainland by a little and very shallow stream, it was delightful for lovers to get across — with laughter, and treading on stepping-stones, and slipping off the stepping-stones up to the ankles into the cool brook, and pretty screams, and fresh laughter, and then landing on those sunny, and to them really enchanted, islands. And then came fishermen, solitary fishermen, and fishermen in rows; fishermen lying in the flowery grass, with fragrant meadow-sweet and honey-breathing clover all about their ears; and fishermen standing in file, as if they were determined to clear

all the river of fish in one day. And there were other lovers, and troops of loiterers, and shouting roysterers, going along under the boughs of the wood, and following the turns of that most companionable of rivers. And there were boats going up and down; boats full of young people, all holiday finery and mirth, and boats with duck-hunters and other, to Sir Roger, detestable marauders, with guns and dogs, and great bottles of beer. In the fine grove, on summer days, there might be found hundreds of people. There were pic-nic parties, fathers and mothers with whole families of children, and a grand promenade of the delighted artisans and their wives or sweethearts.

In the times prior to the sudden growth of the neighbouring town, Great Stockington, and to the simultaneous development of the love-of-nature principle in the Stockingtonians, nothing had been thought of all these roads. The roads were well enough till they led to these inroads. Then Sir Roger aroused himself. This must be changed. The roads must be stopped. Nothing was easier to his fancy. His fellow-justices, Sir Benjamin Bullockshed and Squire Sheepshank, had asked his aid to stop the like nuisances, and it had been done at once. So Sir Roger put up notices all about, that the roads were to be stopped by an Order of Session, and these notices were signed, as required by law, by their worships of Bullockshed and Sheep-

shank. But Sir Roger soon found that it was one thing to stop a road leading from Oneman-Town to Lonely Lodge, and another to attempt to stop those from Great Stockington to Rockville.

On the very first Sunday after the exhibition of those notice-boards, there was a ferment in the grove of Rockville, as if all the bees in the county were swarming there, with all the wasps and hornets to boot. Great crowds were collected before each of these obnoxious placards, and the amount of curses vomited forth against them was really shocking for any day, but more especially for a Sunday. Presently there was a rush at them; they were torn down, and simultaneously pitched into the river. There were great crowds swarming all about Rockville all that day, and with looks so defiant that Sir Roger more than once contemplated sending off for the Yeoman Cavalry to defend his house, which he seriously thought in danger.

But so far from being intimidated from proceeding, this demonstration only made Sir Roger the more determined. To have so desperate and irreverent a population coming about his house and woods, now presented itself in a much more formidable aspect than ever. So, next day, not only were the placards once more hoisted, but rewards offered for the discovery of the offenders, attended with all the maledictions of the insulted majesty of the law. No notice was taken of this, but the

whole of Great Stockington was in a buzz and an agitation. There were posters plastered all over the walls of the town, four times as large as Sir Roger's notices, in this style: —

“Englishmen! your dearest rights are menaced! The Woods of Rockville, your ancient, rightful, and enchanting resorts, are to be closed to you. Stockingtonians! the eyes of the world are upon you. ‘Awake! arise! or be for ever fallen!’ England expects every man to do his duty! And your duty is to resist and defy the grasping soil-lords, to seize on your ancient Patrimony!”

“Patrimony! Ancient and rightful resort of Rockville!” Sir Roger was astounded at the audacity of this upstart, plebeian race. What! they actually claimed Rockville, the heritage of a hundred successive Rockvilles, as their own. Sir Roger determined to carry it to the Sessions; and at the Sessions was a magnificent muster of all his friends. There was Sir Roger himself in the chair; and on either hand, a prodigious row of county squirearchy. There was Sir Benjamin Bullockshed, and Sir Thomas Tenterhook, and all the squires, — Sheepshank, Ramsbottom, Turnbull, Otterbrook, and Swagsides. The Clerk of Session read the notice for the closing of all the footpaths through the woods of Rockville, and declared that this notice had been duly, and for the required period publicly, posted. The Stockingtonians protested by their able

lawyer Daredeville, against any order for the closing of these ancient woods — the inestimable property of the public.

“Property of the public!” exclaimed Sir Roger. “Property of the public!” echoed the multitudinous voices of indignant Bullocksheds, Tenterhooks, and Ramsbottoms. “Why, Sir, do you dispute the right of Sir Roger Rockville to his own estate?”

“By no means;” replied the undaunted Daredeville; “the estate of Rockville is unquestionably the property of the honourable baronet, Sir Roger Rockville; but the roads through it are the as unquestionable property of the public.”

The whole bench looked at itself; that is, at each other, in wrathful astonishment. The swelling in the diaphragms of the squires Otterbrook, Turnbull, and Swagsides, and all the rest of the worshipful row, was too big to admit of utterance. Only Sir Roger himself burst forth with an abrupt —

“Impudent fellows! But I ’ll see them — first!”

“Grant the order!” said Sir Benjamin Bullockshed; and the whole bench nodded assent. The able lawyer Daredeville retired with a pleasant smile. He saw an agreeable prospect of plenty of grist to his mill. Sir Roger was rich, and so was Great Stockington. He rubbed his hands, not in the least like a man defeated, and thought to himself, “Let them go at it — all right.”

The next day the placards on the Rockville estate were changed for others bearing “STOPPED BY ORDER OF SESSIONS!” and alongside of them were huge carefully painted boards, denouncing on all trespassers prosecutions according to law. The same evening came a prodigious invasion of Stockingtonians — tore all the boards and placards down, and carried them on their shoulders to Great Stockington, singing as they went, “See, the Conquering Heroes come!” They set them up in the centre of the Stockington market-place, and burnt them, along with an effigy of Sir Roger Rockville.

That was grist at once to the mill of the able lawyer Daredeville. He looked on, and rubbed his hands. Warrants were speedily issued by the Baronets of Bullockshed and Tenterhook, for the apprehension of the individuals who had been seen carrying off the notice-boards, for larceny, and against a number of others for trespass. There was plenty of work for Daredeville and his brethren of the robe; but it all ended, after the flying about of sundry mandamuses and assize trials, in Sir Roger finding that though Rockville was his, the roads through it were the public’s.

As Sir Roger drove homeward from the assize, which finally settled the question of these foot-paths, he heard the bells in all the steeples of Great Stockington burst forth with a grand peal of

triumph. He closed first the windows of his fine old carriage, and sunk into a corner; but he could not drown the intolerable sound. "But," said he, "I'll stop their pic-nic-ing. I'll stop their fishing. I'll have hold of them for trespassing and poaching!" There was war henceforth between Rockville and Great Stockington.

On the very next Sunday there came literally thousands of the jubilant Stockingtonians to Rockville. They had brought baskets, and were for dining, and drinking success to all footpaths. But in the great grove there were keepers, and watchers, who warned them to keep the path, that narrow well-worn line up the middle of the grove. "What! were they not to sit on the grass?" — "No!" — "What! were they not to pic-nic?" — "No! not there!"

The Stockingtonians felt a sudden damp on their spirits. But the river bank! The cry was "To the river bank! There they *would* pic-nic." The crowd rushed away down the wood, but on the river bank they found a whole regiment of watchers, who pointed again to the narrow line of footpath, and told them not to trespass beyond it. But the islands! they went over to the islands. But there too were Sir Roger's forces, who warned them back! There was no road there — all found there would be trespassers, and be duly punished."

The Stockingtonians discovered that their triumph was not quite

so complete as they had flattered themselves. The footpaths were theirs, but that was all. Their ancient license was at an end. If they came there, there was no more fishing; if they came in crowds, there was no more pic-nic-ing; if they walked through the woods in numbers, they must keep to Indian file, or they were summoned before the county magistrates for trespass, and were soundly fined; and not even the able Daredeville would undertake to defend them.

The Stockingtonians were chop-fallen, but they were angry and dogged; and they thronged up to the village and the front of the hall. They filled the little inn in the hamlet—they went by scores, and roving all over the churchyard, read epitaphs

That teach the rustic moralists to die,

but don't teach them to give up their old indulgences very good-humouredly. They went and sat in rows on the old churchyard wall, opposite to the very windows of the irate Sir Roger. They felt themselves beaten, and Sir Roger felt himself beaten. True, he could coerce them to the keeping of the footpaths—but, then, they had the footpaths! True, thought the Stockingtonians, we have the footpaths, but then the pic-nic-ing, and the fishing, and the islands! The Stockingtonians were full of sullen wrath, and Sir Roger was — oh, most expressive old Saxon phrase — **HAIRSORE!** Yes, he was one universal round

of vexation and jealousy of his rights. Every hair in his body was like a pin sticking into him. Come within a dozen yards of him; nay, at the most, blow on him, and he was excruciated — you rubbed his sensitive hairs at a furlong's distance.

The next Sunday the people found the churchyard locked up, except during service, when beadles walked there, and desired them not to loiter and disturb the congregation, closing the gates, and showing them out like a flock of sheep the moment the service was over. This was fuel to the already boiling blood of Stockington. The week following, what was their astonishment to find a much frequented ruin gone! it was actually gone! not a trace of it; but the spot where it had stood for ages, turfed, planted with young spruce trees, and fenced off with post and rail! The exasperated people now launched forth an immensity of fulminations against the churl Sir Roger, and a certain number of them resolved to come and seat themselves in the street of the hamlet and there dine; but a terrific thunderstorm, which seemed in league with Sir Roger, soon routed them, drenched them through, and on attempting to seek shelter in the cottages, the poor people said they were very sorry, but it was as much as their holdings were worth, and they dare not admit them.

Sir Roger had triumphed! It was all over with the old delightful days at Rockville. There was

an end of pic-nic-ing, of fishing, and of roving in the islands. One sturdy disciple of Izaak Walton, indeed, dared to fling a line from the banks of Rockville grove, but Sir Roger came upon him and endeavoured to seize him. The man coolly walked into the middle of the river, and, without a word, continued his fishing.

"Get out there!" exclaimed Sir Roger, "that is still on my property." The man walked through the river to the other bank, where he knew that the land was rented by a farmer. "Give over," shouted Sir Roger, "I tell you the water is mine."

"Then," said the fellow, "bottle it up, and be hanged to you! Don't you see it is running away to Stockington?"

There was bad blood between Rockville and Stockington-green. Stockington was incensed, and Sir Roger was hairsore.

A new nuisance sprung up. The people of Stockington looked on the cottagers of Rockville as sunk in deepest darkness under such a man as Sir Roger and his cousin the vicar. They could not pic-nic, but they thought they could hold a camp-meeting; they could not fish for roach, but they thought they might for souls. Accordingly there assembled crowds of Stockingtonians on the green of Rockville, with a chair and a table, and a preacher with his head bound in a red handkerchief; and soon there was a sound of hymns, and a zealous call to come out of the darkness of the

spiritual Babylon. But this was more than Sir Roger could bear; he rushed forth with all his servants, keepers, and cottagers, overthrew the table, and routing the assembly, chased them to the boundary of his estate.

The discomfited Stockingtonians now fulminated awful judgments on the unhappy Sir Roger, as a persecutor and a malignant. They dared not enter again on his park, but they came to the very verge of it, and held weekly meetings on the highway, in which they sang and declaimed as loudly as possible, that the winds might bear their voices to Sir Roger's ears.

To such a position was now reduced the last of the long line of Rockville. The spirit of a policeman had taken possession of him. He had keepers and watchers out on all sides, but that did not satisfy him. He was perpetually haunted with the idea that poachers were after his game, that trespassers were in his woods. His whole life was now spent in stealing to and fro in his fields and plantations, and prowling along his river side. He looked under hedges, and watched for long hours under the forest trees. If any one had a curiosity to see Sir Roger, they had only to enter his fields by the wood side, and wander a few yards from the path, and he was almost sure to spring out over the hedge, and in angry tones demand their name and address. The descendant of the chivalrous and steel-clad DeRock-

viles was sunk into a restless spy on his own ample property. There was but one idea in his mind — encroachment. It was destitute of all other furniture but the musty technicalities of warrants and commitments. There was a stealthy and skulking manner in everything that he did. He went to church on Sundays, but it was no longer by the grand iron gate opposite to his house, that stood generally with a large spider's web woven over the lock, and several others in different corners of the fine iron tracery, bearing evidence of the long period since it had been opened. How different to the time when the Sir Roger and Lady of Rockville had had these gates thrown wide on a Sunday morning, and, with all their train of household servants after their back, with true antique dignity, marched with much proud humility into the house of God. Now, Sir Roger — the solitary, suspicious, undignified Sir Roger, the keeper and policeman of his own property — stole in at a little side gate from his paddock, and back the same way, wondering all the time whether there was not somebody in his pheasant preserves, or Sunday trespassers in his grove.

If you entered his house, it gave you as cheerless a feeling as its owner. There was the conservatory, so splendid with rich plants and flowers in his mother's time — now a dusty receptacle of hampers, broken hand-glasses, and garden tools. These tools could

never be used, for the gardens were grown wild. Tall grass grew in the walks, and the huge unpruned shrubs disputed the passage with you. In the wood above the gardens, reached by several flights of fine, but now moss-grown, steps, there stood a pavilion, once clearly very beautiful. It was now damp and ruinous — its walls covered with greenness and crawling insects. It was a great lurking-place of Sir Roger when on the watch for poachers.

The line of the Rockvilles was evidently running fast out. It had reached the extremity of imbecility and contempt — it must soon reach its close.

Sir Roger used to make his regular annual visit to town; but of late, when there, he had wandered restlessly about the streets, peeping into the shop-windows; and if it rained, standing under entries for hours after, till it was gone over. The habit of lurking and peering about, was upon him; and his feet bore him instinctively into those narrow and crowded alleys where swarm the poachers of the city — the trespassers and anglers in the game preserves and streams of humanity. He had lost all pleasure in his club; the most exciting themes of political life retained no piquancy for him. His old friends ceased to find any pleasure in him. He was become the driest of all dry wells. Poachers, and anglers, and Methodists, haunted the wretched purlieus of his lost fading-out mind, and he resolved to town no

more. His whole nature was centred in his woods. He was for ever on the watch; and when at Rockville again, if he heard a door clap when in bed, he thought it a gun in his woods, and started up, and was out with his keepers.

Of what value was that magnificent estate to him? — those superb woods; those finely hanging cliffs; that clear and *riant* river coming travelling on, and taking a noble sweep below his windows, — that glorious expanse of neat verdant meadows stretching almost to Stockington, and enlivened by numerous herds of the most beautiful cattle — those old farms and shady lanes overhung with hazel and wild rose; the glittering brook, and the songs of woodland birds — what were they to that worn-out old man, that victim of the delusive doctrine of blood, of the man-trap of an hereditary name?

There the poet could come, and feel the presence of divinity in that noble scene, and hear sublime whispers in the trees, and create new heavens and earths from the glorious chaos of nature around him, and in one short hour live an empyrean of celestial life and love. There could come the very humblest children of the plebeian town, and feel a throb of exquisite delight pervade their bosoms at the sight of the very flowers on the sod, and see heaven in the infinite blue above them. And poor Sir Roger, the holder, but not the possessor of all, walked only in a region of sterility, with no

sublimier ideas than poachers and trespassers — no more rational enjoyment than the brute indulgence of hunting like a ferret, and seizing his fellow-men like a bulldog. He was a specimen of human nature degenerated, retrograded from the divine to the bestial, through the long-operating influences of false notions and institutions, continued beyond their time. He had only the soul of a keeper. Had he been only a keeper, he had been a much happier man.

His time was at hand. The severity which he had long dealt out towards all sorts of offenders made him the object of the deepest vengeance. In a lonely hollow of his woods, watching at midnight with two of his men, there came a sturdy knot of poachers. An affray ensued. The men perceived that their old enemy, Sir Roger, was there: and the blow of a hedge-stake stretched him on the earth. His keepers fled — and thus ignominiously terminated the long line of the Rockvilles. Sir Roger was the last of his line, but not of his class. There is a feudal art of sinking, which requires no study; and the Rockvilles are but one family amongst thousands who have perished in its practice.

THE CHEMISTRY OF A CANDLE.

THE Wilkinsons were having a small party, — it consisted of

themselves and Uncle Bagges — at which the younger members of the family, home for the holidays, had been just admitted to assist after dinner. Uncle Bagges was a gentleman from whom his affectionate relatives cherished expectations of a testamentary nature. Hence the greatest attention was paid by them to the wishes of Mr. Bagges, as well as to every observation which he might be pleased to make.

“Eh! what? you Sir,” said Mr. Bagges, facetiously addressing himself to his eldest nephew, Harry, — “Eh! what? I am glad to hear, Sir, that you are doing well at school. Now — eh? now, are you clever enough to tell me where was Moses when he put the candle out?”

“That depends, uncle,” answered the young gentleman, “on whether he had lighted the candle to see with at night, or by daylight, to seal a letter.”

“Eh! Very good, now! ’Pon my word, very good,” exclaimed Uncle Bagges. “You must be Lord Chancellor, Sir — Lord Chancellor, one of these days.”

“And now, uncle,” asked Harry, who has a favourite with the old gentleman, “can you tell me what you do when you put a candle out?”

“Clap an extinguisher on it, you young rogue, to be sure.”

“Oh! but I mean, you cut off its supply of oxygen,” said Master Harry.

“Cut off its ox’s — eh? what? I

shall cut off your nose, you young dog, one of these fine days."

"He means something he heard at the Royal Institution," observed Mrs. Wilkinson. "He reads a great deal about chemistry, and he attended Professor Faraday's lectures there on the chemical history of a candle, and has been full of it ever since."

"Now, you Sir," said Uncle Bagges, "come you here to me, and tell me what you have to say about this chemical, eh? — or comical; which? — this comical chemical history of a candle."

"He'll bore you, Bagges," said Mr. Wilkinson. "Harry, don't be troublesome to your uncle."

"Troublesome! Oh, not at all. He amuses me. I like to hear him. So let him teach his old uncle the comicality and chemicality of a farthing rushlight."

"A wax candle will be nicer and cleaner, uncle, and answer the same purpose. There's one on the mantel-shelf. Let me light it."

"Take care you don't burn your fingers, or set anything on fire," said Mrs. Wilkinson.

"Now, uncle," commenced Harry, having drawn his chair to the side of Mr. Bagges, "we have got our candle burning. What do you see?"

"Let me put on my spectacles," answered the uncle.

"Look down on the top of the candle around the wick. See, it is a little cup full of melted wax. The heat of the flame has melted the wax just round the wick. The cold air keeps the outside of it

hard, so as to make the rim of it. The melted wax in the little cup goes up through the wick to be burnt, just as oil does in the wick of a lamp. What do you think makes it go up, uncle?"

"Why — why, the flame draws it up, doesn't it?"

"Not exactly, uncle. It goes up through little tiny passages in the cotton wick, because very, very small channels, or pipes, or pores, have the power in themselves of sucking up liquids. What they do it by is called cap — something."

"Capillary attraction, Harry," suggested Mr. Wilkinson.

"Yes, that's it; just as a sponge sucks up water, or a bit of lump-sugar the little drop of tea or coffee left in the bottom of a cup. But I mustn't say much more about this, or else you will tell me I am doing something very much like teaching my grandmother to — you know what."

"Your grandmother, eh, young sharpshins?"

"No — I mean my uncle. Now, I'll blow the candle out, like Moses; not to be in the dark, though, but to see into what it is. Look at the smoke rising from the wick. I'll hold a bit of lighted paper in the smoke, so as not to touch the wick. But see, for all that, the candle lights again. So this shows that the melted wax sucked up through the wick is turned into vapour; and the vapour burns. The heat of the burning vapour keeps on melting more wax, and that is sucked up

too within the flame, and turned into vapour, and burnt, and so on till the wax is all used up, and the candle is gone. So the flame, uncle, you see, is the last of the candle, and the candle seems to go through the flame into nothing — although it doesn't, but goes into several things, and isn't it curious, as Professor Faraday said, that the candle should look so splendid and glorious in going away?"

"How well he remembers, doesn't he?" observed Mrs. Wilkinson.

"I dare say," proceeded Harry, "that the flame of the candle looks flat to you; but if we were to put a lamp glass over it, so as to shelter it from the draught, you would see it is round, — round sideways, and running up to a peak. It is drawn up by the hot air; you know that hot air always rises, and that is the way smoke is taken up the chimney. What should you think was in the middle of the flame?"

"I should say, fire, replied Uncle Bagges.

"Oh, no! The flame is hollow. The bright flame we see is something no thicker than a thin peel, or skin; and it doesn't touch the wick. Inside of it is the vapour I told you of just now. If you put one end of a bent pipe into the middle of the flame, and let the other end of the pipe dip into a bottle, the vapour or gas from the candle will mix with the air there; and if you set fire to the mixture of gas from the candle and air in the bottle, it would go off with a bang."

"I wish you'd do that, Harry," said Master Tom, the younger brother of the juvenile lecturer.

"I want the proper things," answered Harry. "Well, uncle, the flame of the candle is a little shining case, with gas in the inside of it, and air on the outside, so that the case of flame is between the air and the gas. The gas keeps going into the flame to burn, and when the candle burns properly, none of it ever passes out through the flame; and none of the air ever gets in through the flame to the gas. The greatest heat of the candle is in this skin, or peel, or case of flame."

"Case of flame!" repeated Mr. Bagges. "Live and learn. I should have thought a candle-flame was as thick as my poor old noddle."

"I can show you the contrary," said Harry. "I take this piece of white paper, look, and hold it a second or two down upon the candle-flame, keeping the flame very steady. Now I'll rub off the black of the smoke, and — there — you find that the paper is scorched in the shape of a ring; but inside the ring it is only dirtied, and not singed at all."

"Seeing is believing," remarked the uncle.

"But," proceeded Harry, "there is more in the candle-flame than the gas that comes out of the candle. You know a candle won't burn without air. There must be always air around the gas, and touching it like, to make it burn. If a candle hasn't got enough air, it goes out, or burns badly, so

that some of the vapour inside of the flame comes out through it in the form of smoke, and this is the reason of a candle smoking. So now you know why a great clumsy dip smokes more than a neat wax candle; it is because the thick wick of the dip makes too much fuel in proportion to the air that can get to it."

"Dear me! Well, I suppose there is a reason for everything," exclaimed the young philosopher's mamma.

"What should you say, now," continued Harry, "if I told you that the smoke that comes out of a candle is the very thing that makes a candle light? Yes; a candle shines by consuming its own smoke. The smoke of a candle is a cloud of small dust, and the little grains of the dust are bits of charcoal, or carbon, as chemists call it. They are made in the flame, and burnt in the flame, and, while burning, make the flame bright. They are burnt the moment they are made; but the flame goes on making more of them as fast as it burns them; and that is how it keeps bright. The place they are made in, is in the case of flame itself, where the strongest heat is. The great heat separates them from the gas which comes from the melted wax, and, as soon as they touch the air on the outside of the thin case of flame, they burn."

"Can you tell how it is that the little bits of carbon cause the brightness of the flame?" asked Mr. Wilkinson.

"Because they are pieces of solid matter," answered Harry. "To make a flame shine, there must always be some solid — or at least liquid — matter in it."

"Very good," said Mr. Bagges, — "solid stuff necessary to brightness."

"Some gases and other things," resumed Harry, "that burn with a flame you can hardly see, burn splendidly when something solid is put into them. Oxygen and hydrogen — tell me if I use too hard words, uncle — oxygen and hydrogen gases, if mixed together and blown through a pipe, burn with plenty of heat but with very little light. But if their flame is blown upon a piece of quicklime, it gets so bright as to be quite dazzling. Make the smoke of oil of turpentine pass through the same flame, and it gives the flame a beautiful brightness directly."

"I wonder," observed Uncle Bagges, "what has made you such a bright youth."

"Taking after uncle, perhaps," retorted his nephew. "Don't put my candle and me out. Well, carbon or charcoal is what causes the brightness of all lamps, and candles, and other common lights; so, of course, there is carbon in what they are all made of."

"So carbon is smoke, eh? and light is owing to your carbon. Giving light out of smoke, eh? as they say in the classics," observed Mr. Bagges.

"But what becomes of the

candle," pursued Harry, "as it burns away? where does it go?"

"Nowhere," said his mamma, "I should think. It burns to nothing."

"Oh, dear, no!" said Harry, "everything — everybody goes somewhere."

"Eh! — rather an important consideration that," Mr. Bagges moralised.

"You can see it goes into smoke, which makes soot for one thing," pursued Harry. "There are other things it goes into, not to be seen by only looking, but you can get to see them by taking the right means, — just put your hand over the candle, uncle."

"Thank you, young gentleman, I had rather be excused."

"Not close enough down to burn you, uncle; higher up. There, — you feel a stream of hot air; so something seems to rise from the candle. Suppose you were to put a very long slender gas-burner over the flame, and let the flame burn just within the end of it, as if it were a chimney, — some of the hot steam would go up and come out at the top, but a sort of dew would be left behind in the glass chimney, if the chimney was cold enough when you put it on. There are ways of collecting this sort of dew, and when it is collected it turns out to be really water. I am not joking, uncle. Water is one of the things which the candle turns into in burning, — water coming out of fire. A jet of oil gives above a pint of water in burning. In some lighthouses they burn, Professor Faraday says, up,

to two gallons of oil in a night, and if the windows are cold the steam from the oil clouds the inside of the windows and, in frosty weather, freezes into ice."

"Water out of a candle, eh?" exclaimed Mr. Bagges. "As hard to get, I should have thought, as blood out of a post. Where does it come from?"

"Part from the wax, and part from the air, and yet not a drop of it comes either from the air or the wax. What do you make of that, uncle?"

"Eh? Oh! I'm no hand at riddles. Give it up."

"No riddle at all, uncle. The part that comes from the wax isn't water, and the part that comes from the air isn't water, but when put together they become water. Water is a mixture of two things, then. This can be shown. Put some iron wire or turnings into a gun-barrel open at both ends. Heat the middle of the barrel red-hot in a little furnace. Keep the heat up, and send the steam of boiling water through the red-hot gun-barrel. What will come out at the other end of the barrel won't be steam; it will be gas, which doesn't turn to water again when it gets cold, and which burns if you put a light to it. Take the turnings out of the gun-barrel, and you will find them changed to rust, and heavier than when they were put in. Part of the water is the gas that comes out of the barrel, the other part is what mixes with the iron turnings, and changes them to rust, and makes them

heavier. You can fill a bladder with the gas that comes out of the gun-barrel, or you can pass bubbles of it up into a jar of water turned upside down in a trough, and, as I said, you can make this part of the water burn."

"Eh?" cried Mr. Bagges. "Upon my word! One of these days, we shall have you setting the Thames on fire."

"Nothing more easy," said Harry, "than to burn part of the Thames, or of any other water; I mean the gas that I have just told you about, which is called hydrogen. In burning, hydrogen produces water again, like the flame of the candle. Indeed, hydrogen is that part of the water, formed by a candle burning, that comes from the wax. All things that have hydrogen in them produce water in burning, and the more there is in them the more they produce. When pure hydrogen burns, nothing comes from it but water, no smoke or soot at all. If you were to burn one ounce of it, the water you would get would be just nine ounces. There are many ways of making hydrogen, besides out of steam by the hot gun-barrel. I could show it you in a moment by pouring a little sulphuric acid mixed with water into a bottle upon a few zinc or steel filings, and putting a cork in the bottle with a little pipe through it, and setting fire to the gas that would come from the mouth of the pipe. We should find the flame very hot, but having scarcely any brightness. I should

like you to see the curious qualities of hydrogen, particularly how light it is, so as to carry things up in the air; and I wish I had a small balloon to fill with it and make go up to the ceiling, or a bag-pipe full of it to blow soap-bubbles with, and show how much faster they rise than common ones, blown with the breath."

"So do I," interposed Master Tom.

"And so," resumed Harry, "hydrogen, you know, uncle, is part of water, and just one-ninth part."

"As hydrogen is to water, so is a tailor to an ordinary individual, eh?" Mr. Bagges remarked.

"Well, now then, uncle, if hydrogen is the tailor's part of the water, what are the other eight parts? The iron turnings used to make hydrogen in the gun-barrel, and rusted, take just those eight parts from the water in the shape of steam, and are so much the heavier. Burn iron turnings in the air, and they make the same rust, and gain just the same in weight. So the other eight parts must be found in the air for one thing, and in the rusted iron turnings for another, and they must also be in the water; and now the question is, how to get at them?"

"Out of the water? Fish for them, I should say," suggested Mr. Bagges.

"Why, so we can," said Harry. "Only, instead of hooks and lines, we must use wires — two wires, one from one end, the other from the other, of a galvanic battery. Put the points of these wires into

water, a little distance apart, and they instantly take the water to pieces. If they are of copper, or a metal that will rust easily, one of them begins to rust, and air-bubbles come up from the other. These bubbles are hydrogen. The other part of the water mixes with the end of the wire and makes rust. But if the wires are of gold, or a metal that does not rust easily, air-bubbles rise from the ends of both wires. Collect the bubbles from both wires in a tube, and fire them, and they turn to water again; and this water is exactly the same weight as the quantity that has been changed into the two gases. Now then, uncle, what should you think water was composed of?"

"Eh? well — I suppose of those very identical two gases, young gentleman."

"Right, uncle. Recollect that the gas from one of the wires was hydrogen, the one-ninth of water. What should you guess the gas from the other wire to be?"

"Stop — eh? — wait a bit — eh? — oh! — why, the other eight-ninths, to be sure."

"Good again, uncle. Now this gas that is eight-ninths of water is the gas called oxygen that I mentioned just now. This is a very curious gas. It won't burn in air at all itself, like gas from a lamp, but it has a wonderful power of making things burn that are lighted and put into it. If you fill a jar with it —"

"How do you manage that?" Mr. Bagges inquired.

"You fill the jar with water,"

answered Harry, "and you stand it upside down in a vessel full of water too. Then you let bubbles of the gas up into the jar and they turn out the water and take its place. Put a stopper in the neck of the jar, or hold a glass plate against the mouth of it, and you can take it out of the water and so have bottled oxygen. A lighted candle put into a jar of oxygen blazes up directly and is consumed before you can say Jack Robinson. Charcoal burns away in it as fast, with beautiful bright sparks — phosphorus with a light that dazzles you to look at — and a piece of iron or steel just made red-hot at the end first, is burnt in oxygen quicker than a stick would be in common air. The experiment of burning things in oxygen beats any fire-works."

"Oh, how jolly!" exclaimed Tom.

"Now we see, uncle," Harry continued, "that water is hydrogen and oxygen united together, that water is got wherever hydrogen is burnt in common air, that a candle won't burn without air, and that when a candle burns there is hydrogen in it burning, and forming water. Now, then, where does the hydrogen of the candle get the oxygen from, to turn into water with it?"

"From the air, eh?"

"Just so. I can't stop to tell you of the other things which there is oxygen in, and the many beautiful and amusing ways of getting it. But as there is oxygen in the air, and as oxygen makes things

burn at such a rate, perhaps you wonder why air does not make things burn as fast as oxygen. The reason is, that there is something else in the air that mixes with the oxygen and weakens it."

"Makes a sort of gaseous grog of it, eh?" said Mr. Bagges. "But how is that proved?"

"Why, there is a gas, called nitrous gas, which, if you mix it with oxygen, takes all the oxygen into itself, and the mixture of the nitrous gas and oxygen, if you put water with it, goes into the water. Mix nitrous gas and air together in a jar over water, and the nitrous gas takes away the oxygen, and then the water sucks up the mixed oxygen and nitrous gas, and that part of the air which weakens the oxygen is left behind. Burning phosphorus in confined air will also take all the oxygen from it, and there are other ways of doing the same thing. The portion of the air left behind is called nitrogen. You wouldn't know it from common air by the look; it has no colour, taste, nor smell, and it won't burn. But things won't burn in it, either; and anything on fire put into it goes out directly. It isn't fit to breathe, — and a mouse, or any animal, shut up in it, dies. It isn't poisonous, though; creatures only die in it for want of oxygen. We breathe it with oxygen, and then it does no harm, but good; for if we breathed pure oxygen, we should breathe away so violently, that we should soon breathe our life out. In the same way, if the air were nothing but

oxygen, a candle would not last above a minute."

"What a tallow-chandler's bill we should have!" remarked Mrs. Wilkinson.

"If a house were on fire in oxygen," as Professor Faraday said, "every iron bar, or rafter, or pillar, every nail and iron tool, and the fire-place itself; all the zinc and copper roofs, and leaden coverings, and gutters, and pipes, would consume and burn, increasing the combustion."

"That would be, indeed, burning 'like a house on fire,'" observed Mr. Bagges.

"Think," said Harry, continuing his quotation, "of the Houses of Parliament, or a steam-engine manufactory. Think of an iron-proof chest — no proof against oxygen. Think of a locomotive and its train, — every engine, every carriage, and even every rail would be set on fire and burnt up.' So now, uncle, I think you see what the use of nitrogen is, and especially how it prevents a candle from burning out too fast."

"Eh?" said Mr. Bagges. "Well, I will say I do think we are under considerable obligations to nitrogen."

"I have explained to you, uncle," pursued Harry, "how a candle, in burning, turns into water. But it turns into something else besides that; there is a stream of hot air going up from it that won't condense into dew; some of that is the nitrogen of the air which the candle has taken all

the oxygen from. But there is more in it than nitrogen. Hold a long glass tube over a candle, so that the stream of hot air from it may go up through the tube. Hold a jar over the end of the tube to collect some of the stream of hot air. Put some lime-water, which looks quite clear, into the jar; stop the jar, and shake it up. The lime-water, which was quite clear before, turns milky. Then there is something made by the burning of the candle that changes the colour of the lime-water. That is a gas, too, and you can collect it, and examine it. It is to be got from several things, and is a part of all chalk, marble, and the shells of eggs or of shell-fish. The easiest way to make it is by pouring muriatic or sulphuric acid on chalk or marble. The marble or chalk begins to hiss or bubble, and you can collect the bubbles in the same way that you can oxygen. The gas made by the candle in burning, and which also is got out of the chalk and marble, is called carbonic acid. It puts out a light in a moment; it kills any animal that breathes it, and it is really poisonous to breathe, because it destroys life even when mixed with a pretty large quantity of common air. The bubbles made by beer when it ferments, are carbonic acid, so is the air that fizzes out of soda-water, — and it is good to swallow though it is deadly to breathe. It is got from chalk by burning the chalk as well as by putting acid to it, and burning the carbonic acid out of chalk makes the chalk lime. This is why people are killed sometimes by getting in the way of the wind that blows from lime-kilns.”

“Of which it is advisable carefully to keep to the windward,” Mr. Wilkinson observed.

“The most curious thing about carbonic acid gas,” proceeded Harry, “is its weight. Although it is only a sort of air, it is so heavy that you can pour it from one vessel into another. You may dip a cup of it and pour it down upon a candle, and it will put the candle out, which would astonish an ignorant person; because carbonic acid gas is as invisible as the air, and the candle seems to be put out by nothing. A soap-bubble of common air floats on it like wood on water. Its weight is what makes it collect in brewers’ vats; and also in wells, where it is produced naturally; and owing to its collecting in such places it causes the deaths we so often hear about of those who go down into them without proper care. It is found in many springs of water, more or less; and a great deal of it comes out of the earth in some places. Carbonic acid gas is what stupifies the dogs in the Grotto del Cane. Well, but how is carbonic acid gas made by the candle?”

“I hope with your candle you’ll throw some light upon the subject,” said Uncle Bagges.

“I hope so,” answered Harry. “Recollect it is the burning of the smoke, or soot, or carbon of the candle that makes the candle-flame bright. Also that the candle

won't burn without air. Likewise that it will not burn in nitrogen, or air that has been deprived of oxygen. So the carbon of the candle mingles with oxygen, in burning, to make carbonic acid gas, just as the hydrogen does to form water. Carbonic acid gas, then, is carbon or charcoal dissolved in oxygen. Here is black soot getting invisible and changing into air; and this seems strange, uncle, doesn't it?"

"Ahem! Strange, if true," answered Mr. Bagges. "Eh? — well! I suppose it's all right."

"Quite so, uncle. Burn carbon or charcoal either in the air or in oxygen, and it is sure always to make carbonic acid, and nothing else, if it is dry. No dew or mist gathers in a cold glass jar if you burn dry charcoal in it. The charcoal goes entirely into carbonic acid gas, and leaves nothing behind but ashes, which are only earthy stuff that was in the charcoal, but not part of the charcoal itself. And now, shall I tell you something about carbon?"

"With all my heart," assented Mr. Bagges.

"I said that there was carbon or charcoal in all common lights, — so there is in every common kind of fuel. If you heat coal or wood away from the air, some gas comes away, and leaves behind coke from coal, and charcoal from wood; both carbon, though not pure. Heat carbon as much as you will in a close vessel, and it does not change in the least; but let the air get to it, and then it burns and

flies off in carbonic acid gas. This makes carbon so convenient for fuel. But it is ornamental as well as useful, uncle. The diamond is nothing else than carbon."

"The diamond, eh? You mean the black diamond."

"No; the diamond, really and truly. The diamond is only carbon in the shape of a crystal."

"Eh? and can't some of your clever chemists crystallise a little bit of carbon, and make a Koh-i-noor?"

"Ah, uncle, perhaps we shall, some day. In the meantime I suppose we must be content with making carbon so brilliant as it is in the flame of a candle. Well; now you see that a candle-flame is vapour burning, and the vapour, in burning, turns into water and carbonic acid gas. The oxygen of both the carbonic acid gas and the water comes from the air, and the hydrogen and carbon together are the vapour. They are distilled out of the melted wax by the heat. But, you know, carbon alone can't be distilled by any heat. It can be distilled, though, when it is joined with hydrogen, as it is in the wax, and then the mixed hydrogen and carbon rise in gas of the same kind as the gas in the streets, and that also is distilled by heat from coal. So a candle is a little gas manufactory in itself, that burns the gas as fast as it makes it."

"Haven't you pretty nearly come to your candle's end?" said Mr. Wilkinson.

"Nearly. I only want to tell uncle, that the burning of a candle

is almost exactly like our breathing. Breathing is consuming oxygen, only not so fast as burning. In breathing we throw out water in vapour and carbonic acid from our lungs, and take oxygen in. Oxygen is as necessary to support the life of the body, as it is to keep up the flame of a candle."

"So," said Mr. Bagges, "man is a candle, eh? and Shakespeare knew that, I suppose, (as he did most things,) when he wrote —

'Out, out, brief candle!'

Well, well; we old ones are moulds, and you young squires are dips and rushlights, eh? Any more to tell us about the candle?"

"I could tell you a great deal more about oxygen, and hydrogen, and carbon, and water, and breathing, that Professor Faraday said, if I had time; but you should go and hear him yourself, uncle."

"Eh? well! I think I will. Some of us seniors may learn something from a juvenile lecture, at any rate, if given by a Faraday. And now, my boy, I will tell you what," added Mr. Bagges, "I am very glad to find you so fond of study and science; and you deserve to be encouraged: and so I'll give you a what-d'ye-call-it? — a Galvanic Battery on your next birthday; and so much for your teaching your old uncle the chemistry of a candle."

AN OLD HAUNT.

THE rippling water, with its drowsy tone, —

The tall elms, tow'ring in their stately pride, —

And — sorrow's type — the willow sad and lone,

Kissing in graceful woe the murmuring tide; —

The grey church-tower, — and dimly seen beyond,

The faint hills gilded by the parting sun, —

All were the same, and seem'd with greeting fond

To welcome me as they of old had done.

And for a while I stood as in a trance,

On that loved spot, forgetting toil and pain; —

Buoyant my limbs, and keen and bright my glance,

For that brief space I was a boy again!

Again with giddy mates I careless play'd,

Or plied the quiv'ring oar, on conquest bent; —

Again, beneath the tall elms' silent shade, I woo'd the fair, and won the sweet consent.

But brief, alas! the spell, — for suddenly Peal'd from the tower the old familiar chimes,

And with their clear, heart-thrilling melody,

Awaked the spectral forms of darker times.

And I remember'd all that years had wrought —

How bow'd my care-worn frame, how dimm'd my eye,

How poor the gauds by Youth so keenly sought,

How quench'd and dull Youth's aspirations high!

And in half mournful, half upbraiding host,

Duties neglected — high resolves unkept —

And many a heart by death or falsehood lost,

In lightning current o'er my bosom swept.

Then bow'd the stubborn knees, as back-
ward sped
The self-accusing thoughts in dread ar-
ray,
And slowly, from their long-congealed
bed,
Forced the remorseful tears their silent
way.

Bitter, yet healing drops! in mercy sent,
Like soft dew's falling on a thirsty
plain, —
And 'ere those chimes their last faint
notes had spent,
Strengthen'd and calm'd, I stood erect
again.

Strengthen'd, the tasks allotted to ful-
fil; —
Calm'd, the thick-coming sorrows to
endure;
Fearful of nought but of my own frail
will, —
In His Almighty strength and aid se-
cure.

For a sweet voice had whisper'd hope to
me, —
Had through my darkness shed a kindly
ray; —
It said: "The past is fix'd immutably,
Yet is there comfort in the coming
day!"

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

BEFORE we give a more exclu-
sive attention to the "illustrious
stranger," we think it will be ad-
visable to present the reader with
a brief authentic account of the
circumstances which led to the
honour conferred upon England
by the visit of this extraordinary
personage. These circumstances
are little known to the world; in-
deed, we have reason to believe
they have never before been pub-
lished.

The British Consul at Cairo had
frequently intimated to His High-
ness the Pasha of Egypt, that a live

hippopotamus would be regarded
as a very interesting and valuable
present in England. Now, there
were sundry difficulties of a serious
nature involved in this business.
In the first place, the favourite
resort of the hippopotami is a
thousand or fifteen hundred miles
distant from Cairo; in the second
place, the hippopotamus being
amphibious, is not easily come-at-
able; when he is environed, he is
a tremendous antagonist, by
reason of his great strength, enor-
mous weight, his wrathfulness
when excited, and we may add his
prodigious mouth with its huge
tusks. We are speaking of the
male hippopotamus. He is often
slain by a number of rifle-balls (he
only makes a comic grin of scorn
at a few) and laid low from a dis-
tance: but as to being taken alive,
that is a triumph which has scarcely
ever been permitted to mortal man
of modern times. It is quite a dif-
ferent matter in respect of the ele-
phant. He cannot take to the
water, and neither dive clean away,
nor upset your boat with a plunge
of his forehead; besides which you
cannot get two tame renegade hip-
popotami to assist in the capture
and subjugation of a relative, as is
the case with elephants. Accord-
ingly, His Highness the Pasha, not
liking to compromise the dignity
of despotism, and his own position
as sovereign of Egypt, by pro-
mising anything which he might,
perhaps, be unable to perform,
turned a deaf ear to the repeated
overtures of the British Consul.
He never refused his request; he

simply did not hear what he said, or could not be made to have a clear understanding as to what the Consul really wanted. His Highness had already given him the skin and bones of hippopotami, and many other animals alive and dead. If he wished for any birds, he was welcome to as many as he pleased!

It so chanced, however, that Abbas Pasha took it into his head, or somebody told him, that we had in England several extraordinary breeds of dogs, horses, and cows, — hounds that could catch a gazelle by sheer fleetness, small fighting-dogs that would master a bull, — horses that could compete with his finest Arabian steeds, and beat them in a hard day's hunt over rough ground. He bethought himself, therefore, of the hippopotamus. One good turn of this kind might deserve another of a different kind.

"So, Consul," said the Pasha abruptly one day, when Mr. Murray was dining with him, "so, you want a hippopotamus?"

"Very much, your Highness."

"And you think that such an animal would be an acceptable present to your Queen and country?"

"He would be accounted a great rarity," said the Consul; "our naturalists would receive him with open arms — figuratively speaking, — and the public would crowd to pay their respects to him."

Abbas Pasha laughed at this pleasantry of the Consul. "Well," said he, "we will inquire about this matter." He half-turned his

head over one shoulder to his attendants: "Send here the Governor of Nubia!" The attendants thus ordered made their salam, and retired.

Anybody, not previously aware of the easy habits of a despotic sovereign, would naturally conclude that the Governor of Nubia was, at this time, in Cairo, and at no great distance from the royal abode. But it was not so. The Governor of Nubia was simply there — at home — smoking his pipe in Nubia. This brief and unadorned order, therefore, involved a post-haste messenger on a dromedary across the Desert, with a boat up the Nile, and then more dromedaries, and then another boat, and again a dromedary, till the Pasha's mandate was delivered. We next behold the Governor of Nubia, in full official trim, proceeding post-haste with his suite across the Desert, and down the Nile, travelling day and night, until finally he is announced to the Pasha, and admitted to his most serene and fumigatious presence. The Governor makes his grand salam.

"Governor," says the Pasha — and we have this unique dialogue on the best authority — "Governor, have you hippopotami in your country?"

"We have, your Highness."

Abbas Pasha reflected a moment; then said — "Send to me the Commander of the Nubian army. Now, go!"

This was the whole dialogue. The Governor made his salam, and

retired. With the same haste and ceremony, so far as the two things can be combined, he returned to Nubia by boat, and dromedary, and horse, and covered litter; and the same hour found the Commander of the army of Nubia galloping across the Desert with his attendants, in obedience to the royal mandate.

The Pasha, knowing that all means of speed will be used, and what those means will be, together with the nature of the route, is able to calculate to a day when the Commander ought to arrive — and therefore *must* arrive, — at his peril, otherwise. The British Consul is invited to dine with his Highness on this day.

Duly, as expected, the Commander of the Nubian army arrives, and is announced, just as the repast is concluded. He is forthwith ushered into the presence of the sublime beard and turban. Coffee and pipes are being served. The Commander makes his grand salam, shutting his eyes before the royal pipe.

“Commander,” says the Pasha, without taking his pipe from his mouth, “I hear that you have hippopotami in your country.”

“It is true, your Highness; but—”

“Bring me a live hippopotamus — a young one. Now, go!”

This was actually the dialogue which took place on the occasion — and the whole of it. The Commander of the Nubian forces made his grand salam — retired — and returned as he came, — “big” with the importance of his errand,

— but also not without considerable anxiety for its result.

Arriving at Dongola, the Commander summoned his chief officers and captains of the Nubian hosts to a council of war on the subject of the hippopotamus hunt, on the result of which — he intimated — several heads were at stake, besides his own. A similar communication was speedily forwarded to the chief officers of the right wing of the army, quartered in their tents at Sennaar. The picked men of all the forces having been selected, the two parties met in boats at an appointed village on the banks of the Nile, and there concerted their measures for the expedition.

The Commander divided the chosen body into several parties, and away they sped up the Nile. They followed the course of the river, beyond the point where it branches off into the Blue Nile, and the White Nile. Good fortune at length befel one of the parties; but this cost much time, and many unsuccessful efforts — now pursuing a huge savage river-horse, with rifle-balls and flying darts; now pursued by him in turn with foaming jaws and gnashing tusks — all of which may readily be conjectured, from the fact that they did not fall in with their prize till they had reached a distance, up the White Nile, of one thousand five hundred miles above Cairo. In the doublings and re-doublings of attack and retreat, of pursuit and flight, and renewed assault,

they must of course have traversed in all, at least two thousand miles.

Something pathetic attaches to the death of the mother of "our hero," — something which touches our common nature, but which such hunters as Mr. Gordon Cumming would not be at all able to understand. A large female hippopotamus being wounded, was in full flight up the river; but presently a ball or two reached a mortal part, and then the maternal instinct made the animal pause. She fled no more, but turned aside, and made towards a heap of brush-wood and water-bushes that grew on the banks of the river, in order (as the event showed) to die beside her young one. She was unable to proceed so far, and sank dying beneath the water. The action, however, had been so evidently caused by some strong impulse and attraction in that direction, that the party instantly proceeded to the clump of water-bushes. Nobody moved — not a green flag stirred; not a sprig trembled; but directly they entered, out burst a burly young hippopotamus-calf, and plunged head foremost down the river-banks. He had all but escaped, when amidst the excitement and confusion of the picked men, one of them who had "more character" than the rest, made a blow at the slippery prize with his boat-hook, and literally brought him up by burying the hook in his fat black flank. Two other hunters — next to him in presence of mind and energy — threw their arms round the great barrel-bellied

infant, and hoisted him into the boat, which nearly capsized with the weight and struggle.

In this one circumstance of a hippopotamus being ordered by his Highness Abbas Pasha, has been pleasantly shown the ease and brevity with which matters are managed by a despotic government. We complain at home — and with how much reason, everybody knows too well — of the injurious and provoking slowness of all good legislative acts; but here we have a beautiful little instance, or series of little instances, of going rather too fast. Things are settled off-hand in the East by a royal mandate — from the strangling of a whole seraglio, to the suckling of a young hippopotamus.

Returning down the Nile with their unwieldy prize, for whose wounded flank the best surgical attendance the country afforded, was of course procured, it soon became a matter of immense importance and profound consultation as to how and on what the innocent young monster should be fed. He would not touch flesh of any kind; he did not seem to relish fruit; and he evidently did not, at present, understand grass. A live fish was put into his mouth, but he instantly gave a great gape and allowed it to flap its way out again and fall into the water. Before long, however, the party reached a village. The Commander of the army saw what to do. He ordered his men to seize all the cows in the village, and milk them. This was found very acceptable to their in-

teresting charge, who presently despatched a quantity that alarmed them, lest they should be unable to keep up the due balance of supply and demand. The surplus milk, however, they carried away in gourds and earthen vessels. But they found it would not keep: it became sour butter, and melted into oil. They were, therefore, compelled, after a milking, to carry off with them one of the best cows. In this way they returned fifteen hundred miles down the Nile, stopping at every village on their way—seizing all the cows and milking them dry. By these means they managed to supply the “table” of the illustrious captive, whose capacities in disposing of the beverage appeared to increase daily.

The hunting-division of the army, headed by the Commander-in-Chief, arrived at Cairo with their prize on the 14th of November, 1849. The journey down the Nile, from the place where he was captured, *viz.*, the White Nile, had occupied between five and six months. This, therefore, with a few additional days, may be regarded as the age of our hippopotamus on reaching Cairo. The colour of his skin, at that time, was for the most part of a dull, reddish tone, very like that (to compare great things with small) of a naked new-born mouse. The Commander hastened to the palace to report his arrival with the prize to his royal master, into the charge of whose officers he most gladly resigned it. His Highness,

having been informed of the little affair of the succession of “cows,” determined to place the vivacious un-weaned “infant prodigy” in the hands of the British Consul without a moment’s delay.

The announcement was accordingly made with oriental formality by the chief officer of Abbas Pasha’s palace, to whom the Honourable Mr. Murray made a suitable present in return for the good tidings. A lieutenant of the Nubian army, with a party of soldiers, arrived shortly after, bringing with them the animal, whose renown had already filled the whole city. He excited full as much curiosity in Cairo, as he has since done here, being quite as great a rarity. This will be easily intelligible when the difficulties of the capture, and the immense distance of the journey are taken into consideration, with all the contingencies of men, boats, provisions, cows, and other necessary expenses.

The overjoyed Consul had already made all his preparations for receiving the illustrious stranger. He had, in the first place, secured the services of Hamet Safi Cannana, well known for his experience and skill in the care and management of animals. A commodious apartment had then been fitted up in the court-yard of the Consul’s house, with one door leading out to a bath. As the winter would have to be passed in Cairo, proper means were employed for making this a warm, or tepid bath. Here then our hippopotamus lived, “the observed of all observers,” drink-

ing so many gallons of milk a day (never less than twenty or thirty quarts) that he soon produced a scarcity of that article in Cairo. Nor will this be so much a matter of surprise, when it is considered that they do not understand there the excellent methods of manufacturing enough milk to answer any demand, which obtains with us in London, where such an event as a scarcity of milk was never known by the oldest inhabitant.

Meanwhile active preparations were making for his arrival in Alexandria, to be shipped on board the Ripon steamer. The vessel was furnished with a house on the main-deck, opening by steps down into a tank in the hold, containing four hundred gallons of water. It had been built and fitted up at Southampton from a plan furnished by Mr. Mitchell, Secretary of the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park, to whose energies and foresight we are indebted for the safe possession of this grotesque, good-tempered and unique monster. The tank, by various arrangements, they contrived to fill with *fresh* water every other day. A large quantity was taken on board in casks; a fresh supply at Malta; and, besides this, which was by no means enough, they made use of the condensed water of the engines, which amounted to upwards of three hundred gallons per day. As there are some hippopotami who enjoy the sea on certain coasts of the world, it is not improbable but our friend would soon have got used to sea-

water; but Mr. Mitchell was determined to run no risks, prudently considering that, in the first place, the strength of the salt water, to one whose mother had been accustomed, and her ancestors for generations, to the mild streams of Nilus, might disagree with "young pickle;" and secondly, if he chanced to take to it amazingly, how would he bear the change when he arrived at his mansion in the Regent's Park. Fresh water, therefore, was provided for his bath every other day throughout the voyage.

The British Consul began to prepare for the departure of his noble guest at the end of April; and in the early part of May, the Consul took an affectionate leave of him, and would have embraced him, but that the extraordinary girth of his body rendered such a demonstration impossible.

So, our hippopotamus departed from Grand Cairo in a large padded cart. He had refused a very nice horse-box which the Consul had provided for him. Some feeling about his dignity, we suppose; though Hamet Safi Cannana considered the objection arose from a certain care of his skin, which might have got a little chafe or hard rub in the horse-box. It was a lesson to Mr. Murray for life. No effort, of course, was made to compel the great personage to enter this machine, because it is one of Hamet's principles of management never to irritate an animal — always to keep him in good temper — never directly and im-

mediately to thwart his will in anything that is not injurious, impracticable, or particularly unreasonable. Very delightful all this! Who would not be a hippopotamus? Who that was not Cæsar, would not wish to be Pompey?

On arriving at Alexandria, full ten thousand people rushed out into the streets to see our hippopotamus pass. If no one had ever seen the amphibious prodigy in Cairo, it is not to be wondered at that the mental condition of Alexandria was in the same lamentable degree of darkness.

The crowd was so great, that the British Consul (whose feelings had so mastered him on taking leave of his guest, that he had been obliged to follow the *cortège*) was under the necessity of applying to the Governor of Alexandria for an escort of troops. This was forthwith granted, and down they came galloping along the streets of Alexandria, with waving scimitars! It was well the hippopotamus did not see them from his padded cart, where he lay asleep—it might have caused a little misunderstanding.

Order being restored, and a great lane made in the crowd, Hamet Safi Cannana commenced the gradual and delicate process of awaking the great personage. In the course of an hour or so, during which time the escort of soldiers all “stood attention,” the excited feelings of the anxious lane of population were gratified by the sight of the Arab ceremoniously advancing in gentleman-

usher fashion, while close behind him slowly lounged the hippopotamus.

He embarked on board the Ripon, where he was soon joined by his Excellency General Jung Bahadoor Ranajee, and the Nepaulese princes, his brothers. These latter personages would have been great objects of attraction under any other circumstances; but what could stand against such a rival as the occupant of the great house and bath on the main-deck?

During the voyage, “our fat friend” attached himself yet more strongly to his attendant and interpreter, Hamet; indeed, the devotion to his person which this assiduous and thoughtful person had manifested from his first promotion to the office, had been of a kind to secure such a result from any one at all accessible to kindly affections. Hamet had commenced by sleeping side-by-side with his charge in the house at Cairo, and adopted the same arrangement for the night during the first week of the voyage to England. Finding, however, as the weather grew warmer, and the hippopotamus bigger and bigger, that this was attended with some inconvenience, Hamet had a hammock slung from the beams immediately over the place where he used to sleep—in fact, just over his side of the bed—by which means he was raised two or three feet above his usual position. Into this hammock got Hamet, and having assured the hippopotamus, both by his voice,

and by extending one arm over the side so as to touch him, that he was there as usual at his side, and "all was right," he presently fell asleep. How long he slept Hamet does not know, but he was awoke by the sensation of a jerk and a hoist, and found himself lying on the bed in his old place, close beside our fat friend. Hamet tried the experiment once more: but the same thing again occurred. No sooner was he asleep than the hippopotamus got up — raised his broad nose beneath the heaviest part of the hammock that swung lowest, and by an easy and adroit toss, pitched Hamet clean out. After this, Hamet, acting on his rule of never thwarting his charge in anything reasonable, abandoned the attempt of a separate bed, and took up his nightly quarters by his side as before.

As for the voyage, it was passed pleasantly enough by the most important of the illustrious strangers on board. His Excellency the Nepaulese ambassador, together with the prince his brother, were uncommonly sea-sick; but as for our fat friend, he enjoyed himself all the way. He liked his bath, for which there was no lack of fresh water supplies, and his provisions were equally satisfactory. Two cows and ten goats had been taken on board for his sole use and service; these, however, not being found sufficient for a "growing youth," the ship's cow was confiscated for the use of his table; and this addition, together with we forget how many dozen sacks of

Indian corn meal, enabled him to reach our shores in excellent health and spirits.

A word as to the title of "river-horse," when taken in conjunction with his personal appearance, his habits, and his diet. The hippopotamus has nothing in common with the horse; he seems to us rather an aquatic pig, or a four-footed land porpoise. In fact, he appears to partake of the wild boar, the bull, and the porpoise — the latter predominating at present, but when he gets his tusks, we much fear there will be an alteration in his manners for the worse. As to his eventual size, the prospect is alarming. He is at present only seven months old, and he will continue growing till he is fifteen years of age. What news for the London cows!

Arrived at Southampton, our hippopotamus, house and all, with Hamet Safi Cannana at his side, was hoisted up at the vessel's yard-arm, and gradually lowered upon a great iron truck, which was then wheeled off to the railway station. The whole concern was deposited in the special carriage of a special train, and on this he travelled from Southampton to London. He arrived at the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park at ten o'clock at night, and found Lord Brougham, Professor Owen, Thomas Bell, and Mr. Mitchell all waiting (we believe they were not in court dresses) to receive him. They were presently joined by the learned Editor of the "Annals of Natural History," the learn-

ed Editor of the "Zoologist," in company with Mr. Van Voorst, and several artists who made sketches by the light of a lanthorn. Doyle, Wolff, Harrison Weir, Forster, (for the "Illustrated London News") and others, were all in assiduous attendance, watchful of every varying outline. The illustrious stranger descended from his carriage, and entered the gardens. First went the lanthorn; then Hamet Safi Cannana with a bag of dates slung over his shoulder; and after him slowly lounged our uncouth treasure, with a prodigy of a grin such as he alone can give, expressive of his humorous sense of all the honours and luxuries that awaited him.

We understand it is a cabinet secret, that the Pasha has ordered a fresh party of hunting soldiers to proceed up the river, as far as the White Nile, to search for another young hippopotamus — a female! We may, therefore, look forward to the unrivalled fame of possessing a royal pair — "*sure such a pair*" as were never yet seen in any collection of Natural History — to say nothing of the chance of a progeny. These are national questions, — why should they be cabinet secrets?

We are certainly a strange people — we English. Our indefatigable energies and matchless wealth often exhibit themselves in eccentric fancies. No wonder, foreigners — philosophers and all — are so much puzzled what to make of us. They point to the unaided efforts of a Waghorn, and

to his widow's pension-mite — and then they point to our hippopotamus! Truly, it is not easy to reply to the inference, and impossible to evade it. We have had a Chaucer and a Milton, a Hobbes, and a Newton, a Watt and a Winsor; and we have had other great poets, and philosophers, and machinists, and men of learning and science, and have several of each now living among us: but any amount of a people's anxious interest, which the present state of popular education induces, is very limited indeed compared to that which is felt by all classes for a Tom Thumb, a Jim Crow, or our present Idol. Howbeit, as the last is really a great improvement on the two former fascinating exotics, it is to be hoped that we shall, in course of time, more habitually display some kind of discrimination in the objects of our devotion.

CHIPS.

RAILWAY COMFORT.

IN all the utilities of Railway travelling, England is supreme. Speed, represented by from thirty to sixty miles an hour, "just (to quote the words of Lubin Log) as the passenger pleases;" punctuality, that admits of the setting of watches by arrivals and departures; and safety, exemplified by the loss of no human life from any other cause than the carelessness of the sufferer, during the past, two years, are proofs of British

supremacy in locomotion. Yet — by a strange perversity not easily accounted for in a country known all over the rest of the world as the Kingdom of Comfort — the point apparently aimed at is to render the transit of the human frame as uncomfortable on operation as possible. Every elegance and luxury is bestowed upon waiting-rooms where extreme punctuality renders it unnecessary for people to wait; and upon refreshment-rooms in which travellers are allowed ten minutes to scald themselves with boiling coffee, or to choke themselves with impossible pork-pies; but carriages in which travellers have to be cramped up, often for hours, and sometimes for whole days, are apparently contrived to inflict as much torture as practicable. In order to force those who cannot afford it into the first-class, second and third-class carriages are only one and two degrees removed from cattle pens. And that these should not be too delicious, the humbler order of passengers will not easily forget that a director once proposed to hire a number of chimney-sweeps to render — what, with the best company, are nothing better than locomotive hutches — perfectly untenable.

They manage these things better abroad. There a detestable class-feeling — a contemptible purse-worship, which rigidly separates people according to their pecuniary circumstances; which metes out the smallest privilege or comfort at a price — does not exist to

prevent the managers of railways from making the journeys of their customers and supporters as pleasant as possible. On the French railroads, (setting aside the question that the fares are much lower,) the second-class carriages are comfortably cushioned, having pretty silk blinds to keep out the sun; windows that really are capable of being pulled up and down, besides hooks for hats, — a great convenience on a journey. For the blinds, indeed, an enterprising blind-maker in France agreed to furnish them to one railway company, gratis, on condition that they used no other for a certain number of years, and allowed him to make them the medium of his advertisements. Talk of advertising vans — can they be compared to the brilliant notion of advertising railways — trains of puffs, wafting the genius of inventors faster than the wind! We throw out the hint to the “advertising world” in this country.

In winter, even in an English first-class carriage, there is no protection against frost and damp; but in nearly all the foreign railways, no sooner does the winter set in than the first-class traveller finds the bottom of his carriage provided with a long tin case full of hot water. In the cold months, masses of woollen cloth and railway wrappers, are seen shaking in the corners of first-class English carriages with shivering, comfortless, human beings inside them, despairing of any sort of warmth whatever.

Comfort in railway travelling is, however brought to the highest perfection in Germany. An esteemed correspondent at Vienna writes to us on this subject in the following terms: — On the "*Wiener-Neustädter Eisenbahn*," (the Vienna and Neustadt Railway), the carriages of the first, second, and third-class may each be said to resemble a spacious room, furnished with seats, something like a concert-room, and having a broad passage down the middle. Thus one may get up, walk towards a friend a dozen seats off; or, if you require more air or a change of position, you will find the backs of the seats shift so as to enable you to turn round, and sit down the other way without inconvenience to any one. I need not say that on this railway there is no struggle for "that corner place with your back to the engine," which is a desirable object throughout our three kingdoms, — for every place is a corner place, having light and air, and you may sit which way you please.

Attached to each carriage, and going the whole length of the train, is a broad wooden plank, along which the guards are constantly walking, so that the slightest thing amiss could scarcely occur without their perceiving it immediately. Just before the arrival of the train at any station, one of these functionaries — for there are several — quietly opens the door and, instead of calling out "I say, you Sir!" or "Come, marm, your ticket, I can't be a waitin' here

all day," as we have heard in England, walks without any hurry or bustle down the division from one end to the other, repeating, in a clear and ordinary tone of voice the name of the station which is being approached, and requiring the tickets of such passengers as are going to alight there. With such an arrangement — giving ample time for the gathering together of coats, canes, umbrellas, reticules, and so forth — even Martha Struggles herself might have got through a journey unscathed and "unflustered."

The admirable arrangement displayed in America, as well as in Germany, for receiving tickets without that delay which has been so much complained of in England, cannot be sufficiently applauded. When however delay is unavoidable, to receive the mails, or from some other cause, no sooner does the train stop, than a waiter, or sometimes a pretty waitress — who is more likely to find customers — trips up the steps with a tray laden with iced water and lemonade, glasses of light wine or *Maitrank*, (a kind of Burridge-cup,) biscuits, cakes, and other edible nick-nacks, so that the passenger may take some slight refectation without getting down.

In the railway from Bonn to Cologne, on the Rhine, they have pushed convenience yet farther, having provided the first-class carriages with tables, so that during the journey, one pressed for time may write letters with the greatest ease; pens and a portable inkstand

being all that is necessary for that purpose. Paper may be had at the station.

It has been also suggested on several of the continental railways, that such travellers as chose to pay for the space, might have a regular bed; a great convenience for ladies or invalids, unable to bear the fatigue of a journey of many hours by night.

These hints might be followed with very great advantage to the shareholders in particular and to the public in general, by the directors of British lines.

IMPROVING A BULL.

THE highly respectable old lady who addressed us on a former occasion, has obliged us with another communication, on a most important subject: —

“Sir, — You would have heard before, but the cause was a mad bull, which being tossed might at my age be very ill-convenient. But that’s nothing to what I’m going to tell you. Only to think of the power of horns! Bulls tosses very high, I’ve heard, but did you ever hear, Mr. Conductor, of a mad bull tossing a widow and six children across the sea, half over the side of the round world, from our Borough to Australia? Well you may stare, but it’s a fact!

“The bull run right at me, full butt, and so I grasped my umbrella with both hands and ran to where the shops was — drat the boys, how they did screech about one! — and it was cold water, which I doesn’t

often drink, by which means I came to in a pastry-cook’s. The name was Bezzle, I see it on a bag while she was putting in gingerbread nuts for Mrs. Jenks’s baby, which I bought not to be under obligation for stepping in.

“‘Gracious mussy, Mrs. Bezzle,’ says I, ‘why wasn’t I killed? Whatever is the reason of them bulls?’

“Says she, ‘It’s market day.’

“‘Smithfield!’ says I.

“Says Mrs. Bezzle, ‘Mum, all the abuse and outcry against Smithfield is very narrow-minded.’

“Says I, ‘How so?’

“Says she, ‘It don’t consider shop-keepers. When a bull takes a line of street, it drives the people into the shops on either side, and they make purchases for fear of being gored.’

“‘Heighty teighty, mum,’ I says, ‘you are alluding to my gingerbread.’

“Says she, ‘I scorn allusions. It’s a rule. Whether it’s bulls or thunderstorms, or what it is we look to, we respects whatever sends us customers.’

“Says I, ‘Mrs. Bezzle, you astonish me. Where’s your family trade?’

“Says she, ‘There are too many traders. Where one of us earns meat, three of us only earn potatoes.’

“‘Emigrate,’ says I.

“Says she, ‘That’s very well, but then,’ says she, ‘in such a move it’s hard to know which way to put one’s foot, and when a step’s made, if it’s a wrong one, it’s not easy to retrace it.’

“‘Spirited trading —’ says I.

“‘Ah!’ says she, cutting me short rudely; but I forgive her, owing to her feelings. ‘Take Chandlery, within seven minutes of this door, mum. One man sells soap under cost price, and other things at profit, hoping to bring people to his shop for soap, and then get them to buy other articles. But his neighbour sells cheap herrings in the same way; another makes light of the candle business. What’s the result? Folks buy in the cheapest market; go for soap to the man who sells that at the ruin prices, go for herrings to his neighbour, go down the other street for pickles, and get candles over the way.’

“‘Well,’ says I, ‘that’s an Illustration of Cheapness, but,’ says I, ‘it’s dishonest. A fair trader has no right to sell an article at less than its first cost.’

“‘No right!’ says she. ‘And I dessay he thinks he has no right to starve. It’s very hard to judge. The young tradesman, with his little capital and knowledge of a trade, has got his sweetheart and his ambition. He must wedge into society somehow, and he begins with the sharp end.’

“‘But,’ says I, ‘it isn’t sharp, Mrs. Bezzle.’

“‘So she shakes her head; says she, ‘I’ll give you an example which is true, and one out of a many.’

“‘I once knew an excellent young man who died of cholera. He left a widow and three little children. After deducting all ex-

penses for her husband’s burial, the widow found that she possessed a hundred pounds. With fear and trembling, she embarked this money, in an effort to support herself. With it she fitted up a little shop, and had begun to earn a livelihood, when —’

“‘Well, Mrs. Bezzle, what prevented her?’

— “‘An empty house close by was taken by another person following her trade. Immediately her receipts diminished. One cannot live except by bread that can be got out of a neighbour’s cupboard. The widow and the children have already lost eighty pounds, have only twenty left; their house is taken by the year, and so they still are in it; and the poor lost woman cannot be comforted. Her hope is gone.’

“‘Heigh, dear,’ says I, ‘it wasn’t so in my young days. I believe this is owing to overpopulation,’ says I.

“‘Well,’ says Mrs. Bezzle, perking up. ‘It’s cruel to blame us for our struggles. What if I *have* got nine, and six on ’em dependant on penny tarts and gingerbread for meat, drink, washing, and lodging, are they to be thrown in my teeth?’

“‘Emigrate,’ says I, six times more pointedly than before.

“‘Where to?’ says she, ‘and how? Who can tell me that?’

“‘Go and lay your case before Parson Pullaway; he knows our M. P., and *he* knows all about colonial places. Hasn’t his brother’s wife’s first cousin got one of them?

He is Sub-under-Secretary to Lord Oxfordmixture, who has all the emigration settlements under his thumb.'

"'I'll think about it,' says Mrs. Bezzle, quite struck-like, — for down came the scales on the counter like a shot, and the whole ounce of sugar-candy jumped into the little boy's apron of its own accord. He had come for two penn'orth on pretence of a cough. 'Besides, didn't Mr. Pullaway christen seven out of my nine children, and not a penny of the fees owing for?'

"The last word as ever I spoke to Mrs. Bezzle was, 'Emigrate!'

"Well, who would have thought it? Next week Mrs. Bezzle's business was to sell. The week after, it was sold. The week after that, Mrs. Bezzle and her son Tom, and Tom's wife, and Tom's brother Sam, and Mrs. Bezzle's eldest daughter, and little James, and Sarah, and Mary Ann, and the two little urchins, were on board a ship, at Liverpool, bound for Port Philip. That's a year, come Michaelmas, ago.

"But, drat 'em, why didn't they pay the postage? Two-and-two is a consideration when butter (best fresh) is a rising a penny a pound every week. Not but what I was glad to hear from Mrs. Bezzle. Tom and his wife, and his brother Sam, are settled in a 'run;' and though there was some words I couldn't make out, I dare say they didn't explain how a 'run' could be a settlement. 'Quite the reverse!' as Mrs. Jenks said —

(I have made it up with her, though she did insinuate the gingerbread-nuts the mad bull made me buy gave her babby the cholera; and, bless it! it was only the teeth after all). Mrs. Bezzle has settled herself in the mutton-pie and cheese-cake line, and has no fear of opposition; and as in Port Philip there is good digestions and plenty of 'em, pies is popular. Prices, too, is better, — pennypies being tuppence. James is on the 'run,' along with his eldest brother. Sarah an't married yet, — for out of six offers, a young gal of seventeen has a right to be puzzled for six months or so, and more dropping in every week. Mary Anne is family governess to a rich copper-man, with plenty of stock — I suppose by that he is in the soup line. However, all is doing well.

"Well, Mr. Conductor, it was all owing to that bull, wasn't it? If I hadn't improved that solemn occasion, where would Mrs. Bezzle, and four out of six of her helpless offspring have been by this time? — why, in the workhus."

LUNGS FOR LONDON.

TRAVELLERS describe nothing to be so much dreaded by the people of the East as a flight of locusts, except indeed a settlement of locusts. When those devouring insects alight on the fields and pastures, they begin from a centre composed of myriads, and eat up everything green within radii

extending over not acres, but miles. They fall upon gardens and leave them deserts; and upon a field they do not permit so much as a blade of grass to indicate where grass was.

Although, in fact, these little devastators do not trouble us; in effect, Londoners are the victims of equally efficient destroyers of their green places.

Bricklayers are spreading the webs and meshes of houses with such fearful rapidity in every direction, that the people are being gradually confined within narrow prisons, only open at the top for the admission of what would be air if it were not smoke. Suburban open spaces are being entombed in brick-and-mortar mausoleums for the suffocation as well as for the accommodation of an increasing populace; who, if they wish to get breath, can find nowhere to draw it from, short of a long journey. The Lungs of London have undergone congestion, and even their cells are underground.

Of all the neighbourhoods of which London is a collection, Finsbury and Islington have suffered most. Within the recollection of middle-aged memories, Clerkenwell Green was of the right colour; Moorfields, Spasfields, and the East India Company's Fields, were adorned with grass; and he must be young indeed who cannot remember cricket-playing in White Conduit, Canonbury, Shepherd and Shepherdess, Rhodes, and Laycock's, besides countless acres of other "Fields,"

which are now blotted out from the face of the Country to become Town, in the densest sense of the word. Thanks to the window-tax and the bricklayer, fresh air will be thoroughly bricked out, unless a vigorous effort be made to stop the invasion of burnt clay and water.

Mr. Lloyd, a gentleman of Islington who dreamt a few years since that he lived in the country, but has recently awoken to the conviction that his once suburban residence has been completely incorporated with the town, determined, if possible, to arrest the invasion of habitations. His plan is to dam out the flood of encroachment by emparking a large space at Islington for the behoof of the Borough of Finsbury, which contains a population of three hundred thousand panting souls. This space is, according to his plan, that which surrounds the village of Highbury, one of the highest and airiest suburbs of London. It is within two miles of the City, and might be rendered accessible to Victoria Park in the east, and to Regent's Park in the west. The proposed enclosure will take in a good portion of the course of the New River, and a large quantity of ground so well and picturesquely wooded, that a paling and a name are only requisite to convert it at once into a park. In shape the enclosure would be a triangle, the base of which is the Holloway Road and Hopping Lane, and the apex, a point at which the Seven Sisters'

Road joins the Green Lanes. The extent of these grounds is about three hundred acres, and the total cost of securing them to the public is not more than one hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

Mr. Lloyd has been vigorously agitating this matter for more than nine years, and yet — such is the pace at which the public are apt to move in affairs in which the public alone is itself concerned — it is only lately that he has obtained an attentive hearing for his plan.

A prospect of success appears now, however, to dawn. Public meetings have been lately held in every district concerned, in which every sort of co-operation has been promised. A single difficulty seems to stand in the way; one little thing needful is only required to turn the project into an accomplished fact, and that is, the money, — one hundred and fifty thousand pounds merely. Mr. Lloyd and his coadjutors have, we believe, mentioned their little difficulty at the Treasury, and are awaiting an answer. This state of things would form a curious problem for De Morgan, Quetelet, or others learned in the doctrine of probabilities: given, official routine multiplied by systematic delay, what are the chances of the cash required within the present generation?

A park for Finsbury is too urgent a demand for a dense population to allow of much time being wasted in knocking at the door of the Treasury. The public must bestir *themselves* in the

scheme, and it will soon be accomplished and carried out.

THE LOVE OF NATURE.

WHERE the green banners of the forest float.

Where, from the Sun's imperial domain,

Armour'd in gold, attentive to the note
Of piping birds, the sturdy trees remain,

Those never-angered armies; where
the plain

Boasts to the day its bosom ornaments
Of corn and fruitage; where the low
refrain

Of seaside music song on song invents,
Laden with placid thought, whereto the
heart assents,

Often I wander. Nor does the light
Noon,

Garrulous to man's eye, declaring all
That Morning pale (watched by her
spectre moon,

Or solemn Vesper, seated near the
pall

Of Day) holds unrevealed; nor does
the fall

Of curtain on our human pantomime,
The sweeping by of Day's black funeral

Through Night's awe-stricken realms,
with tread sublime,
Chiefly delight my heart; beauty pervades
all time.

Morning: the Day is innocent, and
weeps;

Noon: she is wedded and enjoys the
Earth;

Evening: wearied of the world she
sleeps.

Night watches till another Day has
birth.

The innocence of Morning, and the
mirth

Of Noon, the holy calm of Eventide,
The watching while Day is not, there
is dearth

Of joy within his soul who hath not
cried:

"I welcome all, O God, — share all Thou
wilt provide!"

THE PRESERVATION OF LIFE FROM SHIPWRECK.

It is a difficult matter to reconcile with the sympathy, which it is well-known the sufferings of the unfortunate always receive in England, the apparent apathy which exists among the public, on a subject so important as the preservation of Life from Shipwreck. Several pleas in extenuation have been urged by those most interested. In the first place, there is that natural hardihood and contempt of danger in the English sailor, which it is, occasionally, impossible to tame down to anything like prudence and forethought. This indomitable spirit of emulation and daring, is found to be the greatest enemy to the adoption of any of those appliances which science has rendered available. The Deal boatman trusts his life in precisely the same sort of craft that his father, and his father's father, did before him. Confident in, and proud of, the skill which he has inherited from them, he scorns to tarnish, as he falsely reasons, his name by the habitual use of buoy or belt, lest those of his comrades who are firmly entrenched behind their ancient prejudices, should set him down as faint-hearted, and unworthy the honourable name of a "Deal boatman."

The still more inaccessible Scotch fisherman, with his four thousand piscatory brethren, "shoots his nets" on the exposed coast of Caithness, in the open

boat used by his ancestors, notwithstanding the evil consequences which have often ensued. The latest example of the ill effects of this tenacity of opinion occurred two years since, when a fearful gale, which did more or less damage along the whole eastern face of England and Scotland, wrecked and damaged a hundred and twenty-four of their boats, drowned a hundred men, and occasioned a loss to the fishing community of above seven thousand pounds, which, although a large sum, will not bear any comparison with the misery and destitution thus entailed upon the widows and orphans of the lost.

It is impossible to say how many of these unfortunate men might have been saved, had they had proper harbours to run for, with lights and beacons to warn, and life-boats to afford assistance; proper boats to keep the sea, and buoys and belts, as a last resource; but surely we are warranted in thinking that fully one half would have been left among us.

In both these examples, it must be acknowledged that it would be a useless effort to attempt any sudden innovations on these deeply-seated prejudices; the only thing that can be done, in either case, is to let the new principle quietly work of itself. Let us find a life-belt for the Deal boatman, which he can wear and work in, until in it he recognises his best friend; let the Scotch fisherman have ocular demonstration that the "model" boat prosecutes the

fishery with equal success, and far greater safety and comfort in bad weather, and we shall soon have a different system of things.

In the course of each year an average of something like six hundred ship disasters occur on the shores of this kingdom alone, — some wrecked through stress of weather; some by carelessness, and other disgraceful causes; some through mistaking lights, or having been lured to destruction by useless ones; some through actual rottenness of timber; some dashed to pieces on the very rock for which they were anxiously looking half a mile further a-head, where it *ought* to have been, according to the chart; and some from other causes, more or less easily averted. These losses are attended by the almost incredible destruction of a thousand lives, and the value of tens of thousands of pounds sterling.

The shocking wreck of the *Orion* — not, we say with sorrow, the last occurrence of the kind — startled, for a moment, the public from their culpable apathy. But the shock passed away; and attention to this subject is gradually subsiding into the usual indifference. The details of this catastrophe ought to have had a more permanent effect on the public mind. In the moment of danger, the gear of the boats was so imperfect, that these could only be released from their davits by capsizing their human cargoes into the deep. Even when they righted, they immediately filled, for the

plug-holes were actually unstopped. The most ordinary precautions for saving life were not at hand, as precautions. The hen-coops, barrels, seats, combings, and other means of escape, by which many were saved, were purely accidental life-preservers.

Every English ship, before leaving port, should be submitted to a supervising power similar to the inspection that emigrant ships undergo, in order that it should be certified that means, both simple and efficacious, for the safety of the passengers and crew, exist on board — boats, belts, mattresses, rafts; everything, in short, that can add to the security of those about to “go down to the sea in ships.”

That this sort of supervision is effectual, is proved by the few disasters which happen to the vessels of the Royal Navy. In these ships, everything is not only kept in its proper place, to be ready when wanted, but each man is constantly exercised in what he is to do with it when no danger is apprehended, that he may be in a state of prompt efficiency when it is. The Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean squadron can step on board any one of his ships in the middle of the night; and although three-fourths of its crew are asleep in their hammocks, he can, by ordering the “beat to quarters,” make sure of every man being at his post in seven minutes, ready for action or for any sudden disaster. This sort of discipline it is which is so much required in the mer-

chant navy. In case of a ship striking, a dozen men rush to do one thing, — perhaps to release a boat from one of her davits, — and, consequently, swamp the boat, by leaving the stern rope untouched. Captain Basil Hall, in his “Fragments of Voyages and Travels,” describes the vigilant precaution daily made even against the loss of one life. To each life-buoy there is as regular a “service” as to any other part or apparatus of the ship. He says: —

“On the top of the mast is fixed a port-fire, calculated to burn, I think, twenty minutes or half-an-hour; this is ignited most ingeniously by the same process which lets the buoy down into the water. So that a man falling overboard at night, is directed to the buoy by the blaze on the top of its pole or mast, and the boat sent to rescue him also knows in what direction to pull. Even supposing, however, the man not to have gained the life-buoy, it is clear that, if above the surface at all, he must be somewhere in that neighbourhood; and if he shall have gone down, it is still some satisfaction, by recovering the buoy, to ascertain that the poor wretch is not left to perish by inches. The method by which this excellent invention is attached to the ship, and dropped into the water in a single instant, is perhaps not the least ingenious part of the contrivance. The buoy is generally fixed amidships over the stern, where it is held securely in

its place by being strung, or threaded, as it were, on two strong perpendicular iron rods fixed to the taffrail, and inserted in holes piercing the framework of the buoy. The apparatus is kept in its place by what is called a slip-stopper, a sort of catch-bolt or detent, which can be unlocked at pleasure, by merely pulling a trigger. Upon withdrawing the stopper, the whole machine slips along the rods, and falls at once into the ship’s wake. The trigger which unlocks the slip-stopper is furnished with a lanyard, passing through a hole in the stern, and having at its inner end a large knob, marked ‘Life-Buoy;’ this alone is used in the day-time. Close at hand is another wooden knob, marked ‘Lock,’ fastened to the end of a line fixed to the trigger of a gun-lock primed with powder: and so arranged, that when the line is pulled, the port-fire is instantly ignited, while, at the same moment, the life-buoy descends, and floats merrily away, blazing like a light-house. It would surely be an improvement to have both these operations always performed simultaneously, that is, by one pull of the string. The port-fire would thus be lighted in every case of letting go the buoy; and I suspect the smoke in the day-time would often be as useful in guiding the boat, as the blaze always is at night. The gunner who has charge of the life-buoy lock sees it freshly and carefully primed every evening at quarters, of which he makes a re-

port to the captain. In the morning the priming is taken out, and the lock uncocked. During the night a man is always stationed at this part of the ship, and every half-hour, when the bell strikes, he calls out 'Life-buoy!' to show that he is awake and at his post, exactly in the same manner as the look-out-men abaft, on the beam, and forward, call out 'Starboard quarter!' 'Starboard gangway!' 'Starboard bow!' and so on, completely round the ship, to prove that they are not napping."

We should like to hear of Government experimenting with rockets and mortars, with a view to their improvement. Often the safety of a whole ship's company has depended upon the strength of a light cord, attached to a rocket, which has been lying in store for years; often it has happened that this very cord has been *just* a few feet too short! or has snapped, or has got entangled, or something else equally simple, but equally fatal. Let us look also to our *quasi* life-boats, some so heavy that they cannot be launched, or so dangerous' as to drown their own crews — some constructed one way, some another — none on any recognised and universal principle. We are very proud of our name of Englishmen, and lay the flattering unction to our soul, that we are a highly civilised and reasonable community; but whilst we grow magniloquent in praises of our country and her commerce, we forget that we owe it all to the poor Jack Tar, for whose life and

comfort we don't seem to care a fig. Else why have these inquiries not been before instituted? What is the use of our Trinity Boards, and Ballast Boards, and Lighthouse Boards, and all other Boards, if the seaman is not to know one light from another when he sees it, or if it is to be placed so that he *cannot* see it? What is the use of our keeping up a Hydrographic department, at an expense little short of thirty thousand a year, if the surveys, and charts, and valuable data, the result of its labours, are to be so little appreciated? The truth is, that the masters of many of the mercantile marine are incapable of taking advantage of them, and of other improvements in nautical science, from incompetence. We trust, however, that the bill intended to remedy *that* defect, lately introduced by the Ministry into the House of Commons, will, if passed, have the desired object. Although it has been abandoned "at this late period of the session" out of respect to the approaching 12th of August and 1st of September, we trust it will be taken up again soon after the next meeting of Parliament.

WINGED TELEGRAPHS.

MAGNETIC Electricity for telegraphic purposes has nearly superseded pigeons. Till very recently a regular "service" of Carrier Pigeons existed between London

and Paris, for the quick conveyance of such intelligence as was likely to affect the funds. The French capital was the focus of the system, in exemplification of the adage that "all roads lead to Paris," and pigeon expresses branched off in all directions from that city even to St. Petersburg. Relays of them are still kept up between Paris and Madrid, besides a few other places. The most celebrated relays of winged messengers were those which bore intelligence between Antwerp, Brussels, and Paris. In the former city a society of pigeon-fanciers, for amusement and emulation, keeps up an establishment of them. Their doings are amusingly chronicled in Kohl's last book of Travels, *Reisen in den Niederlanden*.

Having been invited to join some members of the Society of Antwerp Pigeon Fanciers, he wended his way about five o'clock one morning through the silent streets of the ancient city. A few members of the association, he says, who directed the expedition, were followed by servants carrying two flat baskets, in which the pigeons, about to be dispatched, were carefully deposited. As we proceeded along, my companions related to me some particulars concerning the carrier pigeons, or "*pigeons voyageurs*," as these winged messengers are designated. The carriers are a peculiar race of pigeons endowed with powers of memory and observation which enable them to find

their way to any place by a course along which they have once flown. Every kind of pigeon is not capable of being taught to do this. Of the methods adopted by the Antwerp association for training and teaching these carriers, I learnt the following particulars.

Supposing a dispatch of pigeons is to be sent off from Antwerp to Brussels or Paris, the birds are kept for some time at the place of arrival or terminus, and during that interval are plentifully fed and carefully tended. By little excursive flights, taken day by day, they are gradually familiarised with different parts of the town in which they have been nurtured, and with places in its vicinity. When sufficiently practised in finding their way to short distances, the pigeons are conveyed to a station some leagues from their dove-cote. Here they are kept for a time without food, and then set to flight. On taking wing, they rapidly soar to a vast height, scanning the line of the horizon to discern the church spires, or other lofty points which enable them to distinguish their home. Some of the less intelligent birds lose their way, and are seen no more. Those who return home (to Paris, or wherever else it may be), are again plentifully fed. Then after a little space of time they are carried in baskets some miles further in the direction of Antwerp; again they are put on a short allowance of food and negligently tended. When the pigeons depart on their next flight, the

Parisian church spires have sunk far beneath the horizon; however, they soon succeed in combining that portion of the route with which they are acquainted with the part as yet unknown to them. They hover round and round in the air, seeking to catch one or other thread that is to guide them through the labyrinth. Some find it; others do not.

In this manner the carrier pigeons are practised bit by bit along the whole distance between Paris and Antwerp. They attentively observe, or study, and learn by heart, each conspicuous object which serves them as a land-mark on the way. It is usual to exercise particular pigeons between the two cities, which it is wished to connect by this sort of postal communication; and it is necessary to have a certain number for going, and others for returning. After the birds have been accustomed to inhabit a certain district, and to travel by a particular route, it is not found easy to divert them from their wonted course, and to make them available in any other direction.

My friends, the members of the Antwerp Society, assured me that their pigeons had frequently flown from Paris to Antwerp in six or seven hours; consequently in a much shorter time than that in which the same journey is performed by the railway train. By bird's flight, the distance between the two cities is forty miles (Ger-

man*), and therefore it follows that these carrier pigeons must travel at the rate of from twenty to thirty English miles an hour. It is scarcely conceivable that they should possess the strength of wing and vigour of lungs requisite for such a flight; and it is no unfrequent occurrence for several of them to die on arriving at their journey's end. In stormy weather the loss of two-thirds of the birds dispatched on such a long flight, is a disaster always to be counted on. It is, therefore, usual to send off a whole flock, all bearing the same intelligence, so as to ensure the chance of one at least reaching its destination.

The pigeon expedition which I saw dispatched from Antwerp, consisted of about thirty birds. The point of departure was a somewhat elevated site in the outskirts of the city. A spot like this is always made choice of, lest the pigeons, on first taking flight, should lose themselves amidst the house-tops and church-spires of the city with which they are unacquainted; and by having the open country before them, they are enabled to trace out their own land-marks. When the pigeons are to be sent off on lengthened journeys, it is usual to convey them to the point of departure at a very early hour in the morning: — by this means they are dispatched in quietude, unmolested by an assemblage of curious gazers, and they have the light of

* The German mile includes nearly three and a half English miles.

a whole day before them for their journey. Carrier pigeons do not pursue their flight after night-fall, being then precluded by the darkness from seeing the surrounding country with sufficient distinctness to enable them to discern their resting-places, or stations. In the obscurity of night the whole flock might light on strange dove-cotes, and be captured; an accident which would occasion the total failure of a postal expedition, for the few pigeons who might escape capture, would, on the return of morning, be bewildered, and unable to recombine their plan of route.

Pigeons are not suited for postal communication between places so remote one from another that the journey cannot be completed in a single day. If it can be accomplished in one flight, so much the better. Antwerp and Paris are, I believe, the extreme points of distance within which carrier pigeons are capable of journeying with certainty.

Herr Kohl gives no account of these stations or stages. We once saw one at Montrieul, the first station beyond Dover, towards Paris. The town stands on a high eminence, and is well adapted for the purpose. The cote was on the roof of a *café*. It was a square apartment with a flat ceiling, in which was cut a small door or trap: on the inside of this was fixed a small bell. If a Dover pigeon had alighted on the trap, the bell would have rung, and called the attention of an atten-

dant always in waiting. The pigeon would have been secured, the dispatch taken from under its wing, and the messenger put into its cage. In a twinkling the cyphered paper would be fastened under the wing of the Beauvais or Amiens pigeon, and it would be sent off. On arriving at its destination, the same formula would be gone through, and the Paris pigeon would take the dispatch to its destination. Although several pigeons, even in fine weather, are entrusted with the same message, two seldom arrive at the common destination at the same time, so that at each place the operation we have described is frequently repeated, in order that at least one of many dispatches may be certain of arriving at the destination.

These establishments were costly. Besides the great number of pigeons necessary to be kept at each station, some of the single birds were valuable. Fifty and sixty pounds was sometimes given for a clever pigeon. Those between Dover and Montrieul, and *vice versâ*, were among the most valuable, for none but sharp-sighted messengers could find their way across the Channel; few flights were sent away without some members of it being lost.

But to return to the Antwerp pigeons — and to Mr. Kohl. Having, he continues, reached the open, elevated spot before-mentioned, the flat baskets carried by the servants were uncovered, and the little *voyageurs* rapidly winged

their way upwards. The intelligence they were to convey to Paris was written in little billets, fastened under their wings. The pigeons I saw sent off had been brought in covered baskets from Paris, and were as yet totally unacquainted with Antwerp and its environs. Their ignorance of the locality was manifest in the wavering uncertainty of their movements when they first took wing. On rising into the air, they gathered closely together, like foreigners in a strange country, and presently they steered their course along the confines of the city, in a direction quite contrary to that of Paris. They then soared upwards, spirally, and after several irregular movements (during which they seemed to be looking for the right way, and hesitating which course to take), they all suddenly darted off to south-west, directing their rapid flight straight to Paris, as if gladly quitting inhospitable Antwerp, where they had been scantily fed and carelessly tended.

As soon as the birds were fairly out of sight, the pigeon-trainers proceeded homeward, not a little gratified by the conviction that their fleet messengers, with the intelligence they bore under their wings, would outstrip the speed of a railway train which had started some time before them.

To me the most interesting point in the whole scene was the interval (about the space of a quarter of an hour) during which the pigeons wavered to and fro, seeking their way in a state of un-

certainty. That appeared to me to be a wonderful manifestation of intelligence on the part of the birds. It is frequently affirmed that the carrier pigeon finds its way without the exercise of intelligence or observation, and merely by the aid of some incomprehensible instinct; but, from my own observations of the Antwerp pigeons, I am convinced that this is a mistake. Another circumstance tending to show that the birds are guided by something more than mere instinct, is, that during foggy weather the employment of carrier pigeons is found to be almost as impracticable as the use of the optical telegraph. But though it is not the practice to dispatch carrier pigeons at times when the atmosphere is very thickly obscured by fog, yet, owing to the keenness and accuracy of the visual power of these birds, which is much more perfect than that of man, they have an advantage over the telegraph. The latter is wholly useless when the atmosphere is only slightly obscured; but carrier pigeons frequently soar quite above the region of mist, and are thus enabled to trace their course without interruption. Stations of carrier pigeons are established in most of the principal towns of Belgium.

The members of the Antwerp pigeon-training society, whom I accompanied on the occasion above described, were citizens of the middle class of society. But in Belgium, pigeon-training has its attractions even for persons of

rank and wealth, many of whom are enthusiastic pigeon fanciers; indeed, pigeon-flying is as fashionable an amusement in Belgium as horse racing in England. Prizes, consisting of sums of money as high as sixty thousand francs, are frequently won in matches of pigeons — to say nothing of the betting to which those matches give occasion.

A DETECTIVE POLICE PARTY.

THE fresh-complexioned, smooth-faced officer, with the strange air of simplicity, began, with a rustic smile, and in a soft, wheedling tone of voice, to relate the *Butcher's Story*, thus:

"It's just about six years ago, now, since information was given at Scotland Yard of there being extensive robberies of lawns and silks going on, at some wholesale houses in the City. Directions were given for the business being looked into; and Straw, and Fendall, and me, we were all in it."

"When you received your instructions," said we, "you went away, and held a sort of Cabinet Council together?"

The smooth-faced officer coaxingly replied, "Ye-es. Just so. We turned it over among ourselves a good deal. It appeared, when we went into it, that the goods were sold by the receivers extraordinarily cheap — much cheaper than they could have been if they

had been honestly come by. The receivers were in the trade, and kept capital shops — establishments of the first respectability — one of 'em at the West End, one down in Westminster. After a lot of watching and inquiry, and this and that among ourselves, we found that the job was managed, and the purchases of the stolen goods made, at a little public-house near Smithfield, down by Saint Bartholomew's; where the Warehouse Porters, who were the thieves, took 'em for that purpose, don't you see? and made appointments to meet the people that went between themselves and the receivers. This public-house was principally used by journeymen butchers from the country, out of place, and in want of situations; so, what did we do, but — ha, ha, ha! — we agreed that I should be dressed up like a butcher myself, and go and live there!"

Never, surely, was a faculty of observation better brought to bear upon a purpose, than that which picked out this officer for the part. Nothing in all creation, could have suited him better. Even while he spoke, he became a greasy, sleepy, shy, good-natured, chuckle-headed, unsuspecting, and confiding young butcher. His very hair seemed to have suet in it, as he made it smooth upon his head, and his fresh complexion to be lubricated by large quantities of animal food.

— "So I — ha, ha, ha!" (always with the confiding snigger of the foolish young butcher) "so I dress-

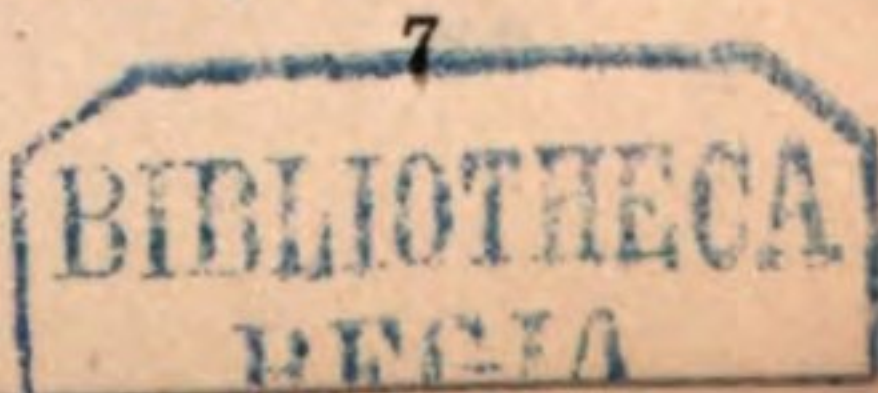
ed myself in the regular way, made up a little bundle of clothes, and went to the public-house, and asked if I could have a lodging there? They says, 'yes, you can have a lodging here,' and I got a bedroom, and settled myself down in the tap. There was a number of people about the place, and coming backwards and forwards to the house; and first one says, and then another says, 'Are you from the country, young man?' 'Yes,' I says, 'I am. I'm come out of Northamptonshire, and I'm quite lonely here, for I don't know London at all, and it's such a mighty big town?' 'It is a big town,' they says. 'Oh, it's a *very* big town!' I says. 'Really and truly I never was in such a town. It quite confuses of me!' — and all that, you know.

"When some of the Journeymen Butchers that used the house, found that I wanted a place, they says, 'Oh, we'll get you a place!' And they actually took me to a sight of places, in Newgate Market, Newport Market, Clare, Carnaby — I don't know where all. But the wages was — ha, ha, ha! — was not sufficient, and I never could suit myself, don't you see? Some of the queer frequenters of the house, were a little suspicious of me at first, and I was obliged to be very cautious indeed, how I communicated with Straw or Fendall. Sometimes, when I went out, pretending to stop and look into the shop-windows, and just casting my eye round, I used to see some of 'em following me; but, being perhaps better accustomed

than they thought for, to that sort of thing, I used to lead 'em on as far as I thought necessary or convenient — sometimes a long way — and then turn sharp round, and meet 'em, and say, 'Oh, dear, how glad I am to come upon you so fortunate! This London's such a place, I'm blowed if I an't lost again!' And then we'd go back all together, to the public-house, and — ha, ha, ha! and smoke our pipes, don't you see?

"They were very attentive to me, I am sure. It was a common thing, while I was living there, for some of 'em to take me out, and show me London. They showed me the Prisons — showed me Newgate — and when they showed me Newgate, I stops at the place where the Porters pitch their loads, and says, 'Oh dear,' 'is this where they hang the men! Oh Lor!' 'That!' they says, 'what a simple cove he is! *That* an't it!' And then, they pointed out which *was* it, and I says 'Lor!' and they says, 'Now you'll know it agen, won't you?' And I said I thought I should if I tried hard — and I assure you I kept a sharp look out for the City Police when we were out in this way, for if any of 'em had happened to know me, and had spoke to me, it would have been all up in a minute. However, by good luck such a thing never happened, and all went on quiet: though the difficulties I had in communicating with my brother officers were quite extraordinary.

"The stolen goods that were brought to the public-house, by



the Warehouse Porters, were always disposed of in a back parlour. For a long time, I never could get into this parlour, or see what was done there. As I sat smoking my pipe, like an innocent young chap, by the tap-room fire, I'd hear some of the parties to the robbery, as they came in and out, say softly to the landlord, 'Who's that? What does *he* do here?' 'Bless your soul,' says the landlord, 'He's only a' — ha, ha, ha! — 'he's only a green young fellow from the country, as is looking for a butcher's situation. Don't mind *him*!' So, in course of time, they were so convinced of my being green, and got to be so accustomed to me, that I was as free of the parlour as any of 'em, and I have seen as much as Seventy Pounds worth of fine lawn sold there, in one night, that was stolen from a warehouse in Friday Street. After the sale, the buyers always stood treat — hot supper, or dinner, or what not — and they'd say on those occasions 'Come on, Butcher! Put your best leg foremost, young 'un, and walk into it!' Which I used to do — and hear, at table, all manner of particulars that is was very important for us Detectives to know.

"This went on for ten weeks. I lived in the public-house all the time, and never was out of the Butcher's dress — except in bed. At last, when I had followed seven of the thieves, and set 'em to rights — that's an expression of ours, don't you see, by which I mean to say that I traced 'em, and found

out where the robberies were done, and all about 'em — Straw, and Fendall, and I, gave one another the office, and at a time agreed upon, a descent was made upon the public-house, and the apprehensions effected. One of the first things the officers did, was to collar me — for the parties to the robbery weren't to suppose yet, that I was anything but a Butcher — on which the landlord cries out, 'Don't take *him*,' he says, 'whatever you do! He's only a poor young chap from the country, and butter wouldn't melt in his mouth!' However, they — ha, ha, ha! — they took me, and pretended to search my bedroom, where nothing was found but an old fiddle belonging to the landlord, that had got there somehow or another. But, it entirely changed the landlord's opinion, for when it was produced, he says 'My fiddle! The Butcher's a pur-loiner! I give him into custody for the robbery of a musical instrument!'

"The man that had stolen the goods in Friday Street was not taken yet. He had told me, in confidence, that he had his suspicions there was something wrong (on account of the City Police having captured one of the party), and that he was going to make himself scarce. I asked him, 'Where do you mean to go, Mr. Shepherdson?' 'Why, Butcher,' says he, 'the Setting Moon, in the Commercial Road, is a snug house, and I shall hang out there for a time. I shall call myself Simpson, which appears to me to be a modest sort of

a name. Perhaps you'll give us a look in, Butcher?' 'Well,' says I, 'I think I *will* give you a call'—which I fully intended, don't you see, because, of course, he was to be taken! I went over to the Setting Moon next day, with a brother officer, and asked at the bar for Simpson. They pointed out his room, upstairs. As we were going up, he looks down over the banisters, and calls out, 'Halloa, Butcher! is that you?' 'Yes, it's me. How do you find yourself?' 'Bobbish,' he says; 'but who's that with you?' 'It's only a young man, that's a friend of mine,' I says. 'Come along, then,' says he; 'any friend of the Butcher's is as welcome as the Butcher!' So, I made my friend acquainted with him, and we took him into custody.

"You have no idea, Sir, what a sight it was, in Court, when they first knew that I wasn't a Butcher, after all! I wasn't produced at the first examination, when there was a remand; but I was, at the second. And when I stepped into the box, in full police uniform, and the whole party saw how they had been done, actually a groan of horror and dismay proceeded from 'em in the dock!

"At the Old Bailey, when their trials came on, Mr. Clarkson was engaged for the defence, and he *couldn't* make out how it was, about the Butcher. He thought, all along, it was a real Butcher. When the counsel for the prosecution said, 'I will now call before you, gentlemen, the Police-officer,' meaning myself, Mr. Clarkson

says, 'Why Police-officer? Why more Police-officers? I don't want Police. We have had a great deal too much of the Police. I want the Butcher! However, Sir, he had the Butcher and the Police-officer, both in one. Out of seven prisoners committed for trial, five were found guilty, and some of 'em were transported. The respectable firm at the West End got a term of imprisonment; and that's the Butcher's Story!'"

The story done, the chuckle-headed Butcher again resolved himself into the smooth-faced Detective. But, he was so extremely tickled by their having taken him about, when he was that Dragon in disguise, to show him London, that he could not help reverting to that point in his narrative; and gently repeating, with the Butcher snigger, "'Oh, dear!' I says, 'is that where they hang the men? Oh, Lor!' '*That!*' says they. 'What a simple cove he is!'"

It being now late, and the party very modest in their fear of being too diffuse, there were some tokens of separation; when Serjeant Dornton, the soldierly-looking man, said, looking round him with a smile;

"Before we break up, Sir, perhaps you might have some amusement in hearing of the *Adventures of a Carpet Bag*. They are very short; and, I think, curious."

We welcomed the Carpet Bag, as cordially as Mr. Shepherdson welcomed the false Butcher at the Setting Moon. Serjeant Dornton proceeded:

"In 1847, I was dispatched to Chatham, in search of one Mesheck, a Jew. He had been carrying on, pretty heavily, in the bill-stealing way, getting acceptances from young men of good connexions (in the army chiefly), on pretence of discount, and bolting with the same.

"Mesheck was off, before I got to Chatham. All I could learn about him was, that he had gone, probably to London, and had with him — a Carpet Bag.

"I came back to town, by the last train from Blackwall, and made inquiries concerning a Jew passenger with — a Carpet Bag.

"The office was shut up, it being the last train. There were only two or three porters left. Looking after a Jew with a Carpet Bag, on the Blackwall Railway, which was then the high road to a great Military Depôt, was worse than looking after a needle in a hay-rick. But it happened that one of these porters had carried, for a certain Jew, to a certain public-house, a certain — Carpet Bag.

"I went to the public-house, but the Jew had only left his luggage there for a few hours, and had called for it in a cab, and taken it away. I put such questions there, and to the porter, as I thought prudent, and got at this description of — the Carpet Bag.

"It was a bag which had, on one side of it, worked in worsted, a green parrot on a stand. A green parrot on a stand was the means by which to identify that — Carpet Bag.

"I traced Mesheck, by means of this green parrot on a stand, to Cheltenham, to Birmingham, to Liverpool, to the Atlantic Ocean. At Liverpool he was too many for me. He had gone to the United States, and I gave up all thoughts of Mesheck, and likewise of his — Carpet Bag.

"Many months afterwards — near a year afterwards — there was a Bank in Ireland robbed of seven thousand pounds, by a person of the name of Doctor Dundey, who escaped to America; from which country some of the stolen notes came home. He was supposed to have bought a farm in New Jersey. Under proper management, that estate could be seized and sold, for the benefit of the parties he had defrauded. I was sent off to America for this purpose.

"I landed at Boston. I went on to New York. I found that he had lately changed New York paper-money for New Jersey paper-money, and had banked cash in New Brunswick. To take this Doctor Dundey, it was necessary to entrap him into the State of New York, which required a deal of artifice and trouble. At one time, he couldn't be drawn into an appointment. At another time, he appointed to come to meet me, and a New York officer, on a pretext I made; and then his children had the measles. At last, he came, per steamboat, and I took him, and lodged him in a New York Prison called the Tombs; which I dare say you know, Sir?"

Editorial acknowledgment to that effect.

"I went to the Tombs, on the morning after his capture, to attend the examination before the magistrate. I was passing through the magistrate's private room, when, happening to look round me to take notice of the place, as we generally have a habit of doing, I clapped my eyes, in one corner, on a — Carpet Bag.

"What did I see upon that Carpet Bag, if you'll believe me, but a green parrot on a stand, as large as life!

"That Carpet Bag, with the representation of a green parrot on a stand," said I, "belongs to an English Jew, named Aaron Mesheck, and to no other man, alive or dead!"

"I give you my word the New York Police officers were doubled up with surprise.

"How do you ever come to know that?" said they.

"I think I ought to know that green parrot by this time," said I; "for I have had as pretty a dance after that bird, at home, as ever I had, in all my life!"

"And *was* it Mesheck's?" we submissively inquired.

"Was it, Sir? Of course it was! He was in custody for another offence, in that very identical Tombs, at that very identical time. And, more than that! Some memoranda, relating to the fraud for which I had vainly endeavoured to take him, were found to be,

at that moment, lying in that very same individual — Carpet Bag!"

Such are the curious coincidences and such is the peculiar ability, always sharpening and being improved by practice, and always adapting itself to every variety of circumstances, and opposing itself to every new device that perverted ingenuity can invent, for which this important social branch of the public service is remarkable! For ever on the watch, with their wits stretched to the utmost, these officers have, from day to day and year to year, to set themselves against every novelty of trickery and dexterity that the combined imaginations of all the lawless rascals in England can devise, and to keep pace with every such invention that comes out. In the Courts of Justice, the materials of thousands of such stories as we have narrated — often elevated into the marvellous and romantic, by the circumstances of the case — are dryly compressed into the set phrase, "in consequence of information I received, I did so and so." Suspicion was to be directed, by careful inference and deduction, upon the right person; the right person was to be taken, wherever he had gone, or whatever he was doing to avoid detection: he is taken; there he is at the bar; that is enough. From information I, the officer, received, I did it; and, according to the custom in these cases, I say no more. These games of chess, played

with live pieces, are played before small audiences, and are chronicled nowhere. The interest of the game supports the player. Its results are enough for Justice. To compare great things with small, suppose LEVERRIER or ADAMS informing the public that from information he had received he had discovered a new planet; or COLUMBUS informing the public of his day that from information he had received, he had discovered a new continent; so the Detectives inform it that they have discovered a new fraud or an old offender, and the process is unknown.

Thus, at midnight, closed the proceedings of our curious and interesting party. But one other circumstance finally wound up the evening, after our Detective guests had left us. One of the sharpest among them, and the officer best acquainted with the Swell-Mob, had his pocket picked, going home!

HEALTH BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

THERE was a story current in the city of Mosul, about the time that the first edition of "The Hundred and One Nights" began to be popular in Oriental society, of a certain Prince who was taken ill of the plague. Though his retinue was large, he was the only person who was in imminent danger. The Court physician was also at death's door, and a strange doctor was sent for, who pronounced the Great Man to be in a fearful state

of debility, but retired without prescribing. The Prince waited long and anxiously for remedies, but in vain. He clapped his hands to summon a slave. "Where," he exclaimed, "is the physic?"

"Sun of the Earth," exclaimed the Nubian, "it is all taken!"

"And who has dared to swallow the medicine designed for the anointed of Allah?"

"As it is written by the Prophet," returned Hassan, "'when the sheik sickens, his slaves droop.' Thy whole household was sick, and clamoured for medicine; and, lo, the man of drugs straightway drenched them therewith, ordering us all, on pain of the Prophet's curse, not to give thee so much as a single grain of rhubarb."

"Breath of Mahomet," ejaculated his Mightiness; "am I then to die, and are my slaves to live?"

When a Mussulman is puzzled what to say, he invariably exclaims, "Allah is merciful;" which was Hassan's consolation.

"Let the wretched mediciner appear!" commanded the Prince.

The doctor came. "Illustrious father of a hundred generations!" said the general practitioner, "thine own physician only could cure thee, and he lies on his pallet a helpless being. I may not so much as look at thy transcendant tongue, or feel thine omnipotent pulse."

"Wherefore? O licenciante of the Destroyer!"

"Inasmuch as I may not infringe the *vested rights* of thine own special and appointed physician. The

law — even that of the Medes and Persians, which never altereth — forbids me. Thy slaves I *may* heal, seeing that no vested rights in them exist; but —”

Here the Prince interrupted the speaker with a hollow groan, and sank on his pillow in despair.

The Arabic manuscript, from which this affecting incident was translated, ends with these words — “and the Prince died.”

This story is evidently a foreshadowing of what has recently happened in reference to the Metropolis of this country and the Public Health Act. London was *in extremis* from the effects of density of population, filth, bad air, bad water, the window-tax, and deficient drainage. It called in certain sanitary doctors — the regular consulting body, namely, the Government, being too weak to afford the slightest assistance. The result was, that a prescription, in the form of the Public Health Act, was concocted, — but was made applicable to every other member of the great retinue of towns, *except* to the Imperial City; which was exempted in consequence of the existing Vested Rights in crowded houses, deadly stench, putrid water, foggy courts, and cesspools. “Although,” in the words of a resolution, passed at the meeting which formed the Metropolitan Sanitary Association, “the strenuous efforts made in the metropolitan districts to procure a sanitary enactment mainly contributed to the passing of the Public Health Act; yet these districts

were the only parts excluded from the benefits of that enactment. This exclusion has led to much misery and a great sacrifice of life.”

This exception was so monstrous, that even the Corporation of the City of London took powers under their own Sewers’ Act for the preservation of the health of the people dwelling within the City boundary, — who number no more than one hundred and twenty-five thousand out of the two millions of us who are congregated in civic and suburban London. The remaining one million eight hundred thousand are left to be stifled or diseased at the good pleasure of Vested Interests. Indeed, it is ascertained that a quarter of a million of individuals absolutely *do* die every year from the want of such a sanitary police as the Public Health Act, amended by some few additional powers, would establish. What number of persons are really sent out of the world from preventible causes. It is also true that those causes can be efficiently removed for about a halfpenny per head a-week; or threepence per week per house; or about eight times less than those who die unnecessarily cost the public in hospitals, poor’s rates, and burial. In the “Journal of Public Health” for November, 1848, and August, 1849, it is shown by elaborate tables, that the direct cost of, and estimated money loss through, typhus fever alone in the Metropolis, amounted during the four years, 1843—1847, to one million three hundred and

twenty-eight thousand pounds, or two hundred and sixty-five thousand, six hundred pounds annually. This sum is exclusive of the amounts contributed for the purchase and maintenance of fever hospitals. For 1848, when the mortality from typhus had increased to three thousand five hundred and sixty-nine, the direct cost and money loss was estimated at four hundred and forty thousand pounds.

This cold-blooded way of putting the really appalling state of the case is, alas! the only successful mode of appealing to that hard-headed, though sometimes soft-hearted, periphrasis, John Bull, when he is under no special exciting cause of dread. His heart is only reached through his pocket, except when put in a state of alarm. Cry "Cholera!" or any other frightful conjuration, and he bestirs himself. To cholera we owe the few sanitary measures now in force; but which were passed by the House—as a coward may seem courageous—in its agonies of fright. The moment, however, Cholera bulletins ceased to be issued, John buttoned up his pockets tighter than ever, and Parliament was dumb regarding public health, except to undo one or two good things it had done. The inflated promises of the legislature collapsed into thin air, on the very day the danger was withdrawn. It was the legend over again of the nameless gentleman who, when he was sick, swore he would turn a monk; but when he got well "the

devil a monk was he." Ever since, sanitary legislation has been as much a dead letter in the Metropolis, as if the deadly condition of some of its districts had never been whispered between the wind and the nobility of Westminster, in Parliament assembled.

It has no effect upon unreasoning John Bull to tell him that, on an average, cholera does not devour a tithe of the victims which fever, consumption, and other preventible diseases make away with. Cholera comes upon him like an ogre, eating its victims all at once, and he quakes with terror; the daily, deadly destruction of human beings by "every-day" diseases, he takes no heed of. Take him, however, a slate and pencil; count costs to him; show that cholera costs so much; that ordinary, contagious, but preventible diseases, cost so much more; and that prevention is so many hundred per cent. cheaper than the cheapest cures, he begins to be amenable to reason. Nothing but pocket arithmetic, terror, or melo-dramatic appeals to his soft-hearted sympathy, moves John Bull.

In order to supply the best of these exercitations by the accumulation of carefully sifted, and well authenticated facts, and sound reasonings; the results of scientific investigations, and of a large range of pathological statistics, the Metropolitan Sanitary Association has been for some months—like another "Ole Joe"—knocking at the door of Old John. Whether the heavy old gentleman

will soon open it to conviction and improvement depends, we think, very much upon the energy and liberality with which that society is supported and seconded by the public; for whose sole benefit it was called into existence. To the exertions of many of its leading members, if not to the collective body itself, John Bull has responded, by admitting into his premises the Extral-Mural Interment Bill, and we think he is just now holding his door a-jar to catch the Water Supply Bill, which it is hoped he will admit, and pass through That House next session. Meantime we, in common with the association aforesaid, beg his attention to a few other points of improvement: —

The adage “as free as air,” has become obsolete by Act of Parliament. Neither air nor light have been free since the imposition of the window-tax. We are obliged to pay for what nature supplies lavishly to all, at so much per window per year; and the poor who cannot afford the expense, are stinted in two of the most urgent necessities of life. The effects produced by a deprivation of them are not immediate, and are therefore unheeded. When a poor man or woman in a dark, close, smoky house is laid up with scrofula, consumption, water in the head, wasting, or a complication of epidemic diseases, nobody thinks of attributing the illness to the right cause; — which may be a want of light and air. If he or she were struck down by a flash of

lightning, there would be an immediate outcry against the authorities, whoever they may be, for not providing proper lightning conductors; but because the poison — generated by the absence of light and air — is not seen at work, the victim dies unheeded, and the window-tax, which shuts out the remedies, is continued without a murmur. In illustration of these facts, we may quote a little information respecting the tadpole, an humble animal, which — if the author of “Vestiges of Creation” be any authority and the theory of development be more than a childish dream — was the progenitor of man himself. The passage is from the report of the half-fledged Health of Towns’ Commission: —

“If the young of some of the lower tribes of creatures are supplied with their proper food, and if all the other conditions necessary for their nourishment are maintained, while at the same time light is wholly excluded from them, their development is stopped; they no longer undergo the metamorphosis through which they pass from imperfect into perfect beings; the tadpole, for example, is unable to change its water-breathing apparatus, fitted for its first stage of existence, into the air-breathing apparatus, with the rudiment of which it is furnished, and which is intended to adapt it for a higher life, namely, for respiration in air. In this imperfect state it continues to live; it even attains an enormous bulk, for such

a creature in its state of transition, but it is unable to pass out of its transitional state; it remains permanently an imperfect being, and is doomed to pass a perpetual life in water, instead of attaining maturity and passing its mature life in air."

It may give some support to the theory of tadpole development above mentioned, to add, that the same cause produces the very same effects upon human beings; upon human mothers, and upon human children. Human mothers living in dark cellars produce an unusual proportion of defective children. Go into the narrow streets, and the dark lanes, courts, and alleys of our splendid cities, there you will see an unusual number of deformed people, men, women, and children, but particularly children. In some cells under the fortifications of Lisle, a number of poor people took up their abode; the proportion of defective infants produced by them became so great, that it was deemed necessary to issue an order commanding these cells to be shut up. The window-duties multiply cells like those of the fortifications of Lisle, in London, in Liverpool, in Manchester, in Bristol, and in every city and town in England by hundreds and by thousands, and with the same result; but the cells here are not shut up, nor is the cause that produces them removed. Even in cases in which the absence of light is not so complete as to produce a result thus definite and striking, the effects of the privation are still

abundantly manifest in the pale and sickly complexion, and the enfeebled and stunted frame; nor can it be otherwise, since, from the essential constitution of organised beings, light is as necessary to the development of the animal as it is to the growth of the plant. The diseases the want of it produces are of long continuance, and waste the means of life before death results; they may therefore be characterised as pauperising diseases. As to death itself, it has been calculated that nearly ten thousand persons perish annually in London alone from diseases solely produced by an impeded circulation of air and admission of light.

This prodigal waste of health, strength, and of life itself, falls much more heavily on the poor, than the mere fiscal burden, imposed by the tax, falls on the richer classes. Inasmuch, then, as health is the capital of the working man, whatever be the necessities of the state, *nothing* can justify a tax affecting the health of the people, and especially the health of the labouring community, whose bodily strength constitutes their wealth, and oftentimes their only possession. In conclusion we may say, without wishing to libel any respectable Act of Parliament, that the Window-Tax kills countless human beings in tens of thousands every year.

The next improvement which must speedily be pushed under John Bull's very nose, is the removal of the nuisances which abound

in crowded neighbourhoods from Land's End to John o'Groats. The back-yards of houses in poor neighbourhoods are so many gardens, sown broadcast with the seeds of disease, and but too plentifully manured for abundant and continual crops. When rain falls on the surface of these parterres of poison, and is afterwards evaporated by the heat of the sun, there rises a malaria, intensified by decomposing refuse, which, inhaled into human lungs, engenders consumption, ending in the parish workhouse and death. It is a fact that the surfaces of some of the back-yards in London have been raised six feet by successive accumulations of vegetable and animal refuse. We must have no more such accumulations; offal of every kind must be removed daily by Act of Parliament.

Ill-kept stables, which cause horses to become blind, and men to die of typhus, must be reformed; cow-feeding sheds, which produce diseased milk and offensive refuse, must be abolished, and milk supplied per railway from the country; disgusting and noxious manufactures, such as are carried on a few yards west of Lambeth Palace, on the river's bank, must be removed to consort with knackers' yards, in places remote from human habitations.

The strong bar which John Bull opposes to such improvements is the dread of the Centralisation, which, he says, carrying them into effect would occasion. Local Government, he insists, is the

great bulwark of the British Constitution. No bill is ever brought into Parliament for the good of the people, — that is well known, — but is passed for the sake of the places it creates, and the patronage it gives. Now, if we allow a practicable bill for the removal of these nuisances to pass, a swarm of commissioners, secretaries, clerks, inspectors, inquisitors, dustmen, and scavengers will be let loose upon the contented public, to supersede snug, comfortable, local boards, and to ruin innocent contractors. "Is," John asks vehemently, "this to be borne?" and answers himself with equal emphasis, "Decidedly not. We prefer the nuisances." But common sense steps in to reply, that as nuisances are a matter of taste, if every board could confine its own nuisances to its own parish so as not to take its neighbours by the nose, there would, perhaps, be no harm in letting it doze and wallow in its own filth as long as its taste would dictate. But as this is impossible, centralisation or no centralisation, Government, or somebody else, *must* interfere to protect the extra-parochial lieges from destruction, by upsetting the Board and removing the rest of the nuisances.

A practical example of the impossibility of confining noxious nuisances to the boundaries whence they originate, is afforded in the immediate neighbourhood of one of the most beautiful parts of the Metropolis. In a neighbourhood studded thickly with elegant

villas and mansions — namely, Bayswater and Notting Hill, in the parish of Kensington — is a plague spot scarcely equalled for its insalubrity by any other in London: it is called the Potteries. It comprises some seven or eight acres, with about two hundred and sixty houses (if the term can be applied to such hovels), and a population of nine hundred or one thousand. The occupation of the inhabitants is principally pig-fattening; many hundreds of pigs, ducks, and fowls are kept in an incredible state of filth. Dogs abound for the purpose of guarding the swine. The atmosphere is still further polluted by the process of fat-boiling. In these hovels discontent, dirt, filth, and misery, are unsurpassed by anything known even in Ireland. Water is supplied to only a small proportion of the houses. There are foul ditches, open sewers, and defective drains, smelling most offensively, and generating large quantities of poisonous gases; stagnant water is found at every turn, not a drop of *clean* water can be obtained; — all is charged to saturation with putrescent matter. Wells have been sunk on some of the premises, but they have become, in many instances, useless from organic matter soaking into them; in some of the wells the water is perfectly black and fetid. The paint on the window frames has become black from the action of sulphuretted hydrogen gas. Nearly all the inhabitants look unhealthy, the women especially complain of sickness, and want of

appetite; their eyes are shrunken, and their skin shrivelled.

The poisonous influence of this pestilential locality extends far and wide. Some twelve or thirteen hundred feet off there is a row of clean houses, called Crafter Terrace; the situation, though rather low, is open and airy. On Saturday and Sunday, the 8th and 9th of September, 1849, the inhabitants complained of an intolerable stench, the wind then blowing directly upon the Terrace from the Potteries. Up to this time, there had been no case of cholera among the inhabitants; but the next day the disease broke out virulently, and on the following day, the 11th of September, a child died of cholera at No. 1. By the 22nd of the same month, no less than seven persons in the Terrace lost their lives by this fatal malady.

It would be thought, that such a state of things could not have been permitted to remain undisturbed, but merely required to be brought to light to be remedied. The medical officers have, time after time, reported the condition of the place to the Board of Guardians. Fifteen medical men have testified to the unhealthy state of the Potteries. The inspector of nuisances has done the same. The magistrates have repeatedly granted orders for the removal of the pigs. The General Board of Health have given directions that all the nuisances should be removed, yet nothing, or next to nothing, has been done. The inspector of nuisances has been

dismissed, the guardians have signified their intention to inspect the districts themselves, yet things remain in *statu quo*.

Is there then no possibility of cleansing this more than Augean stable? None: the single but insurmountable difficulty being that some of the worst parts of the district are the property of one of the guardians!

Surely the force of self-government can no farther go. Another word in defence of centralisation — the great bugbear of the self-conceited parish orator — would be wasted.

In conclusion, we earnestly call on the public to second and support the efforts of the Metropolitan Sanitary Association to get the evils we have adverted to lessened or wholly removed. The rapid increase of the population demands additional exertion and additional arrangements for their well-being. At present, retrogression instead of improvement assails us. It is an appalling fact, that the number of persons dying of the class of diseases called preventible has been steadily increasing. Mr. Farr, of the Registrar-General's office, has declared there could be no question that the health of London is becoming worse every year. In 1846, the number of persons dying of zymotic or epidemic diseases was about nineteen per cent. of the total mortality; in 1847, it was twenty-eight per cent.; in 1848, thirty-four per cent.; and last year it increased to forty-one per cent.;

thus showing that nearly one-half of the mortality of London was more or less owing to preventible causes.

To reverse this state of things the people of this country must not wait for another great and fatal Fright. We know that typhus fever and consumption, like open drains and stinking water, are mean, commonplace, unexciting instruments of death, which do not get invested with dramatic interest; yet they kill as unerringly as the knife or the bullet of the assassin; only they murder great multitudes instead of single individuals. If, therefore, he will only fix his eyes on the victims of the diseases which can be easily prevented, it is well worth John Bull's while to consider whether substantially it is not a sound policy to save a million or two of lives per annum, as to hang the hero and heroine of a Bermondsey murder.

WHAT THERE IS IN THE ROOF OF THE COLLEGE OF SURGEONS.

PERHAPS no one of the London Squares is more full of interesting associations, and certainly no one of them is more fresh and pleasant to look upon, than Lincoln's Inn Fields. In the centre of its green Lord William Russell was beheaded; upon the old wall that used to run along its eastern side Ben Jonson, it is said, worked as a bricklayer; amongst its north range of buildings stands the thin sandwich of a house that holds the

manifold artistic gems of the Soane Museum; its west side was the scene of some of Lord George Gordon's riotings; whilst on its south side stands the noble-looking Grecian fronted building dedicated to the purposes of the English College of Surgeons.

This building has many uses, and many points challenging general admiration and approval, the chief of them being its possession of the museum made by John Hunter; afterwards purchased, and now supported, by the nation; and open freely, not only to medical men of all countries, but to the public at large. The visitor who passes under its handsome portico, up the steps and enters its heavy mahogany and plate-glass doors, finds himself in a large hall. On his right is a staid-looking, black-robed porter, who requires him to enter his name in the visitor's book — a preliminary which members equally with strangers have to go through. On his left are the doors leading to the secretary's office, where students may, from time to time, be seen going in to register their attendance upon the prescribed lectures, and, later in their career, passing through the same portals big with the desperate announcement that they are ready to submit to the examinations that must be passed before they can get a diploma. Facing the entrance door is a second enclosed hall, with a roof supported by fluted columns, and on the left of this a broad stately architectural stone staircase lead-

ing to the library and the council-chamber — the scene of those dreadful ordeals, the examinations, where Hospital Surgeons sit surrounded by crimson and gold, and marble busts, and noble pictures, to *operate* upon sweating and stuttering and hesitating students who, two by two, are seated in large chairs to be passed or *plucked*.

The library is a noble, large room, of excellent proportions, occupying the whole length of the building in front, having tall plate-glass embayed windows, each with its table and chair; and in each of which the passersby in Lincoln's Inn Fields, may generally see a live surgeon framed and glazed, busily occupied with his books, or still more busily helping to keep up the tide of gossip for which the place is celebrated. For some twenty feet from the floor on all sides, the walls are lined with books, telling in various languages about all kinds of maladies and all sorts of plans for cure. Above this, and just under the handsomely panelled roof, hang portraits of old surgeons, each famous in his time, and now enjoying a sort of quiet renown amongst their successors in the art and science of chirurgery. All we have seen thus far, betokens the quiet repose of wealth, dignity, and learned leisure and ease. No bustle, no noise, no trace of urgent labour is heard or seen. Such of the officers of the place as may be encountered, have a look of somnolent if not sleek sufficiency, and seem to

claim a share of the consideration which all are ready to concede, as due to the character of the spot. Returning to the hall, another door, facing that of the secretary, leads to the great attraction and pride of the place — the Hunterian Museum — a collection of skeletons and glittering rows of bottles full of evidences how “fearfully and wonderfully” all living creatures are made. On all sides we see the bony relics of defunct men and animals — giants, dwarfs, both human and quadruped, challenging attention. The huge megatherium, the bones of poor Chuny, the elephant shot in Exeter 'Change, the skeleton of O'Brien the Irish giant, who walked about the world eight feet high, and near him all that remains of the form of the Sicilian dwarf, who when alive was not taller than O'Brien's knee. On the wall tier after tier of bottles are ranged, till the eye following them up towards the top of the building, fatigued by their innumerable abundance, and the variety of their contents, again seeks the ground and its tables, there to encounter an almost equal crowd of curious things collected from the earth, the air, and the sea, to show how infinite the varieties in which Nature indulges, and how almost more than infinite the curious ways in which life varies the tenement it inhabits. But with this multiplicity of things we see no confusion, or trace of carelessness or poverty. All is neatness, order, and repose. Not a particle of dirt offends the eye;

not a film of dust dims the brilliancy of the regiments of bottles drawn up in long files upon the shelves, to salute the visitor. The place is a very drawing-room of science, all polished and set forth in trim order for the reception of the public. It is the best room in the house kept for the display of *the results* of the labours of the physiologist, — a spot devoted to the revelations of anatomy, without the horrifying accompaniments of the dissecting-room.

Thus far we have passed through what are in truth the public portions of the College of Surgeons, just glancing at its museum, unequalled as a physiological collection by any other in the world. In their surprise at the curious things it contains, there are many, no doubt, who wonder also where the things all came from; and what patient men have gone on since John Hunter's time, adding to his museum where it was deficient and keeping all its parts in their present admirable state. Such a question, if put to the officials, would most likely obtain a very vague and misty reply; but a glance behind the scenes at the College will afford an ample and curious explanation, and show how one section of the Searchers for Facts, silently and unheeded, work on in their self-chosen, quiet, scientific path — undisturbed by the noises and the bustle, the excitements and the strife of the modern Babylon, that heaves and throbs around them.

Leave the handsome rooms, with their clear light, and polish, and

air of neatness, and come with us up the side stair that leads to the unshown recesses, where, high up in the roof, the workers in anatomy carry on their strange duties. As we open the side door that leads towards these secret chambers, we should go from daylight to darkness, were it not for the gas that is kept burning there. Up the stairs we go, and as we ascend, the way becomes lighter and lighter as we rise, but the stone steps soon change for wooden ones, and at length bring us from the silent stairs to a silent and gloomy-looking passage, having three doors opening into it, and some contrivances overhead for letting in a little light, and letting out certain odours that here abound, — greatly to the discomfort of the novice who first inhales them. We are now in the roof of the building, and on getting a glimpse through a window, we may see the housetops are below us, the only companions of our elevation being a number of neighbouring church-spires.

The feeling of the spot is one of almost complete isolation from the world below, and a neighbourhood to something startling if not almost terrible. Like Fatima in Bluebeard's Tower, impelled by an overbearing curiosity, we turn the lock of the centre door, and enter the chamber. A strange sight is presented. The room is large, with the sloping roof-beams above, and a stained and uncovered floor below. The walls all round are crowded with shelves,

covered with bottles of various sizes full of the queerest-looking of all queer things. Many are of a bright vermillion colour; others yellow; others brown; others black; whilst others again display the opaque whiteness of bloodless death. Three tables are in the room, but these are as crowded as the walls. Cases of instruments, microscopes, tall jars, cans, a large glass globe full of water-newts, hydras, and mosses; small cases of drawers filled with microscopic objects, and a thousand other odds and ends. Here is a long coil of snake's eggs, just brought from a country stable-yard; there some ears of diseased wheat, sent by a noble landlord who studies farming; beside them lies part of a leaf of the gigantic water-lily, the *Victoria Regia*, and near that a portion of a vegetable marrow is macerating in a saucer to separate some peculiar vessels for exhibition under the microscope. There are two windows to the room, besides some ventilators in the roof; and before one of these, where the light is best, are ranged microscopes complete and ready for use, and round about them all sorts of scraps of glass and glaziers' diamonds, and watch-glasses, and forceps, and scissors, and bottles of marine-glue, and of gold-size, — these being the means and appliances of the microscopic observer. Before the second window is a sink, in which stand jars of frogs and newts, and other small creatures. A lathe, a desk,

and writing utensils, the model of a whale cast ashore in the Thames, an old stiff-backed wooden chair, once the seat of the Master of the Worshipful Company of Surgeons, a few cases of stuffed birds and animals, and some tall glass-stoppered bottles that went twice round the world with Captain Cook and Dr. Solander, make up the catalogue of the chief contents of an apartment, which, at first glance, has the look of an auctioneer's room filled with the sold-off stock of a broken down anatomical teacher. A closer inspection, however, shows that though there is so great a crowd of objects, there is little or no confusion, and the real meaning of the place, its intention, and labours, reveal themselves.

We are in a storeroom of the strange productions of all corners of the earth, from the air above and from the waters below. Every particle in every bottle that looks perhaps to the uninitiated eye only a mass of bad fish preserved in worse pickle, has its value. A thin slice of it taken out and placed under the microscope, illustrates some law of the animal economy, or displays, perhaps, some long undiscovered fact, or shows to the surprise of the gazer, a series of lines beautifully arranged, or perhaps, curiously mingled, and rich in their figured combinations as the frozen moisture of a window-frame on a winter's morning. To this room as to a general centre come contributions from all corners of the earth; the donors

being chiefly medical men employed on expeditions, or in the public service, though other medicos, who go to seek fortune in strange lands, often remember their alma mater, and pack up a bottle of curious things "to send to the College." Doctors on shipboard, doctors with armies, doctors in Arctic ships, or on Niger expeditions; in the far regions of Hindûstan, and in the fogs and storms of Labrador, think now and then of their "dissecting days," and of the noble collection in Lincoln's Inn Fields, which every true student feels bound to honour, and to help to make complete. Many, when going forth into distant countries, are supplied from this place with bottles specially adapted to receive objects in request, and receive also a volume of instructions, how the specimens may be best preserved. "When a quadruped is too large to be secured whole, cut off the portion of the head containing the teeth," says one direction. "If no more can be done," says another, "preserve the heart and great blood-vessels." "Of a full-grown whale," says a third of these notes, "send home the eyes with the surrounding skin, their muscles and fat in an entire mass." "When many specimens of a rare and curious bird are procured, the heads of a few should be taken off and preserved in spirit." "When alligators and crocodiles are too large to be preserved whole, secure some part. The bones of such

things are especially desirable. Secure also the eggs in different stages." "Snakes may be preserved whole, or in part, especially the heads, for the examination of their teeth and fangs." "Eyes of fishes are proper objects of preservation." Such are a few of the hints sent forth to their medical disciples by the College, and the fruits of the system are a bountiful supply. Never a week passes but something rare or curious makes its appearance in Lincoln's Inn Fields; sometimes from one quarter, sometimes from another, but there is always something coming, either by messenger or parcel-cart. Apart from these foreign sources, there are other contributaries to the general stock. Country doctors and hospital surgeons, from time to time, send in their quota; the Zoological Society likewise contribute all their dead animals. When the elephant died at the Regent's Park Gardens, a College student and an assistant were busily occupied for days dissecting the huge animal. When the rhinoceros expired at the same place, a portion of its viscera was hailed as a prize; and when the whale was cast, not long ago, upon the shores of the Thames, the watermen who claimed it as their booty, steamed off to the College to find a customer for portions of the unwieldy monster; nor were they disappointed. Beyond all these, there still remains another searcher out of materials for the scalpel and the microscope. He is a character in his way. By trade, half cattle-

slaughterer half-oysterman, he is by choice a sort of dilettante anatomist. One day he is killing oxen and sheep in Clare Market, and the next is scouring the same market for morbid specimens "for Mr. Quickett, at the College." He knows an unhealthy sheep by its looks, and watches its post mortem with the eye of a savant. Many a choice specimen has he caught up in his time from amongst the offal and garbage of that fustiest of markets in the fustiest of neighbourhoods. Indeed, through him, all that is unusual in ox, calf, sheep, fish, or fowl, found within the confines of Clare Market, finds its way to the "work shop" of the College to be investigated by scalpel and microscope. When a butcher is known to have any diseased sheep, our collector hovers about his slaughter-house, and that which is bad food for the public, often affords him and his patron a prize. He is a sort of jackal for the anatomists — a kind of cadger in the service of science — a veritable snatcher-up of ill-conditioned trifles.

Returning to the room in the College roof, where the general cornucopia of strange things is emptied, we find its presiding genius in Mr. Quekett, a quiet enthusiast in his way, who goes on from month to month and year to year, watching, working, and chronicling such facts as can be made out. When a novelty comes in, it is examined, described, investigated by the microscope; and, if worthy, is sketched on stone for printing.

It is then catalogued, and placed in spirit for preservation — minute portions, perhaps, being mounted on glass as objects for the microscope. Thus disposed of, it becomes a “store preparation.” From this store the lectures at the College are illustrated by examples; and from it also are the bright bottles in the Hunterian Museum kept complete. From time to time something very rare comes to hand, and then there is quite an excitement in the place. It is turned about, examined, and discussed, with as much zest as a lady would display when first opening a present of jewels, or first criticising a new ball-dress. If the new acquisition be an animal but recently dead, a drop of its blood is sought and placed under the microscope to see the diameter of its globules; if it has a coat of fur, perhaps one of the hairs are next submitted to the same test; and then a fine section of its bone passes a similar ordeal. Its brain is investigated, weighed, and placed in spirit for preservation. Its general characteristics are then gone over, and a description of them written down. If worthy of a place in the Museum, this description goes to make a paragraph in the catalogues of the Collection — fine quarto volumes, of which there are many now complete, containing more exact anatomical and physiological descriptions of objects, than perhaps any other work extant.

The last contribution to the series of Catalogues was made in

the room we have been examining. Its production was the constant labour of two years; and the volume contains exact particulars of many facts never before noticed. Amongst other things, for instance, made out with certainty in this place by Mr. Quekett, after months of patient investigation, was the elementary differences in the character of bone. To the common eye and common idea, all bone is simply bone; and for common purposes the word indicates closely enough what the speaker would describe. Not so to the naturalist and the physiologist; and so scalpel and microscope went to work: the sea, the land, and the air, lent each their creatures peculiar to itself, and the labour of the search was at length rewarded by a discovery that each great class of living things has an elementary difference in the bones upon which its structure is built up. Hence, when a particle of bony matter is now placed under the microscope, come whence it may—from a geological strata, or from the depths of the sea, or from within the cere-cloth of a mummy—the observer, guided by Mr. Quekett’s observations, knows whether it belonged in life to bird, beast, or fish.

Glancing round this anatomical workshop, we find, amongst other things, some preparations showing the nature of pearls. Examine them, and we find that there are dark and dingy pearls, just as there are handsome and ugly men; the dark

pearl being found on the dark shell of the fish, the white brilliant one upon the smooth inside shell. Going further in the search, we find that the smooth glittering lining upon which the fish moves, is known as the *nacre*, and that it is produced by a portion of the animal called *the mantle*: and for explanation sake we may add, that gourmands practically know the mantle as *the beard* of the oyster. When living in its glossy house, should any foreign substance find its way through the shell to disturb the smoothness so essential to its ease, the fish coats the offending substance with nacre, and a pearl is thus formed. The pearl is, in fact, a little globe of the smooth glossy substance yielded by the oyster's beard; yielded ordinarily to smooth the narrow home to which his nature binds him, but yielded in round drops — real pearly tears — if he is hurt. When a beauty glides proudly among a throng of admirers, her hair clustering with pearls, she little thinks that her ornaments are products of pain and diseased action, endured by the most unpoetical of shell-fish.

Leaving the centre-room of the three in the College roof, let us just glance at the other two apartments. Upon entering one we see the walls lined with boxes, something like those in a milliner's shop, but, instead of holding laces and ribands, we find them labelled "Wolf," "Racoon," "Penguin," "Lion," "Albatross," and so on with names of birds, and beasts,

and fishes. On lifting a lid, we find the boxes filled with the bones of the different creatures named; not a complete skeleton of any one, perhaps, but portions of half-a-dozen. In this room, the two students attached to the College carry on dissections, under the directions of the superior authorities. What they do is entered in a book kept posted up, and this affords another source for reference as to anatomical facts. When they have laboured here for three years, they have the option of a commission as Assistant Surgeon in the Army, Navy, or East India Company's service, as a reward for their College work.

If the atmosphere of the two apartments we have investigated was bad, that of the third room was infinitely worse, though windows and ventilators are constantly open. In this place large preparations are kept, and all the specimens are here put into the bottles required for exhibition in the Museum. This third room, like the first, has a curiously characteristic look. It would make a fine original for a picture of an alchemist's study. On one side is a large structure of brickwork with pipes and taps, conveying the idea of a furnace and still, or of an oven. Alongside it is a bath and a table, and the purpose of the whole is for *injecting* large animals. This is a very difficult operation, the object being to drive a kind of hot liquid sealing-wax into every artery of the body, even the most minute. All things brought here,

and capable of it, are injected somewhat after this fashion before they pass under the scalpel. Besides this oven-looking structure there are pans, and tubs, and casks; one containing a small dromedary, another being "a cask of camel." A painter's easel stands there ready for use, and on the floor are some bones of a megatherium; the tables are covered with bottles and jars, and the walls are similarly decorated. Strings of bladders hang about, and under foot we see thin sheets of lead coated with tin-foil; these latter being used for tying down the preparation bottles so that they may for years remain airtight; a tedious and somewhat difficult operation. In this place every year they use scores, sometimes hundreds of gallons of alcohol; one fact which helps to show that museums on a large scale are expensive establishments.

Here, as elsewhere, however, in our establishments, whatever may be expended on materials, the men who do the work of science are but indifferently paid. But lucre is not their sole reward. No mere money payment could compensate (for instance) a man for spending a lifetime in this College of Surgeons' roof. Forget the object in view; ignore the charm that science has for its votaries; and this place becomes a literal inferno, filled with pestilential fumes, and surrounded by horrible sights. But they who fix the salaries know how much the pursuit of science is a labour of love; and

so they pay the man of science badly, not here alone, but in all the scientific branches of the public service. But the science-worker though he may feel the injustice, yet moves on his way rejoicing, pleased with his unceasing search into the secret workings of nature, and exilarated from time to time by some discovery, or by the confirmation of some cherished notion. And though the glittering prizes of life be bestowed on strivers in far different walks, the student of nature holds on his cheerful and philosophic way, rewarded by the glimpses he gets of the power that made and sustains all terrestrial things, and rewarded, moreover, by the holy contact with that infinite wisdom seen at work in the construction, the adaptation, and the continuance of the marvellous and illimitably varied works it is the business of his life to investigate.

CHIPS.

NICE WHITE VEAL.

WE shudder at the cruelties practised upon Strasbourg geese to produce the celebrated *pâtés de foie gras*; but remorse would assuredly afflict the amateurs of veal with indigestion, if they reflected on the tortures to which calves are subjected to cause the very unnatural colour of the meat which they so much prize. The natural and wholesome tint of veal is not white, but pink. An ancient French traveller in England (1690)

says that the English veal has not the "beautiful red colour of the French." Dr. Smollett, in "Peregrine Pickle," upbraids epicures, on the scores both of cruelty and unwholesomeness, saying that our best veal is like a "fricassee of kid gloves," and the sauce of "melted butter" is rendered necessary only by the absence of the juices drained out of the unfortunate animal before death.

The process of killing a calf is a refinement of cruelty worthy of a Grand Inquisitor. The beast is, while alive, bled several times; in summer, during several hours of the night, and frequently till it faints; when a plug is put into the orifice till "next time." But the lengthened punishment of the most unoffending of animals is at the actual "killing." It is tied together, neck and heels, much as a dead animal when packed in a basket and slung up by a rope, with the head downwards. A vein is then opened, till it lingeringly bleeds to death. Two or three "knocks" are given to it with the pole-axe whilst it hangs loose in the air, and the flesh is beaten with sticks, technically termed "dressing" it, some time before feeling has ceased to exist. All this may be verified by those who insist on seeing the penetralia of the slaughter-houses; or the poor animal may be seen moaning and writhing — by a mere glance — on many days of the week, in Warwick Lane, Newgate Street.

This mode of bleaching veal is not only a crime, but a blunder.

The flesh would be more palatable and nutritious killed speedily and mercifully. But were it otherwise, and had it been twenty times more a luxury, who, professing to honour the common Creator, would, for the sensual gratification of the palate, cause the calf to be thus tortured?

"ALL THINGS IN THE WORLD MUST CHANGE."

WOULD'ST thou have it always Spring,
Though she cometh flower-laden?
Though sweet-throated birds do sing?
Thou would'st weary of it, Maiden.
Dost thou never feel desire
That thy womanhood were nearer?
Dost thy loving heart ne'er tire,
Longing yet for something dearer?

Would'st have Summer ever stay —
Droughty Summer — bright and burning?
Dost thou not, oft in the day,
Long for still, cool, night's returning?
Dost thou not grow weary, Youth,
Of thy pleasures, vain though pleasant —
Thinking Life has more of Truth
Than the satiating present?

Would'st have Autumn never go?
(Autumn, Winter's wealthy neighbour),
Stacks would rise, and wine-press flow
Vainly, did'st thou always labour.
When thy child is on thy knee
And thy heart with love's o'erflowing,
Dost thou never long to see
What is in the future's showing?

When old Winter, cold and hoar,
Cometh, blowing his ten fingers,
Hanging ice-drops on the door
Whilst he at the threshold lingers,
Would'st thou ever vigil keep
With a mate so full of sorrow?
Better to thy bed and sleep,
Nor wake till th' Eternal morrow!

THE LAST OF A LONG
LINE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

IN Great Stockington there lived a race of paupers. From the year of the 42nd of Elizabeth, or 1601, down to the present generation, this race maintained an uninterrupted descent. They were a steady and unbroken line of paupers, as the parish books testify. From generation to generation their demands on the parish funds stand recorded. There were no *lacunæ* in their career; there never failed an heir to these families; fed on the bread of idleness and legal provision, these people flourished, increased, and multiplied. Sometimes compelled to work for the weekly dole which they received, they never acquired a taste for labour, or lost the taste for the bread for which they did not labour. These paupers regarded this maintenance by no means as a disgrace. They claimed it as a right, — as their patrimony. They contended that one-third of the property of the Church had been given by benevolent individuals for the support of the poor, and that what the Reformation wrongfully deprived them of, the great enactment of Elizabeth rightfully — and only rightfully — restored.

Those who imagine that all paupers merely claimed parish relief because the law ordained it, commit a great error. There were numbers who were hereditary

paupers, and that on a tradition carefully handed down, that they were only manfully claiming their own. They traced their claims from the most ancient feudal times, when the lord was as much bound to maintain his villein in gross, as the villein was to work for the lord. These paupers were, in fact, or claimed to be, the original *adscripti glebæ*, and to have as much a claim to parish support as the landed proprietor had to his land. For this reason, in the old Catholic times, after they had escaped from villenage by running away and remaining absent from their hundred for a year and a day, dwelling for that period in a walled town, these people were amongst the most diligent attendants at the Abbey doors, and when the Abbeys were dissolved, were, no doubt, amongst the most daring of these thieves, vagabonds, and sturdy rogues, who, after the Robin Hood fashion, beset the highways and solitary farms of England, and claimed their black mail in a very unceremonious style. It was out of this class that Henry VIII. hanged his seventy-two thousand during his reign, and, as it is said, without appearing materially to diminish their number.

That they continued to “increase, multiply, and replenish the earth,” overflowing all bounds, overpowering by mere populousness all the severe laws against them of whipping, burning in the hand, in the forehead or the breast, and hanging, and filling

the whole country with alarm, is evident by the very act itself of Elizabeth.

Amongst these hereditary paupers who, as we have said, were found in Stockington, there was a family of the name of Deg. This family had never failed to demand and enjoy what it held to be its share of its ancient inheritance. It appeared from the parish records, that they had practised in different periods the crafts of choemaking, tailoring, and chimney-sweeping; but since the invention of the stocking-frame, they had, one and all of them, followed the profession of stocking weavers, or as they were there called, stockingers. This was a trade which required no extreme exertion of the physical or intellectual powers. To sit in a frame, and throw the arms to and fro, was a thing that might either be carried to a degree of extreme diligence, or be let down into a mere apology for idleness. An "idle stockinger" was there no very uncommon phrase, and the Degr were always classed under that head. Nothing could be more admirably adapted than this trade for building a plan of parish relief upon. The Degr did not pretend to be absolutely without work, or the parish authorities would soon have set them to some real labour, — a thing that they particularly recoiled from, having a very old adage in the family, that "hard work was enough to kill a man." The Degr were seldom, therefore, out of work, but they did not get

enough to meet and tie. They had but little work if times were bad, and if they were good, they had large families, and sickly wives or children. Be times what they would, therefore, the Degr were due and successful attendants at the parish pay-table. Nay, so much was this a matter of course, that they came at length not even to trouble themselves to receive their pay, but sent their young children for it; and it was duly paid. Did any parish officer, indeed, turn restive, and decline to pay a Deg, he soon found himself summoned before a magistrate, and such pleas of sickness, want of work, and poor earnings brought up, that he most likely got a sharp rebuke from the benevolent but uninquiring magistrate, and acquired a character for hard-heartedness that stuck to him.

So parish overseers learnt to let the Degr alone; and their children regularly brought up to receive the parish money for their parents, were impatient as they grew up to receive it for themselves. Marriages in the Deg family were consequently very early, and there were plenty of instances of married Degr claiming parish relief under the age of twenty, on the plea of being the parent of two children. One such precocious individual being asked by a rather verdant officer why he had married before he was able to maintain a family, replied, in much astonishment, that he had married in order to maintain himself by parish assistance. That he never had been

able to maintain himself by his labour, nor ever expected to do it; his only hope, therefore, lay in marrying, and becoming the father of two children, to which patriarchal rank he had now attained, and demanded his "pay."

Thus had lived and flourished the Degrés on their ancient patrimony, the parish, for upwards of two hundred years. Nay, we have no doubt whatever that, if it could have been traced, they had enjoyed an ancestry of paupers as long as the pedigree of Sir Roger Rockville himself. In the days of the most perfect villenage, they had, doubtless, eaten the bread of idleness, and claimed it as a right. They were numerous, improvident, ragged in dress, and fond of an ale-house and of gossip. Like the blood of Sir Roger, their blood had become peculiar through a long persistence of the same circumstances. It was become pure pauper blood. The Degrés married, if not entirely among Degrés, yet amongst the same class. None but a pauper would dream of marrying a Deg. The Degrés, therefore, were in constitution, in mind, in habit, and in inclination, paupers. But a pure and unmixed class of this kind does not die out like an aristocratic stereotype. It increases and multiplies. The lower the grade, the more prolific, as is sometimes seen on a large and even national scale. The Degrés threatened, therefore, to become a most formidable clan in the lower purlieus of Stockington, but luckily there is so much virtue even in

evils, that one, not rarely cures another. War, the great evil, cleared the town of Degrés.

Fond of idleness, of indulgence, of money easily got, and as easily spent, the Degrés were rapidly drained off by recruiting parties during the last war. The young men enlisted, and were marched away; the young women married soldiers that were quartered in the town from time to time, and marched away with them. There were, eventually, none of the once numerous Degrés left except a few old people, whom death was sure to draft off at no distant period with his regiment of the line which has no end. Parish overseers, magistrates, and master manufacturers, felicitated themselves at this unhopèd-for deliverance from the ancient family of the Degrés.

But one cold, clear, winter evening, the east wind piping its sharp sibilant ditty in the bare shorn hedges, and poking his sharp fingers into the sides of well broad-clothed men by way of passing jest, Mr. Spires, a great manufacturer of Stockington, driving in his gig some seven miles from the town, passed a poor woman with a stout child on her back. The large ruddy-looking man in the prime of life, and in the great coat and thick worsted gloves of a wealthy traveller, cast a glance at the wretched creature trudging heavily on, expecting a pitiful appeal to his sensibilities, and thinking it a bore to have to pull off a glove and dive into his pocket for a copper; but to his surprise there was no de-

mand, only a low curtsey, and the glimpse of a face of singular honesty of expression, and of excessive weariness.

Spires was a man of warm feelings; he looked earnestly at the woman, and thought he had never seen such a picture of fatigue in his life. He pulled up and said,

"You seem very tired, my good woman."

"Awfully tired, Sir."

"And are you going far to night?"

"To Great Stockington, Sir, if God give me strength."

"To Stockington!" exclaimed Mr. Spires. "Why you seem ready to drop. You'll never reach it. You'd better stop at the next village."

"Ay, Sir, it's easy stopping, for those that have money."

"And you've none, eh?"

"As God lives, Sir, I've a sixpence, and that's all."

Mr. Spires put his hand in his pocket, and held out to her the next instant, half-a-crown.

"There stop, poor thing—make yourself comfortable—it's quite out of the question to reach Stockington. But stay—are your friends living in Stockington—what are you?"

"A poor soldier's widow, Sir. And may God Almighty bless you!" said the poor woman, taking the money, the tears standing in her large brown eyes as she curtsied very low.

"A soldier's widow," said Mr. Spires. She had touched the softest place in the manufacturer's

heart, for he was a very loyal man, and vehement champion of his country's honour in the war. "So young," said he, "how did you lose your husband?"

"He fell, Sir," said the poor woman; but she could get no further; she suddenly caught up the corner of her grey cloak, covered her face with it, and burst into an excess of grief.

The manufacturer felt as if he had hit the woman a blow by his careless question; he sat watching her for a moment in silence, and then said, "Come, get into the gig, my poor woman; come, I must see you to Stockington."

The poor woman dried her tears, and heavily climbed into the gig, expressing her gratitude in a very touching and modest manner. Spires buttoned the apron over her, and taking a look at the child, said in a cheerful tone to comfort her, "Bless me, but that is a fine thumping fellow, though. I don't wonder you are tired, carrying such a load."

The poor woman pressed the stout child, apparently two years old, to her breast, as if she felt it a great blessing and no load: the gig drove rapidly on.

Presently Mr. Spires resumed his conversation.

"So you are from Stockington?"

"No Sir, my husband was."

"So: what was his name?"

"John Deg, Sir."

"Deg?" said Mr. Spires. "Deg, did you say?"

"Yes, Sir."

The manufacturer seemed to

hitch himself off towards his own side of the gig, gave another look at her, and was silent. The poor woman was somewhat astonished at his look and movement, and was silent too.

After awhile Mr. Spires said again, "And do you hope to find friends in Stockington? Had you none where you came from?"

"None Sir, none in the world!" said the poor woman, and again her feelings seemed too strong for her. At length she added, "I was in service, Sir, at Poole, in Dorsetshire, when I married; my mother only was living, and while I was away with my husband, she died. When—when the news came from abroad—that—when I was a widow, Sir, I went back to my native place, and the parish officers said I must go to my husband's parish lest I and my child should become troublesome."

"You asked relief of them?"

"Never; Oh, God knows, no, never! My family have never asked a penny of a parish. They would die first, and so would I, Sir; but they said I might do it, and I had better go to my husband's parish at once—and they offered me money to go."

"And you took it, of course?"

"No, Sir; I had a little money, which I had earned by washing and laundering, and I sold most of my things, as I could not carry them, and came off. I felt hurt, Sir; my heart rose against the treatment of the parish, and I thought I should be better amongst my husband's friends—and my

child would, if anything happened to me; I had no friends of my own."

Mr. Spires looked at the woman in silence. "Did your husband tell you anything of his friends? What sort of a man was he?"

"Oh, he was a gay young fellow, rather, Sir; but not bad to me. He always said his friends were well off in Stockington."

"He did!" said the manufacturer, with a great stare, and as if bolting the words from his heart in a large gust of wonder.

The poor woman again looked at him with a strange look. The manufacturer whistled to himself, and giving his horse a smart cut with the whip, drove on faster than ever. The night was fast settling down; it was numbing cold; a grey fog rose from the river as they thundered over the old bridge; and tall engine chimneys, and black smoky houses loomed through the dusk before them. They were at Stockington.

As they slackened their pace up a hill at the entrance of the town, Mr. Spires again opened his mouth.

"I should be sorry to hurt your feelings, Mrs. Deg," he said, "but I have my fears that you came coming to this place with false expectations. I fear your husband did not give you the truest possible account of his family here."

"Oh, Sir! What—what is it?" exclaimed the poor woman; "in God's name, tell me!"

"Why, nothing more than this," said the manufacturer, "that there are very few of the Degrés left here."

They are old, and on the parish, and can do nothing for you."

The poor woman gave a deep sigh, and was silent.

"But don't be cast down," said Mr. Spires. He would not tell her what a pauper family it really was, for he saw that she was a very feeling woman, and he thought she would learn that soon enough. He felt that her husband had from vanity given her a false account of his connections; and he was really sorry for her.

"Don't be cast down," he went on, "you can wash and iron, you say; you are young and strong: those are your friends. Depend on them, and they'll be better friends to you than any other."

The poor woman was silent, leaning her head down on her slumbering child, and crying to herself; and thus they drove on, through many long and narrow streets, with gas flaring from the shops, but with few people in the streets, and these hurrying shivering along the pavement, so intense was the cold. Anon they stopped at a large pair of gates; the manufacturer rung a bell, which he could reach from his gig, and the gates presently were flung open, and they drove into a spacious yard, with a large handsome house, having a bright lamp burning before it, on one side of the yard, and tall warehouses on the other.

"Show this poor woman and her child to Mrs. Craddock's, James," said Mr. Spires, "and tell Mrs. Craddock to make them very com-

fortable; and if you will come to my warehouse to-morrow," added he, addressing the poor woman, "perhaps I can be of some use to you."

The poor woman poured out her heartfelt thanks, and, following the old man servant, soon disappeared, hobbling over the pebbly pavement with her living load, stiffened almost to stone by her fatigue and her cold ride.

We must not pursue too minutely our narrative. Mrs. Deg was engaged to do the washing and getting up of Mr. Spire's linen, and the manner in which she executed her task insured her recommendations to all their friends. Mrs. Deg was at once in full employ. She occupied a neat house in a yard near the meadows below the town, and in those meadows she might be seen spreading out her clothes to whiten on the grass, attended by her stout little boy. In the same yard lived a shoemaker, who had two or three children of about the same age as Mrs. Deg's child. The children, as time went on, became play-fellows. Little Simon might be said to have the free run of the shoemaker's house, and he was the more attracted thither by the shoemaker's birds, and by his flute, on which he often played after his work was done.

Mrs. Deg took a great friendship for this shoemaker: and he and his wife, a quiet, kind-hearted woman, were almost all the acquaintances that she cultivated. She had found out her husband's parents, but they were not of a

description that at all pleased her. They were old and infirm, but they were of the true pauper breed, a sort of person, whom Mrs. Deg had been taught to avoid and to despise. They looked on her as a sort of second parish, and insisted that she should come and live with them, and help to maintain them out of her earnings. But Mrs. Deg would rather her little boy had died than have been familiarised with the spirit and habits of those old people. Despise them she struggled hard not to do, and she agreed to allow them sufficient to maintain them on condition that they desisted from any further application to the parish. It would be a long and disgusting story to recount all the troubles, annoyance, and querulous complaints, and even bitter accusations that she received from these connections, whom she could never satisfy; but she considered it one of her crosses in her life, and patiently bore it, seeing that they suffered no real want, so long as they lived, which was for years; but she would never allow her little Simon to be with them alone.

The shoemaker neighbour was a stout protection to her against the greedy demands of these old people, and of others of the old Degrés, and also against class of inconvenient visitors, namely, suitors, who saw in Mrs. Deg a neat and comely young woman with a flourishing business, and a neat and soon well-furnished house, a very desirable acquisition. But Mrs. Deg had resolved

never again to marry, but to live for her boy, and she kept her resolve in firmness and gentleness.

The shoemaker often took walks in the extensive town meadows to gather groundsell and plantain for his canaries and gorse-linnets, and little Simon Deg delighted to accompany him with his own children. There William Watson, the shoemaker, used to point out to the children the beauty of the flowers, the insects, and other objects of nature; and while he sate on a stile and read in a little old book of poetry, as he often used to do, the children sate on the summer grass, and enjoyed themselves in a variety of plays.

The effect of these walks, and the shoemaker's conversation on little Simon Deg was such as never wore out of him through his whole life, and soon led him to astonish the shoemaker by his extraordinary conduct. He manifested the utmost uneasiness at their treading on the flowers in the grass; he would burst with tears if they persisted in it; and when asked why, he said they were so beautiful, and that they must enjoy the sunshine, and be very unhappy to die. The shoemaker was amazed, but indulged the lad's fancy. One day he thought to give him a great treat, and when they were out in the meadows, he drew from under his coat a bow and arrow, and shot the arrow high up in the air. He expected to see him in an ecstasy of delight: his own children clapped their hands in transport, but Simon stood silent, and as if awe-

struck. "Shall I send up another?" asked the shoemaker.

"No, no," exclaimed the child, imploringly. "You say God lives up there, and he mayn't like it."

The shoemaker laughed, but presently he said, as if to himself, "There is too much imagination there. There will be a poet, if we don't take care."

The shoemaker offered to teach Simon to read, and to solidify his mind, as he termed it, by arithmetic, and then to teach him to work at his trade. His mother was very glad; and thought shoemaking would be a good trade for the boy; and that with Mr. Watson she should have him always near her. He was growing now a great lad, and was especially strong, and of a frank and daring habit. He was especially indignant at any act of oppression of the weak by the strong, and not seldom got into trouble by his championship of the injured in such cases amongst the boys of the neighbourhood.

He was now about twelve years of age; when, going one day with a basket of clothes on his head to Mr. Spire's for his mother, he was noticed by Mr. Spire himself from his counting-house window. The great war was raging; there was much distress amongst the manufacturers; and the people were suffering and exasperated against their masters. Mr. Spire, as a staunch tory, and supporter of the war, was particularly obnoxious to the workpeople, who uttered violent threats against him. For this reason his premises

were strictly guarded, and at the entrance of his yard, just within the gates, was chained a huge and fierce mastiff, his chain allowing him to approach near enough to intimidate any stranger, though not to reach him. The dog knew the people who came regularly about, and seemed not to notice them, but on the entrance of a stranger, he rose up, barked fiercely, and came to the length of his chain. This always drew the attention of the porter, if he were away from his box, and few persons dared to pass till he came.

Simon Deg was advancing with the basket of clean linen on his head, when the dog rushed out, and barking loudly, came exactly opposite to him, within a few feet. The boy, a good deal startled at first, reared himself with his back against the wall, but at a glance perceiving that the dog was at the length of his tether, he seemed to enjoy his situation, and stood smiling at the furious animal, and lifting his basket with both hands above his head, nodded to him, as if to say, "Well, old boy, you'd like to eat me, wouldn't you?"

Mr. Spire, who sate near his counting-house window at his books, was struck with the bold and handsome bearing of the boy, and said to a clerk, "What boy is that?"

"It is Jenny Deg's," was the answer.

"Ha! that boy! Zounds! how boys do grow! Why that's the child that Jenny Deg was carrying when she came to Stockington:

and what a strong, handsome, bright-looking fellow he is now!"

As the boy was returning, Mr. Spires called him to the counting-house door, and put some questions to him as to what he was doing and learning, and so on. Simon, taking off his cap with much respect, answered in such a clear and modest way, and with a voice that had so much feeling and natural music in it, that the worthy manufacturer was greatly taken with him.

"That's no Deg," said he, when he again entered the counting-house, "not a bit of it. He's all Goodrick, or whatever his mother's name was, every inch of him."

The consequence of that interview was, that Simon Deg was very soon after perched on a stool in Mr. Spires' counting-house, where he continued till he was twenty-two. Mr. Spires had no son, only a single daughter; and such were Simon Deg's talents, attention to business, and genial disposition, that at that age Mr. Spires gave him a share in the concern. He was himself now getting less fond of exertion than he had been, and placed the most implicit reliance on Simon's judgment and general management. Yet no two men could be more unlike in their opinions beyond the circle of trade. Mr. Spires was a staunch tory of the staunch old school. He was for Church and King, and for things remaining for ever as they had been. Simon, on the other hand, had liberal and reforming notions. He was for the improve-

ment of the people, and their admission to many privileges. Mr. Spires was, therefore, liked by the leading men of the place, and disliked by the people. Simon's estimation was precisely in the opposite direction. But this did not disturb their friendship; it required another disturbing cause — and that came.

Simon Deg and the daughter of Mr. Spires, grew attached to each other; and, as the father had thought Simon worthy of becoming a partner in the business, neither of the young people deemed that he would object to a partnership of a more domestic description. But here they made a tremendous mistake. No sooner was such a proposal hinted at, than Mr. Spires burst forth with the fury of all the winds from the bag of Ulysses.

"What! a Deg aspire to the hand of the sole heiress of the enormously opulent Spires?"

The very thought almost cut the proud manufacturer off with an apoplexy. The ghosts of a thousand paupers rose up before him, and he was black in the face. It was only by a prompt and bold application of leeches and lancet, that the life of the great man was saved. But there was an end of all further friendship between himself and the expectant Simon. He insisted that he should withdraw from the concern, and it was done. Simon, who felt his own dignity deeply wounded too, for dignity he had, though the last of a long line of paupers — his own

dignity, not his ancestors' — took silently, yet not unrespectfully, his share — a good, round sum, and entered another house of business.

For several years there appeared to be a feud and a bitterness between the former friends; yet it showed itself in no other manner than by a careful avoidance of each other. The continental war came to an end; the manufacturing distress increased exceedingly. There came troublous times, and a fierce warfare of politics. Great Stockington was torn asunder by rival parties. On one side stood pre-eminent, Mr. Spires; on the other towered conspicuously, Simon Deg. Simon was grown rich, and extremely popular. He was on all occasions the advocate of the people. He said that he had sprung from, and was one of them. He had bought a large tract of land on one side of the town; and intensely fond of the country and flowers himself, he had divided this into gardens, built little summer-houses in them, and let them to the artisans. In his factory he had introduced order, cleanliness, and ventilation. He had set up a school for the children in the evenings, with a reading-room and conversation-room for the workpeople, and encouraged them to bring their families there, and enjoy music, books, and lectures. Accordingly, he was the idol of the people, and the horror of the old school of the manufacturers.

“A pretty upstart and dema-

gogue I've nurtured,” said Mr. Spires often, to his wife and daughter, who only sighed, and were silent.

Then came a furious election. The town, for a fortnight, more resembled the worst corner of Tartarus than a Christian borough. Drunkenness, riot, pumping on one another, spencering one another, all sorts of violence and abuse ruled and raged till the blood of all Stockington was at boiling heat. In the midst of the tempest were everywhere seen, ranged on the opposite sides, Mr. Spires, now old and immensely corpulent, and Simon Deg, active, buoyant, zealous, and popular beyond measure. But popular though he still was, the other and old tory side triumphed. The people were exasperated to madness; and, when the chairing of the successful candidate commenced, there was a terrific attack made on the procession by the defeated party. Down went the chair, and the new member, glad to escape into an inn, saw his friends mercilessly assailed by the populace. There was a tremendous tempest of sticks, brick-bats, paving-stones, and rotten eggs. In the midst of this, Simon Deg, and a number of his friends, standing at the upper window of an hotel, saw Mr. Spires knocked down, and trampled on by the crowd. In an instant, and, before his friends had missed him from amongst them, Simon Deg was seen darting through the raging mass, cleaving his way with a surprising vigour, and gesticulating,

and no doubt shouting vehemently to the rioters, though his voice was lost in the din. In the next moment, his hat was knocked off, and himself appeared in imminent danger: but, another moment, and there was a pause, and a group of people were bearing somebody from the frantic mob into a neighbouring shop. It was Simon Deg, assisting in the rescue of his old friend and benefactor, Mr. Spires.

Mr. Spires was a good deal bruised, and wonderfully confounded and bewildered by his fall. His clothes were one mass of mud, and his face was bleeding copiously; but when he had had a good draught of water, and his face washed, and had time to recover himself, it was found that he had received no serious injury.

"They had like to have done for me though," said he.

"Yes, and who saved you?" asked a gentleman.

"Ay, who was it? who was it?" asked the really warm-hearted manufacturer; "let me know? I owe him my life."

"There he is!" said several gentlemen, at the same instant, pushing forward Simon Deg.

"What, Simon!" said Mr. Spires, starting to his feet. "Was it thee, my boy?" He did more, he stretched out his hand: the young man clasped it eagerly, and the two stood silent, and, with a heart-felt emotion, which blended all the past into forgetfulness, and the future into a union more sacred than esteem.

A week hence, and Simon Deg

was the son-in-law of Mr. Spires. Though Mr. Spires had misunderstood Simon, and Simon had borne the aspect of opposition to his old friend, in defence of conscientious principle, the wife and daughter of the manufacturer had always understood him, and secretly looked forward to some day of recognition and re-union.

Simon Deg was now the richest man in Stockington. His mother was still living to enjoy his elevation. She had been his excellent and wise housekeeper, and she continued to occupy that post still.

Twenty-five years afterwards, when the worthy old Spires was dead, and Simon Deg had himself two sons attained to manhood; when he had five times been Mayor of Stockington, and had been knighted on the presentation of a loyal address; still his mother was living to see it; and William Watson, the shoemaker, was acting as the sort of orderly at Sir Simon's chief manufactory. He occupied the Lodge, and walked about, and saw that all was safe, and moving on as it should do.

It was amazing how the most plebeian name of Simon Deg had slid, under the hands of the Heralds, into the really aristocratical one of Sir Simon Degge. They had traced him up a collateral kinship, spite of his own consciousness, to a baronet of the same name of the county of Stafford, and had given him a coat of arms that was really astonishing.

It was some years before this,

that Sir Roger Rockville had breathed his last. His title and estate had fallen into litigation. Owing to two generations having passed without any issue of the Rockville family except the one son and heir, the claims, though numerous, were so mingled with obscuring circumstances, and so equally balanced, that the lawyers raised quibbles and difficulties enough to keep the property in Chancery, till they had not only consumed all the ready money and rental, but had made frightful inroads into the estate itself. To save the remnant, the contending parties came to a compromise. A neighbouring squire, whose grandfather had married a Rockville, was allowed to secure the title, on condition that the rest carried off residuum of the estate. The woods and lands of Rockville were announced for sale!

It was at this juncture that old William Watson reminded Sir Simon Degge of a conversation in the great grove of Rockville, which they had held at the time that Sir Roger was endeavouring to drive the people thence. "What a divine pleasure might this man enjoy," said Simon Degge to his humble friend, "if he had a heart capable of letting others enjoy themselves."

"But we talk without the estate," said William Watson, "what might we do if we were tried with it?"

Sir Simon was silent for a moment; then observed that there was sound philosophy in William

Watson's remark. He said no more, but went away; and the next day announced to the astonished old man that he had purchased the groves and the whole ancient estate of Rockville!

Sir Simon Degge, the last of a long line of paupers, was become the possessor of the noble estate of Sir Roger Rockville of Rockville, the last of a long line of aristocrats!

The following summer when the hay was lying in fragrant cocks in the great meadows of Rockville, and on the little islands in the river, Sir Simon Degge, Baronet, of Rockville, — for such was now his title — through the suggestion of a great lawyer, formerly Recorder of the Borough of Stockington, to the crown — held a grand fête on the occasion of his coming to reside at Rockville Hall, henceforth the family seat of the Degges. His house and gardens had all been restored to the most consummate order. For years Sir Simon had been a great purchaser of works of art and literature, paintings, statuary, books, and articles of antiquity, including rich armour and precious works in ivory and gold.

First and foremost he gave a great banquet to his wealthy friends, and no man with a million and a half is without them — and in abundance. In the second place, he gave a substantial dinner to all his tenantry, from the wealthy farmer of five hundred acres to the tenant of a cottage. On this occasion he said, "Game

is a subject of great heart-burning and of great injustice to the country. It was the bane of my predecessor: let us take care it is not ours. Let every man kill the game on the land that he rents — then he will not destroy it utterly, nor allow it to grow into a nuisance. I am fond of a gun myself, but I trust to find enough for my propensity to the chase in my own fields and woods — if I occasionally extend my pursuit across the lands of my tenants, it shall not be to carry off the first-fruits of their feeding, and I shall still hold the enjoyment as a favour.”

We need not say that this speech was applauded most vociferously. Thirdly, and lastly, he gave a grand entertainment to all his workpeople, both of the town and the country. His house and gardens were thrown open to the inspection of the whole assembled company. The delighted crowd admired immensely the pictures and the pleasant gardens. On the lawn, lying between the great grove and the hall, an enormous tent was pitched, or rather a vast canvas canopy erected, open on all sides, in which was laid a charming banquet; a military band from Stockington barracks playing during the time. Here Sir Simon made a speech as rapturously received as that to the farmers. It was to the effect, that all the old privileges of wandering in the grove, and angling, and boating on the river were restored. The inn was already rebuilt in a handsome Elizabethan style, larger than

before, and to prevent it ever becoming a fane of intemperance, he had there posted as landlord, he hoped for many years to come, his old friend and benefactor, William Watson. William Watson should protect the inn from riot, and they themselves the groves and river banks from injury.

Long and loud were the applauses which this announcement occasioned. The young people turned out upon the green for a dance, and in the evening, after an excellent tea — the whole company descended the river to Stockington in boats and barges decorated with boughs and flowers, and singing a song made by William Watson for the occasion, called “The Health of Sir Simon, last and first of his Line!”

Years have rolled on. The groves and river banks and islands of Rockville are still greatly frequented, but are never known to be injured: poachers are never known there, for four reasons. — First, nobody would like to annoy the good Sir Simon; secondly, game is not very numerous there; thirdly, there is no fun in killing it, where there is no resistance; and fourthly, it is vastly more abundant in other proprietors’ demesnes, and *it is* fun to kill it there, where it is jealously watched, and there is a chance of a good spree with the keepers.

And with what different feelings does the good Sir Simon look down from his lofty eyrie, over the princely expanse of meadows, and over the glittering river, and

over the stately woods to where Great Stockington still stretches farther and farther its red brick walls, its red-tiled roofs, and its tall smoke-vomiting chimneys. There he sees no haunts of crowded enemies to himself or any man. No upstarts, no envious opponents, but a vast family of human beings, all toiling for the good of their families and their country. All advancing, some faster, some slower, to a better education, a better social condition, a better conception of the principles of art and commerce, and a clearer recognition of their rights and their duties, and a more cheering faith in the upward tendency of humanity.

Looking on this interesting scene from his distant and quiet home, Sir Simon sees what blessings flow — and how deeply he feels them in his own case — from a free circulation, not only of trade, but of human relations. How this corrects the mischiefs, moral and physical, of false systems and rusty prejudices; — and he ponders on schemes of no ordinary beauty and beneficence yet to reach his beloved town through them. He sees lecture halls and academies, means of sanitary purification, and delicious recreation, in which baths, wash-houses, and airy homes figure largely: while public walks extend all round the great industrial hive, including wood, hills, meadow, and river in their circuit of many miles. There he lived and laboured; there live and labour his sons: and there he

trusts his family will continue to live and labour to all future generations: never retiring to the fatal indolence of wealth, but aiding onwards its active and ever-expanding beneficence.

Long may the good Sir Simon live and labour to realise these views. But already in a green corner of the pleasant churchyard of Rockville may be read this inscription on a marble headstone: — “Sacred to the Memory of Jane Deg, the mother of Sir Simon Degge, Bart., of Rockville. This stone is erected in honour of the best of Mothers by the most grateful of sons.”

TWO LETTERS FROM AUSTRALIA.

CORRESPONDENTS, to whom emigration is a subject of vital importance — inasmuch as they appear to be resolved to leave kindred and home for “pastures new” — have written to us, with a hope that we will continue to give, as we have done hitherto, the dark as well as the light side of the Colonial picture. Not a few of the dangers and privations of Australian life we have already laid before them. We now are enabled to furnish some idea of how new localities are colonised, by such enterprising pioneers as the author of the letters from which we take the following extracts.

It must be remarked, that the perils he describes were self-

sought, and are by no means incidental to the career of an ordinary emigrant. His adventures occurred beyond the limits of the colony as defined by the British Government which, it would appear, he was in some degree instrumental in extending.

We give the "round unvarnished tale" precisely as we received it, and as it was communicated by the author to a relative in Cheshire: —

When we separated from our partner, Mr. W., it became necessary to look for stations outside the limits of the colony, for the only station we then possessed was much too small for our stock. R. and I first took the stock up to the station on the Murray, and having heard that a fine district of country had just been discovered on the Edward, we followed it down and discovered our present runs, and, I must say, they are equal — for grazing purposes, at least — to anything I have seen in the colony. It was necessary that one of us should remain at our station on the Murray, and R. very kindly gave me the option of either remaining or going down the Edward. I preferred going and forming new stations on the Edward, while he agreed to continue where he was, which indeed he preferred. I therefore lost no time in removing the stock before the winter rains should set in, and the waters rise to an unnatural height, which the rivers down here invariably do at this period of the year, overflowing their banks, in places, for miles. It was too late, — for just as we started it commenced raining, and continued, without ceasing, for a month. It was with the greatest difficulty we got down, as, from continued exposure to wet, and what with driving the cattle by day and watching them by night, we were, as you may suppose, so completely fagged, as to be almost "*hors de service*." But there is an end to everything, — in this world at least, — and so there was to our journey. It excited in me at the time, I well recollect, strange and indescribable sensations, as I rode over the runs, exploring the different nooks and crannies all so lonely and still, with not a sound to be heard, save now and then the wild shriek of the native Companion (a large bird), or the howl of the native dog, or the still more thrilling yell of the black native, announcing to others the arrival of white men.

We were now about fifty miles from any other white habitation, about six hundred from Sydney, and two hundred from Melbourne. The country down here is almost a dead level, — not a single hill to be seen, unless you choose to honour with the name a few miserable mounds of sand which rise to an elevation of some twenty or thirty feet. The plains are very extensive; there is one which extends from our door right across to the Murrumbidgee, a distance of sixty-five miles, with scarcely a tree on it.

The Murray — of which the

Edward is a branch — takes its rise in the Australian Alps, and is supplied by springs and snow from these. Some of the highest mountains of this range retain perpetual snow on their summits, but on the lesser ones it melts about the beginning of spring, causing great floods in the Murray and Edward, and our runs, being particularly low, are flooded from one to three miles on either side of the river. It is necessary to state this, to enable you to understand the "secrets I am about to unfold." We had built one hut on the south side (ycleped Barratta), but before we could get one up on the south side (Wirrai), the floods came, and I was obliged to substitute a bark one instead. I divided the cattle into two herds, and put a steady stock-keeper, along with a hut-keeper, in charge of one herd on the Wirrai station, while I, with a hut-keeper and another man (we were only five altogether) looked after the other on this side. We were badly supplied with arms and ammunition, and by no means prepared to fight a strong battle should the Blacks be inclined for mischief. The natives did not show up at the huts for two or three weeks after our arrival, but kept reconnoitring at a distance, and we could sometimes see them gliding stealthily among the trees not far off us. By degrees, two or three of them came up and made friends, and then more and more, until we had seen from forty to fifty of them, but it was remarkable that only old men, boys, and

women showed themselves, and none of the warriors. Although I had heard that kindness was of no avail, I never could be brought to believe it, and determined, therefore, to do all in my power to propitiate them by trifling gifts, kind treatment, and avoiding everything that could hurt their feelings. It was of no use; no kindness — nothing, in fact — will teach them the law of *meum* and *tuum* but the white man's gun and his superior courage. We had been down about three months, the waters were at their highest, and our huts on both sides of the river were surrounded by water, through which we had to wade every morning to look after the cattle. I was obliged to put the huts within hearing of gunshot, on account of mutual protection, for what, after all, are two or three men alone, without a chance of assistance, against a body of two or three hundred black warriors, painted and armed, as I have seen them, in all the panoply of savage warfare.

We had not seen a single Black for nearly six weeks, for, as I afterwards learned, they had all gone over to a station on the Murray, about fifty miles from us, where they succeeded in driving the whites out after killing one man, and from three to four hundred head of cattle, without the slightest check or resistance; and having brought their work to a conclusion there, and emboldened by the success of their expedition, they now turned their eyes towards us, and

gathering both numbers and courage, came pouring down on our devoted station. We had heard nothing of these depredations then, and were therefore quite unprepared for them. One day about twenty Blacks come up to the huts for the purpose, I suppose, of reconnoitring the nakedness of the land, and we killed for them a bullock, thinking thereby to propitiate them. In this, however, I was most woefully mistaken, for before they had half finished it, they went among the cattle on both sides of the river, and by next morning there was not a single head left within forty miles, with the exception of a few they had killed at either station. The Wirrai stock-keeper went on the tracks of his herd, and I followed those of mine, and by a week's time we had recovered the greatest part of both, but there were spears sticking in the sides of many of them, which wanton piece of cruelty occasioned several deaths in a short time. Not being strong enough to punish the Blacks, and unwilling to begin a quarrel which might cause loss of life perhaps on both sides, and still hoping that they would cease their depredations, I contented myself with giving them to understand that, if they attempted in future to touch either man or beast among us, they should be severely punished; they said it was not them but some *Wild Blacks*, an excuse they always make when they steal. In a fortnight afterwards, however, they acted the same play over again; and again we had the same trouble in recovering the cattle. They did not show after this except at a respectable distance, when it would be with a flourish of spears, or a wave of their tomahawks, accompanied with gesticulations of anything but a friendly character. Still I did not believe that they would attempt our lives, until I very nearly paid with mine the forfeit of my incredulity. I should mention that the communication with the Wirrai station was, at this time, carried on by means of bark canoes, which we paddled with long poles; the distance by water was about three miles, and by land straight across, a mile and a half.

One day I had gone over to Wirrai in a canoe, to see how the stockman was getting on, and on my return was humming a tune and thinking of you, dear William (for I was humming your old favourite "Flow on, thou shining River"), when I fancied I heard a slight noise: I stopped and listened, but could hear nothing; I went a little further and heard it again; I stopped again and peered about the bank, when suddenly about twenty Blacks sprung up from behind trees, and reeds, and long grass, only one of whom I had ever seen before; I was about fifty yards from the nearest of them, and just at the entrance of a creek about ten yards wide, lined on both sides with thick reeds. When they first appeared they did not show any weapons, and spoke in a friendly strain; "Budgery Master

always gibe bullock along in Black fellow," asked if I wanted any fish? As I had a good double-barrel gun on my knees I did not so much care about them, but not exactly liking their appearance I stopped at about thirty yards. The Blacks by this time were jabbering to more down the creek, and I could see that the one side was lined with them. Seeing that I would not come any nearer, they suddenly picked up their spears and altered their tone, and began calling all sorts of names, and threatened to break my head with their "Nella nellas" (clubs). Quick as lightning they shipped their spears, but not quicker than I levelled my gun; the instant they saw which (they have a great respect for powder,) they betook themselves behind trees, and, in truth, I thought it best to follow their example; so, keeping the gun to my shoulder the while, I began as well as I could to paddle the canoe with one hand; perceiving my object, they stood out to thwart it, and I knowing that if they sent their spears, though none of them should hit me, they must inevitably shiver the canoe to pieces, determined to get on terra firma as quickly as possible, the water being only knee deep. In stepping out I unfortunately got into a stump-hole, and the next moment was soused overhead and ears in water! This was decidedly unpleasant, and for the first time a thrill of fear came over me; however, I jumped up again, and having been very particular in load-

ing my gun, I thought it might still go off. By this time the Blacks had gathered in great numbers on the other side of the creek and were pressing on in a body; seeing this I now levelled my piece, and took as deliberate an aim as I could at the foremost of them (a huge brute, for whose capture a hundred pounds reward had been offered by Government for a murder committed by him on the Murrumbidgee), but the gun hung fire and the ball dropped into the water. Finding that there was no dependence to be placed in the gun, the only course left me was to retreat, and to attempt this I now resolved; taking courage at this, a number of them jumped into the water, again I faced them, and again they took to trees — are they not rank cowards? I was beginning to think that my only chance was to take to my legs — which indeed would have been almost certain death — when at this crisis I was, as you may imagine, agreeably surprised by the welcome "Halloo" of the stockman and hut-keeper, who, having heard the report of the gun and the yells of the savages, knew that something was up, and arrived at the nick of time to my rescue. After giving me some dry ammunition we made a rush after them, but could not overtake the black legs which were now plying at a particularly nimble rate, and which they especially do when getting out of the reach of a gun. This was the first attempt they had made on any of our lives, and

their manœuvres showed that they were under the impression that, if they could "*do for*" the master, they might easily finish the men. But I made it a rule that never less than two were to go out on foot or in canoes, and with never less than twenty rounds of ball cartridge. We did not see anything of the Blacks for a fortnight after this, during which interval, as they afterwards told us, they were preparing for a grand attack on the Wirrai station.

About two hours before sundown the following day the stockman went out, as usual, to see that the cattle were safe. The Wirrai hut, I should mention, was at this time on a kind of island about a mile and a half in diameter, formed by the Wirrai Lagoon and a deep creek, — so that the cattle were feeding almost within sight of the hut. All was quiet; the cattle did not seem to betray any symptoms of fear, which they generally will do when the Blacks are near. He had not returned more than half an hour, when we saw the poor beasts coming rushing towards the hut — as if for protection — as hard as they could lay legs to the ground. On going among them, we found many with spears sticking in their bodies. We immediately mounted horses — (I bareback, as I had left my saddle at Barratta) — and galloped as hard as we could in the direction the cattle had come from for about a mile, when, not seeing anything, we stopped and listened. There was a small, dense shrub before us, and, as we approached it, the awful yell that greeted our ears I shall not forget in a hurry. You can have no idea of the effect it has on one unaccustomed to the sound, for it is like nothing earthly that I can compare it to, but more like what one might imagine a lot of fiends would set up while performing their jubilee over the soul of some defunct mortal lately arrived at the "prison-house." We galloped through the shrub. Before us was a space bounded by two creeks, forming at their junction an angle on the plain beyond. Arranged in a semicircle in this space were some two hundred warriors, painted and armed, and drawn up in battle array. Between us and them four or five bullocks were writhing in their death agony, while the other side of the creek, beyond the warriors, was black with old men, women, and children looking on, and yelling at a most fearful rate. We galloped within gunshot, and I then ordered the stockman to fire on them — (I had no gun myself, and had enough to do to sit the young spirited horse I was on), but he refused, saying that my horse would be sure to throw me, and that nothing then could save me from certain death. By this time the Blacks were trying to surround us, so as to hem us in between themselves and the creek, and cut off our retreat to the hut where we had left the hut-keeper in charge, and we soon found it necessary to put our horses into a gallop — they following at our heels — in order to get there in

time enough to prepare for a defence. It was their intention, as they afterwards kindly informed us, to have killed every man jack of us. We had just got everything ready, when on they came yelling like so many fiends. We stood out from the hut awaiting their onset. Although the odds against us, as regarded numbers, was fearful, I was confident that if we could only make sure of three or four of the foremost of them, it would go far to intimidate the rest; so, as soon as they came within range of our guns, we gave them three rounds, which, however, only wounded one of them; still it made the others check their paces and hesitate awhile, seeing especially that we were determined to sell our lives dearly at this crisis; they betook themselves behind trees, protected by which they crept nearer and nearer to us, we taking every opportunity of firing, but with small effect. It being now nearly dark, we were obliged to take to the hut, and defend ourselves there as best we could. When inside, they threw a great many spears through the tarpaulin, very fortunately with no other effect than that of one of them just grazing my head. This kind of siege was carried on about four hours, we firing a shot now and then when we thought we could perceive the dim outline of one of them gliding through the dark, and they sending an occasional spear, and giving a yell. What we most feared was their making an attempt to set the hut on fire, for if successful in this

(and the day having been very warm, our tarpaulin would have burned like so much paper) it would have been all up with us.

We had almost given up all hopes of life, and a sort of stubborn, dogged desperation seized me such as I never before felt, and such as I trust I never may again feel. We were reduced to nearly a dozen rounds of ammunition which we resolved to save for the rush. About midnight I was horribly startled by the stock-keeper announcing that on his side of the hut (we each of us guarded one side) he thought he could distinguish a fire-stick at some distance, and, on looking, we could plainly perceive it approaching nearer and nearer, until it came within what we considered safe gunshot, when I told the stockman, who was the best shot, to take good aim. He fired, and the fire-stick dropped on the ground. A good deal of yelling followed, but they did not again venture to show fire.

Everything after an hour remained quiet; the cattle had long since been rushed off the island, and the Blacks, we supposed, had gone to rest, preparatory to an attack at daybreak. Towards dawn, being faint and weak through anxiety and fasting, — for we had had nothing for twenty-four hours, — we determined on having some tea; but before it could be got ready we again heard the Blacks yelling most furiously. The stockman and hut-keeper thereupon gave it as their opinion, that

our only hope of escape was in immediately quitting the hut, and attempting, if possible, to get across to Barratta; so, instantly decamping, we crossed the lagoon in a canoe, which we then dragged across a few hundred yards of land to the river. This we also quickly crossed. Just as we reached the Barratta bank, we heard a most awful hullabaloo at Wirrai, in which noises our friends the Blacks were giving vent to their feelings of disgust and disappointment at not finding us at home. Before they could overtake us, we were safe at Barratta. "To be continued in our next," as the Editors of periodicals often say.

In a Second Letter the Narrative is resumed.

I could see plainly depicted in the faces of the two men who were in charge of the Barratta station, a considerable degree of suspicion as to the extent of our courage in the Wirrai affair. They were both plucky men, but their notions underwent a great change the next day. The day we escaped, we heard nothing more of the natives, except now and then their distant yells; so I sent up a man on horseback to the next station for assistance, to help us to find and recover the cattle. But the superintendent either would not or could not give us any, although all his servants, to a man, volunteered to go. I was obliged, therefore, to allow my four men to proceed alone. I think I mentioned that I

had burned my foot very severely, and by this time, from the work I had had to undergo, I was in great agony from it. But I offered the men, if any one of them objected to it, he could remain in the hut, and I would go in his place. They all, however, readily agreed to go, for, in truth, remaining behind was by far the most dangerous post, inasmuch as the Blacks, from their numbers, could easily circumvent the men, or keep them at bay, while they attacked the hut, and I could have done little myself, in the way of defence, with only an old lockless piece, to discharge which it was necessary to use a fire-stick. Before they left, the stockman took me aside, and, with much kindness, implored me earnestly, for my own safety, to take a horse, and stop out on the plain. He told me, at the same time, that he did not expect to come back alive; "but," said he, "it does not matter a straw what becomes of us, for not one of us would be missed." This disinterestedness struck me not a little, as showing a high trait of fine feeling, coming as it did from an old convict who had been transported for life, and had once been condemned to be hanged. However, I resolved to take my chance in the hut, and very glad I was that I did so afterwards, as I should have looked very foolish, when my men returned, seated on a horse, and ready to make a bolt. I had waited about an hour with my old gun and fire-stick in hand, without hearing a sound to break the horrid

stillness which seemed at that particular time to reign paramount around me, when a distant volley of gunshot burst upon my ear, and then a faint volley of yells. In a short time the sounds were repeated; again and again, but nearer and nearer, and more and more distinct, a shot or two at a time, with horrible yells filling up the interlude until I could distinguish my men retreating with an immense semicircle of natives trying to encompass them and cut them off from the hut. My men retreated to the water's edge in capital order, and then faced round to the enemy, for it would have been sure death to have attempted to cross in the face of so many of the foe. After a good deal of skirmishing at this point, a very old Black took a green bough, and standing a little out from the rest, made a long harangue to the white men in his own language, which of course was just so much Hebrew to them; but being anxious for a truce they ceased firing. Another Black who could talk a little English now came forward, and after a good deal of jabber, concluded a peace, one condition of which was that they were to give up everything they had taken from the Wirrai hut. Of course we well knew, or at least fully expected, that this treaty was all hollow on their side, and like lovers' vows, made only to be broken; but the truth was, we were glad enough to get a little respite even though for ever so short a time. After restoring most

of the things they had stolen, the Blacks drew off in a body to the other side of the river.

The stockman informed me, that, when they started on their search, they first crossed the river, and then made away over to the Collegian, where they soon espied a few Blacks, apparently reconnoitring, who, when they perceived the white men, made signals to other Blacks beyond them, and who, in like manner, signalled others still further away: presently they saw slowly approaching them a dense black body which the two men who had not been at Wirrai the day before took to be the cattle they were in search of, but which the more experienced stockman at once declared to be a vast body of the Blacks. The two men at first laughed at this idea as a good joke, but were soon confirmed as to its correctness, when they changed their tone, and began to think it high time to return. On, however, they came in a dense body, and when nearly within gunshot, spread themselves out, or deployed — as our military brother would I suppose call it — and pressing on in a large semicircle, endeavoured so to manœuvre, as to cut off the escape of the retreating *army* in the direction of the hut as before related.

The truce, as we had anticipated, proved a very short one, as you will presently see. The day following the above incidents, I sent the stockman and another, to see after the surviving cattle which our black friends informed us had

got out of the island and gone across the country to the Murray, which was true. The men had been gone about three hours, when about a hundred of the warriors came up to the hut — without their spears, but with plenty of tomahawks — pretending to be good friends. I told the two men who were working outside, to keep a sharp lookout, as I suspected their friendship was not of that description I most coveted or admired; and being myself scarcely able to move, I sat down in a corner of the hut by a table, with a gun close by me, a brace of pistols in my belt, and another on the table. I told the Blacks to keep outside the hut; but they, gradually edging their way in, soon nearly filled it: and seeing that there was no chance of keeping them out, except by proceeding to extremities, I contented myself with watching their motions with all the coolness I could command. They began talking very quietly at first, and I noticed the gentleman I mentioned who could talk a little English, edging by little and little towards me, sometimes talking to his companions and sometimes addressing me. I pretended not to notice him particularly, though at the same time — without looking directly at him — I could see his eyes rolling from the direction of mine to the fire-arms like a revolving lamp. Soon the jabbering became louder and louder (they were talking themselves into a rage), and I thought I could hear the names of some of those who had fallen, made

use of. All the while the above-mentioned black fellow was shuffling closer and closer to me, until I' faith I thought it was high time to act my part in the scene, or give up all thoughts of life. With all the calmness I was master of, I took up a pistol from the table, and taking my English friend by the arm, pointed it at his head, and told him to order all his companions to quit the hut; he shook like an aspen leaf, and turned as white as a Black well can, and ordered them to go out, which they immediately did without a word; I then led him after them, and bade them leave the place, and return to their camp, which they likewise did.

I look upon that as about the narrowest escape I ever had; for the Blacks have since told me that they were on the point of making a rush upon us, when it was providentially stopped by the timely proceeding mentioned. Had they done so, nothing of course could have saved us. Next day three or four hundred of them passed the hut in dead silence; and not one of them called. They were all fully armed and painted with red ochre (their uniform for war), and I conjectured they were up to some mischief, but what I could not tell.

In about a week we again had the pleasure of seeing them coming in great numbers, and camping in an island about a mile off. From certain signs which experience had taught us, we were well assured that they intended making a grand attack upon our hut. I had no one

living at Wirrai then; and as there were only four of us at Barratta, viz., H., (who had just arrived), myself and two men, (the two who had been sent after the cattle, were still away,) and wishing to give the Blacks a severe lesson, we sent to the next station for as many men as they could spare.

The man we sent had only just reached the station, when the Commissioner of the district chanced also to arrive there. Now the Commissioner in those days was a man of great authority; in fact, altogether more like a little king, than any less lordly personage: so, instead of coming down himself with his police to our assistance, he allowed the superintendant to send six of his men, while he himself remained where he was "*otium cum.*" for in truth the old fellow — to say nothing of his love of ease, was of old Falstaff's opinion touching the advisable predominance of a certain quality in the exercise of valour. The men arrived in great silence at midnight, and the Blacks fortunately knew nothing of their arrival; for if they had, they would have deferred their attack until a more seasonable opportunity when we were not so well prepared for their reception.

Daylight came, and in the distance we could see their dusky figures crossing the lagoon to one side. They had only three canoes, so that it was a considerable time before all were landed. They then gathered together in a clump in dead silence, and held a council

of war, thinking themselves unobserved all the time. At sunrise they slowly approached, and only those of us whom they expected to see showed out to them, and without arms; they appeared to have no other arms than their tomahawks; but every man of them was dragging a large jagged spear with their toes through the long grass. When, by the way, one of these spears enters a man's body, it is impossible to get it out again, except by cutting the flesh all round it, or pushing it right through to the other side. As they advanced nearer, they spoke, and continued talking to us all the time in the most friendly strains, until within about twenty yards; when just as they (at a signal given by one of them) were stooping to pick up their spears to make a rush, the men in the hut let drive through loopholes right among them; and we all made a simultaneous rush, and put them to rout in a manner that would have given the Old Duke intense satisfaction had he been looking on. How many fell, I cannot say, as they always try to drag their dead from the field, and all around us, except on the water-side, was long grass and reeds; two were left dead, and these we buried.

To detail all the skirmishes and the Parthian description of fighting with the Blacks for the eighteen months which ensued, would only weary you. Where, little more than three years ago, ours was the only station in this direction, being five miles beyond any other, there

are now stations formed a hundred miles below us, and even ladies grace the river forty miles down, one of them married to an old school-fellow of ours, viz., Brougham, nephew of Lord Brougham. Among other diversions, I have been employing myself in making a flower-garden, for independently of my love of flowers, I think their contemplation, and engagement in their cultivation, has a humanising, or, if you will, a civilising effect on the mind, such as I can assure you we require in the Bush.

SUPPOSING.

SUPPOSING a Royal Duke were to die. Which is not a great stretch of supposition,

For golden lads and lasses must,
Like chimney-sweepers, come to dust:

Supposing he had been a good old Duke with a thoroughly kind heart, and a generous nature, always influenced by a sincere desire to do right, and always doing it, like a man and a gentleman, to the best of his ability:

And supposing, this Royal Duke left a son, against whom there was no imputation or reproach, but of whom all men were disposed to think well, and had no right or reason to think otherwise:

And supposing, this Royal Duke, though possessed of a very handsome income in his life-time, had not made provision for this son; and a rather accommodating Government (in such matters) were to make provision for him, at the expense of the public, on a

scale wholly unsuited to the nature of the public burdens, past, present, and prospective, and bearing no proportion to any kind of public reward, for any sort of public service:

I wonder whether the country could then, with any justice, complain, that the Royal Duke had not himself provided for his son, instead of leaving his son a charge upon the people!

I should think the question would depend upon this: — Whether the country had ever given the good Duke to understand, that it, in the least degree, expected him to provide for his son. If it never did anything of the sort, but always conveyed to him, in every possible way, the rapturous assurance that there was a certain amount of troublesome Hotel business to be done, which nobody but a Royal Duke could by any possibility do, or the business would lose its grace and flavour, then, I should say, the good Duke aforesaid might reasonably suppose that he made sufficient provision for his son, in leaving him the Hotel business; and that the country would be a very unreasonable country, if it made any complaint.

Supposing the country *did* complain, though, after all. I wonder what it would still say, in Committee, Sub Committee, Charitable Association, and List of Stewards, if any ungentle person were to propose ignoble chairmen!

Because I should like the country to be consistent.

THE RAILWAY WONDERS OF 1849.

THE unblushing individual who inflated the first bubble prospectus in the early days of Railway scheming must regard, if he be still in existence (and we have good reason to believe that he lives, a prosperous gentleman), with superlative amazement the last Report of Her Majesty's Railway Commissioners.

When in his dazzling document the preposterous "promoter" certified the forthcoming goods transit at six times the amount his most sanguine "traffic-taker" could conscientiously compute; when he quadrupled the boldest calculations of the expected number of passengers — when, in short, he projected his prognostics beyond the widest bounds of probability, and then added a few cyphers at the end of each sum, to make "round numbers" — he was not so mad as to believe that he lied in the least like truth. Mad as he was *not*, he never could have supposed that an after-time would come when his lying prospectus would be pronounced as far short of, as his mendacious imagination endeavoured to make it exceed, the Truth. But that time has arrived.

Let us suppose a friend of his, a far-seeing prophet, reading a proof of the pet prospectus by the aid of magnifying glasses; let us figure the statistical foreteller of future events assuring its author that, twenty years thence, his im-

measurable exaggerations would be out-exaggerated by what should actually come to pass; that his brazen bait to catch share-jobbers would shrink — when placed beside the Railway records of eighteen-hundred-and-forty-nine — into a puny, minimised, under-statement. How he would have laughed! How immediately his mind would have reverted from the sanguine seer to the terminus of flighty intellects known as Bedlam. With what remarkable unction he would have said, "Phoo! Phoo! My good fellow, you must be lapsing into lunacy. What! Do you mean to say I have not laid it on thick enough? Why, look here!" and he turns to the latest of the Stamp Office stage-coach returns: "Do you mean to tell me — now that coach travelling has arrived at perfection, and that the wonderful average of coach passengers is six millions a year — that, instead of quadrupling the number of travellers who are likely to use my line, I ought to multiply them by a hundred? Why, you may as well try to persuade me that I ought to promise for our locomotives twenty, instead of fifteen, miles an hour; which — Heaven forgive me — I have had the courage to set down. Stuff! If I were to romance at that rate, we should not sell a share."

And our would-be Major Longbow would have had reason for the faith that was in him. In his highest flights he dared not exceed too violently the statistics of G. R. Porter, or have added too

high a premium on the expectations of George Stephenson. The former calculated that up to the end of 1834, when not a hundred miles of Railway were open, the annual average of persons who travelled by coach was about two millions, each going over one hundred and eighty miles of ground in the year.* Supposing each individual performed that distance in three journeys, the whole number of *persons* must have multiplied themselves into six millions of *passengers*. As to speed, Mr. George Stephenson said at a dinner-party given to him at Newcastle in 1844, that when he planned the Liverpool and Manchester line, the directors entreated him, when they went to Parliament, not to talk of going at a faster rate than ten miles an hour, or he "would put a cross upon the concern." Mr. George Stephenson *did* talk of fifteen miles an hour, and some of the Committee asked if he were not mad! Mr. Nicholas Wood delivered himself in a pamphlet as follows:—"It is far from my wish to promulgate to the world that the ridiculous expectations, or rather *professions*, of the *enthusiastic speculatist* will be realised, and that we shall see engines travelling at the rate of twelve, sixteen, eighteen, twenty miles an hour. Nothing could do more harm towards their general adoption and improvement than the promulgation of such NONSENSE!"

* "Porter's Progress of the Nation," vol. ii. p. 22.

It would seem, then, that the Longbow of the aboriginal prospectuses was actually modest in his estimate as to passengers and speed. But only a few years must have made him utterly ashamed of his moderation and modesty. How disgusted he must have felt with his timid prolusions, even when 1843 arrived. For that year revealed travellers' tales that exceeded his early romances by what Major Longbow himself would have called "an everlasting long chalk." Within that year, seventy railroads, constructed at an outlay of sixty millions sterling, conveyed twenty-five millions of passengers three hundred and thirty millions of miles, at an average cost of one penny and three quarters per mile, and an average speed of twenty-four miles per hour, with but one fatal accident.

But if our parent of railway proprietors were astonished at what happened in 1843, with what inconceivable amazement he must peruse the details of 1849! We should like to see the expression of his countenance while conning the report of Her Majesty's Commissioners of Railways for last year. At the end of every sentence he would be sure to exclaim, "Who *would* have thought it?"

From this unimpeachable record of scarcely credible statistics, it appears that at the end of 1849 there were, in Great Britain and Ireland, five thousand five hundred and ninety-six miles of railway in active operation; upwards of four

thousand five hundred and fifty-six of which are in England, eight hundred and forty-six in Scotland, and four hundred and ninety-four in Ireland. Besides this, the number of miles which have been authorised by Parliament, and still remain to be finished is six thousand and thirty; so that, if all the lines were completed, the three kingdoms would be intersected by a net-work of railroad measuring twelve thousand miles: but of this there is only a remote probability, the number of miles in course of active construction being no more than one thousand five hundred, so that by the end of the present year (1850) it is calculated that the length of finished and operative railway may be about seven thousand four hundred miles, or as many as lie between Great Britain and the Cape of Good Hope, with a thousand miles to spare. The number of persons employed on the 30th of June, 1849, in the operative railways was fifty-four thousand; on the unopened lines, one hundred and four thousand.

When the schemer of the infancy of the giant railway system turns to the passenger-account for the year 1849, he declares he is fairly "knocked over." He finds that the railway passengers are put down at *sixty-three million eight hundred thousand*; nearly three times the number returned for 1843, and *a hundred times* as many as took to the road in the days of stage-coaches. The passengers of 1849, actually double the sum

of the entire population of the three kingdoms.

The statement of capital which the six thousand miles now being hourly travelled over represents, will require the reader to draw a long breath; — it is one hundred and ninety-seven and a-half millions of pounds sterling. Add to this the cash being disbursed for the lines in progress, the total rises to two hundred and twenty millions! The average cost of each mile of railway, including engines, carriages, stations, &c., (technically called "plant,") is thirty-three thousand pounds.

Has this outlay proved remunerative? The Commissioners tell us, that the gross receipts from all the railways in 1849 amounted to eleven millions, eight hundred and six thousand pounds; from which, if the working expenses be deducted at the rate of forty-three per cent. (being about an average taken from the published statements of a number of the principal companies), there remains a net available profit of about six millions seven hundred and twenty-nine thousand four hundred and twenty pounds to remunerate the holders of property to the amount of one hundred and ninety-seven millions and a-half; or at the rate, within a fraction, of three and a-half per cent. Here our parent of railway prospectuses chuckles. *He* promised twenty per cent per annum.

In short, in everything except the dividends, our scheming friend finds that recent fact has out-

stripped his early fictions. He told the nervous old ladies and shaky "half-pays" on his projected line, that Railways were quite as safe as stage-coaches. What say the grave records of 1849? The lives of five passengers were lost during that year and those by one accident—a cause, of course, beyond the control of the victims; eighteen more casualties took place, for which the sufferers had themselves alone to blame. Five lives lost by official mismanagement, out of sixty-four millions of risks, is no very outrageous proportion; especially when we reflect that, taking as a basis the calculations of 1843, the number of miles travelled over per rail during last year, may be set down at eight hundred and forty-five millions; or *nine times the distance between the earth and the sun.*

Such are the Railway wonders of the year of grace, one thousand eight hundred and forty-nine.

THE WATER-DROPS.

A Fairy Tale.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

The Suitors of Cirrha, and the young Lady; with a reference to her Papa.

FAR in the west there is a land mountainous, and bright of hue, wherein the rivers run with liquid light; the soil is all of yellow gold; the grass and foliage are of resplendent crimson; where the atmosphere is partly of a soft green tint, and partly azure. Sometimes on summer evenings

we see this land, and then, because our ignorance must refer all things that we see, to something that we know, we say it is a mass of clouds made beautiful by sunset colours. We account for it by principles of Meteorology. The fact has been omitted from the works of Kaemtz or Daniell; but, notwithstanding this neglect, it is well known in many nurseries, that the bright land we speak of, is a world inhabited by fairies. Few among fairies take more interest in man's affairs than the good Cloud Country People; this truth is established by the story I am now about to tell.

Not long ago there were great revels held one evening in the palace of King Cumulus, the monarch of the western country. Cirrha, the daughter of the king, was to elect her future husband from a multitude of suitors. Cirrha was a maiden delicate and pure, with a skin white as unfallen snow; but colder than the snow her heart had seemed to all who sought for her affections. When Cirrha floated gracefully and slowly through her father's hall, many a little cloud would start up presently to tread where she had trodden. The winds also pursued her; and even men looked up admiringly whenever she stepped forth into their sky. To be sure they called her Mackerel and Cat's Tail, just as they call her father Ball of Cotton; for the race of man is a coarse race, and calling bad names appears to be a great part of its business here below.

Before the revels were concluded, the King ordered a quiet little wind to run among the guests, and bid them all come close to him and to his daughter. Then he spoke to them as follows:—

“Worthy friends! there are among you many suitors to my daughter Cirrha, who is pledged this evening to choose a husband. She bids me tell you that she loves you all; but since it is desirable that this our royal house be strengthened by a fit alliance with some foreign power, she has resolved to take as husband one of those guests who have come hither from the principality of Nimbus.” Now, Nimbus is that country, not seldom visible from some parts of our earth, which we have called the Rain-Cloud. “The subjects of the Prince of Nimbus,” Cumulus continued, “are a dark race, it is true, but they are famed for their beneficence.”

Two winds, at this point, raised between themselves a great disturbance, so that there arose a universal cry that somebody should turn them out. With much trouble they were driven out from the assembly; thereupon, quite mad with jealousy and disappointment, they went howling off to sea, where they played pool-billiards with a fleet of ships, and so forgot their sorrow.

King Cumulus resumed his speech, and said that he was addressing himself, now, especially to those of his good friends who came from Nimbus. “To-night, let them retire to rest, and early

the next morning let each of them go down to Earth; whichever of them should be found on their return to have been engaged below in the most useful service to the race of man, that son of Nimbus should be Cirrha’s husband.”

Cumulus, having said this, put a white nightcap on his head, which was the signal for a general retirement. The golden ground of his dominions was covered for the night, as well as the crimson trees, with cotton. So the whole kingdom was put properly to bed. Late in the night the moon got up, and threw over King Cumulus a silver counterpane.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

The Adventures of Nebulus and Nubis.

THE suitors of the Princess Cirrha, who returned to Nimbus, were a-foot quite early the next morning, and petitioned their good-natured Prince to waft them over London. They had agreed among themselves, that by descending there, where men were densely congregated, they should have a greater chance of doing service to the human race. Therefore the Rain-Cloud floated over the great City of the World, and, as it passed at sundry points, the suitors came down upon rain-drops to perform their destined labour. Where each might happen to alight depended almost wholly upon accident; so that their adventures were but little better than a lottery for Cirrha’s hand. One, who had been the most magniloquent among them all, fell with his pride

upon the patched umbrella of an early-breakfast woman, and from thence was shaken off into a puddle. He was splashed up presently, mingled with soil, upon the corduroys of a labourer, who stopped for breakfast on his way to work. From thence, evaporating, he returned crest-fallen to the Land of Clouds.

Among the suitors there were two kind-hearted fairies, Nebulus and Nubis, closely bound by friendship to each other. While they were in conversation, Nebulus, who suddenly observed that they were passing over some unhappy region, dropped, with a hope that he might bless it. Nubis passed on, and presently alighted on the surface of the Thames.

The district which had wounded the kind heart of Nebulus was in a part of Bermondsey, called Jacob's Island. The fairy fell into a ditch; out of this, however, he was taken by a woman, who carried him to her own home, among other ditch-water, within a pail. Nebulus abandoned himself to complete despair, for what claim could he now establish on the hand of Cirrha? The miserable plight of the poor fairy we may gather from a description given by a son of man of the sad place to which he had descended. "In this Island may be seen, at any time of the day, women dipping water, with pails attached by ropes to the backs of the houses, from a foul fetid ditch, its banks coated with a compound of mud and filth, and strewn with offal and carrion;

the water to be used for every purpose, culinary ones not excepted; although close to the place whence it is drawn, filth and refuse of various kinds are plentifully showered into it from the outhouses of the wooden houses overhanging its current, or rather slow and sluggish stream; their posts or supporters rotten, decayed, and, in many instances broken and the filth dropping into the water, to be seen by any passer by. During the summer, crowds of boys bathe in the putrid ditches, where they must come in contact with abominations highly injurious."*

So Nebulus was carried in a pail out of the ditch to a poor woman's home, and put into a battered saucepan with some other water. Thence, after boiling, he was poured into an earthen tea-pot over some stuff of wretched flavour, said to be tea. Now, thought the fairy, after all, I may give pleasure at the breakfast of these wretched people. He pictured to himself a scene of love as preface to a day of squalid toil, but he experienced a second disappointment. The woman took him to another room of which the atmosphere was noisome; there he saw that he was destined for the comfort of a man and his two children, prostrate upon the floor beneath a heap of rags. These three were sick; the woman swore at them, and Nebulus shrunk down into the bottom of the tea-pot. Even the thirst of fever could not

* Report of Mr. Bowie on the cause of Cholera in Bermondsey.

tolerate too much of its contents, so Nebulus, after a little time, was carried out and thrown into a heap of filth upon the gutter.

Nubis, in the meantime, had commenced his day with hope of a more fortunate career. On falling first into the Thames he had been much annoyed by various pollutions, and been surprised to find, on kissing a few neighbour drops, that their lips tasted inky. This was caused, they said, by chalk pervading the whole river in the proportion of sixteen grains to the gallon. That was what made their water inky to the taste of those who were accustomed to much purer draughts. "It makes," they explained, "our river-water hard, according to man's phrase; so hard as to entail on multitudes who use it, some disease, with much expense and trouble."

"But all the mud and filth," said Nubis, "surely no man drinks that?"

"No," laughed the River-Drops, "not all of it. Much of the water used in London passes through filters, and a filter suffers no mud or any impurity to pass, except what is dissolved. The chalk is dissolved, and there is filth and putrid gas dissolved."

"That is a bad business," said Nubis, who already felt his own drops exercising that absorbent power for which water is so famous, and incorporating in their substance matters that the Rain-Cloud never knew.

Presently Nubis found himself entangled in a current, by which

he was sucked through a long pipe into a meeting of Water-Drops, all summoned from the Thames. He himself passed through a filter, was received into a reservoir, and, having asked the way of friendly neighbours, worked for himself with small delay a passage through the mainpipe into London.

Bewildered by his long, dark journey underground, Nubis at length saw light, and presently dashed forth out of a tap into a pitcher. He saw that there was fixed under the tap a water-butt, but into this he did not fall. A crowd of women holding pitchers, saucepans, pails, were chattering and screaming over him, and the anxiety of all appeared to be to catch the water as it ran out of the tap, before it came into the tub or cistern. Nubis rejoiced that his good fortune brought him to a district in which it might become his privilege to bless the poor, and his eye sparkled as his mistress, with many rests upon the way, carried her pitcher and a heavy pail upstairs. She placed both vessels, full of water, underneath her bed, and then went out again for more, carrying a basin and a fish-kettle. Nubis pitied the poor creature, heartily wishing that he could have poured out of a tap into the room itself to save the time and labour of his mistress.

The pitcher wherein the good fairy lurked, remained under the bed through the remainder of that day, and during the next night, the room being, for the whole time, closely tenanted. Long before

morning, Nubis felt that his own drops and all the water near him had lost their delightful coolness, and had been busily absorbing smells and vapours from the close apartment. In the morning, when the husband dipped a tea-cup in the pitcher, Nubis readily ran into it, glad to escape from his unwholesome prison. The man putting the water to his lips, found it so warm and repulsive, that, in a pet, he flung it from the window, and it fell into the water-butt beneath.

The water-butt was of the common sort, described thus by a member of the human race: — “Generally speaking, the wood becomes decomposed and covered with fungi; and indeed, I can best describe their condition by terming them filthy.” This water-butt was placed under the same shed with a neglected cesspool, from which the water — ever absorbing — had absorbed pollution. It contained a kitten among other trifles. “How many people have to drink out of this butt?” asked Nubis. “Really I cannot tell you,” said a neighbour Drop. “Once I was in a butt in Bethnal Green, twenty-one inches across, and a foot deep, which was to supply forty-eight families.* People store for themselves, and when they know how dirty these tubs are, they should not use them.” “But the labour of dragging water home, the impossibility of taking home abundance, the pollution of keeping it in dwelling-rooms and under

beds.” “Oh, yes,” said the other Drop; “all very true. Besides, our water is not of a sort to keep. In this tub there is quite a microscopic vegetable garden, so I heard a doctor say who yesterday came hither with a party to inspect the district. One of them said he had a still used only for distilling water, and that one day, by chance, the bottoms of a series of distillations boiled to dryness. Thereupon, the dry mass became heated to the decomposing point, and sent abroad a stench plain to the dullest nose as the peculiar stench of decomposed organic matter. It infected, he said, the produce of many distillations afterwards.”* “I tell you what,” said Nubis, “water may come down into this town innocent enough, but it’s no easy matter for it to remain good among so many causes of corruption. Heigho!” Then he began to dream of Princess Cirrha and the worthy Prince of Nimbus, until he was aroused by a great tumult. It was an uproar caused by drunken men. “Why are those men so?” said Nubis to his friend. “I don’t know,” said the Water-Drop, “but I saw many people in that way last night, and I have seen them so at Bethnal Green.” A woman pulled her husband by, with loud reproaches for his visits to the beer-shop. “Why,” cried the man, with a great oath, “where would you have me go for drink?” Then, with another oath, he kicked the water-butt in passing — “You

* Report of Dr. Gavin.

* Evidence of Mr. J. T. Cooper, Practical Chemist.

would not have me to go there!" All the bystanders laughed approvingly, and Nubis bade adieu to his ambition for the hand of Cirrha.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

Nephelo goes into Polite Society, and then into a Dungeon. — His Escape, Recapture, and his Perilous Ascent into the Sky, surrounded by a Blaze of Fire.

NEPHELO was a light-hearted subject of the Prince of Nimbus. It is he who often floats, when the whole cloud is dark, as a white vapour on the surface. For love of Cirrha, he came down behind a team of rain-drops and leapt into the cistern of a handsome house at the west end of London.

Nephelo found the water in the cistern greatly vexed at riotous behaviour on the part of a large number of animalcules. He was told that Water-Drops had been compelled to come into that place, after undergoing many hardships, and had unavoidably brought with them germs of these annoying creatures. Time and place favouring, nothing could hinder them from coming into life; the cistern was their cradle, although many of them were already anything but babes. Hereupon, Nephelo himself was dashed at by an ugly little fellow like a dragon, but an uglier fellow, who might be a small Saint George, pounced at the dragon, and the heart of the poor fairy was the scene of contest.

After a while, there was an arrival of fresh water from a pipe,

the flow of which stirred up the anger of some decomposing growth which lined the sides and bottom of the cistern. So there was a good deal of confusion caused, and it was some time before all parties settled down into their proper places.

"The sun is very hot," said Nephelo. "We all seem to be getting very warm." "Yes, indeed," said a Lady-Drop; "it's not like the cool Cloud-Country. I have been poisoned in the Thames, half filtered, and made frowsy by standing, this July weather, in an open reservoir. I've travelled in pipes laid too near the surface to be cool, and now am spoiling here. I know if water is not cold it can't be pleasant." "Ah" said an old Drop, with a small eel in one of his eyes; "I don't wonder at hearing tell that men drink wine, and tea, and beer." "Talking of beer," said another, "is it a fact that we're of no use to the brewers? Our character's so bad, they can't rely on us for cooling the worts, and so sink wells, in order to brew all the year round with water cold enough to suit their purposes." "I know nothing of beer," said Nephelo; "but I know that if the gentlemen and ladies in this cistern were as cold as they could wish to be, there wouldn't be so much decomposition going on amongst them." "Your turn in, Sir," said a polite Drop, and Nephelo leapt nimbly through the place of exit into a china jug placed ready to

receive him. He was conveyed across a handsome kitchen by a cook, who declared her opinion that the morning's rain had caused the drains to smell uncommonly. Nephelo then was thrown into a kettle.

Boiling is to an unclean Water-Drop, like scratching to a bear, a pleasant operation. It gets rid of the little animals by which it had been bitten, and throws down some of the impurity with which it had been soiled. So, after boiling, water becomes more pure, but it is, at the same time, more greedy than ever to absorb extraneous matter. Therefore, the sons of men who boil their vitiated water ought to keep it covered afterwards, and if they wish to drink it cold, should lose no time in doing so. Nephelo and his friends within the kettle danced with delight under the boiling process. Chattering pleasantly together, they compared notes of their adventures upon earth, discussed the politics of Cloud-Land, and although it took them nearly twice as long to boil as it would have done had there been no carbonate of lime about them, they were quite sorry when the time was come for them to part. Nephelo then, with many others, was poured out into an urn. So he was taken to the drawing-room, a hot iron having, in a friendly manner, been put down his back, to keep him boiling.

Out of the urn into the tea-pot; out of the tea-pot into the slop-basin; Nephelo had only time to

remark a matron tea-maker, young ladies knitting, and a good-looking young gentleman upon his legs, laying the law down with a tea-spoon, before he (the fairy, not the gentleman) was smothered with a plate of muffins. From so much of the conversation as Nephelo could catch, filtered through muffin, it appeared that they were talking about tea.

"It 's all very well for you to say, mother, that you 're confident you make tea very good, but I ask — no, there I see you put six spoonfuls in for five of us. Mother, if this were not hard water — (here there was a noise as of a spoon hammering upon the iron) — two spoonful less would make tea of a better flavour and of equal strength. Now, there are three hundred and sixty-five times and a quarter tea-times in the year —"

"And how many spoonfuls, brother, to the quarter of a tea-time?"

"Maria, you 've no head for figures. I say nothing of the tea consumed at breakfast. Multiply —"

"My dear boy, you have left school; no one asks you to multiply. Hand me the muffin."

Nephelo, released, was unable to look about him, owing to the high walls of the slop-basin which surrounded him on every side. The room was filled with pleasant sunset light, but Nephelo soon saw the coming shadow of the muffin-plate, and all was dark directly afterwards.

"Take cooking, mother. M. Soyer* says you can't boil many vegetables properly in London water. Greens won't be green; French beans are tinged with yellow, and peas shrivel. It don't open the pores of meat, and make it succulent, as softer water does. M. Soyer believes that the true flavour of meat cannot be extracted with hard water. Bread does not rise so well when made with it. Horses —"

"My dear boy, M. Soyer don't cook horses."

"Horses, Dr. Playfair tells us, sheep, and pigeons will refuse hard water if they can get it soft, though from the muddiest pool. Race-horses, when carried to a place where the water is notoriously hard, have a supply of softer water carried with them to preserve their good condition. Not to speak of gripes, hard water will assuredly produce what people call a staring coat."

"Ah, no doubt, then, it was London water that created Mr. Blossomley's blue swallow-tail."

"Maria, you make nonsense out of everything. When you are Mrs. Blossomley —"

"Now pass my cup."

There was a pause and a clatter. Presently the muffin-plate was lifted, and four times in succession there were black dregs thrown into the face of Nephelo. After the perpetration of these insults he was once again condemned to darkness.

"When you are Mrs. Blossom-

* Evidence before the Board of Health.

ley, Maria," so the voice went on, "when you are Mrs. Blossomley, you will appreciate what I am now going to tell you about washer-women."

"Couldn't you postpone it, dear, until I am able to appreciate it. You promised to take us to Rachel to-night."

"Ah!" said another girlish voice, "you 'll not escape. We dress at seven. Until then — for the next twelve minutes you may speak. Bore on, we will endure."

"As for you, Catherine, Maria teaches you, I see, to chatter. But if Mrs. B. would object to the reception of a patent mangle as a wedding present from her brother, she had better hear him now. Washerwoman's work is not a thing to overlook, I tell you. Before a shirt is worn out, there will have been spent upon it five times its intrinsic value in the washing-tub. The washing of clothes costs more, by a great deal, than the clothes themselves. The yearly cost of washing to a household of the middle class amounts, on the average, to about a third part of the rental, or a twelfth part of the total income. Among the poor, the average expense of washing will more probably be half the rental if they wash at home, but not more than a fourth of it if they employ the Model Wash-houses. The weekly cost of washing to a poor man averages certainly not less than fourpence halfpenny. Small tradesmen, driven to economise in linen, spend perhaps not more than

ninepence; in the middle and the upper classes, the cost weekly varies from a shilling to five shillings for each person, and amounts very often to a larger sum. On these grounds Mr. Bullar, Honorary Secretary to the Association for Promoting Baths and Wash-houses, estimates the washing expenditure of London at a shilling a week for each inhabitant, or, for the whole, five millions of pounds yearly. Professor Clark —

“My dear Professor Tom, you have consumed four of your twelve minutes.”

“Professor Clark judges from such estimates as can be furnished by the trade, that the consumption of soap in London is fifteen pounds to each person per annum — twice as much as is employed in other parts of England. That quantity of soap costs six-and-eight-pence; water, per head, costs half as much, or three-and-fourpence; or each man’s soap and water costs, throughout London, on an average, ten shillings for twelve months. If the hardness of the water be diminished, there is a diminution in the want of soap. For every grain of carbonate of lime dissolved in each gallon of any water, Mr. Donaldson declares, two ounces of soap more for a hundred gallons of that water are required. Every such grain is called a degree of hardness. Water of five degrees of hardness requires, for example, two ounces of soap; water of eight degrees of hardness then will need fifteen; and water of sixteen

degrees will demand thirty-two, Sixteen degrees, Maria, is the hardness of Thames Water — of the water, mother, which has poached upon your tea-caddy. You see, then, that when we pay for the soap we use at the rate of six-and-eightpence each, since the unusual hardness of our water causes us to use a double quantity, every man in London pays at an average rate of three-and-fourpence a year his tax for a hard water, through the cost of soap alone.”

“Now you must finish in five minutes, brother Tom.”

“But soap is not the only matter that concerns the washerwoman and her customers. There is labour also, and the wear and tear; there is a double amount of destruction to our linen, involved in the double time of rubbing and the double soaping, which hard water compels washerwomen to employ. So that, when all things have been duly reckoned up in our account, we find that the outlay caused by the necessities for washing linen in a town supplied like London with exceedingly hard water, is four times greater than it would be if soft water were employed. The cost of washing, as I told you, has been estimated at five millions a-year. So that, if these calculations be correct, more than three millions of money, nearly four millions, is the amount filched yearly from the Londoners by their hard water through the wash-tub only. To that sum, Mrs. Blossomley, being of a respec-

table family and very partial to clean linen, will contribute of course much more than her average proportion."

"Well, Mr. Orator, I was not listening to all you said, but what I heard I do think much exaggerated."

"I take it, sister, from the Government Report; oblige me by believing half of it, and still the case is strong. It is quite time for people to be stirring."

"So it is, I declare. Your twelve minutes are spent, and we will always be ready for the play. If you talk there of water, I will shriek."

Here there arose a chatter which Nephelo found to be about matters that, unlike the water topic, did not at all interest himself. There was a rustle and a movement; and a creaking noise approached the drawing-room, which Nephelo discovered presently to be caused by Papa's boots as he marched upstairs after his post-prandial slumberings. There was more talk uninteresting to the fairy; Nephelo, therefore, became drowsy; his drowsiness might at the same time have been aggravated by the close confinement he experienced in an unwholesome atmosphere beneath the muffin-plate. He was aroused by a great clattering; this the maid caused who was carrying him down stairs upon a tray with all the other tea-things.

From a sweet dream of nuptials with Cirrha, Nephelo was awakened to the painful consciousness that he had not yet succeeded in

effecting any great good for the human race; he had but rinsed a tea-pot. With a faint impulse of hope the desponding fairy noticed that the slop-basin in which he sate was lifted from the tray, in a few minutes after the tray had been deposited upon the kitchen-dresser. Pity poor Nephelo! By a remorseless scullery-maid he was dashed rudely from the basin into a trough of stone, from which he tumbled through a hole placed there on purpose to engulf him, — tumbled through into a horrible abyss.

This abyss was a long dungeon running from back to front beneath the house, built of bricks — rotten now, and saturated with moisture. Some of the bricks had fallen in, or crumbled into nothingness; and Nephelo saw that the soil without the dungeon was quite wet. The dungeon-floor was coated with pollutions, travelled over by a sluggish shallow stream, with which the fairy floated. The whole dungeon's atmosphere was foul and poisonous. Nephelo found now what those exhalations were which rose through every opening in the house, through vent-holes and the burrowings of rats; for rats and other vermin tenanted this noisome den. This was the pestilential gallery called by the good people of the house, their drain. A trap-door at one end confined the fairy in this place with other Water-Drops, until there should be collected a sufficient body of them to negotiate successfully for egress.

The object of this door was to prevent the ingress of much more foul matter from without; and its misfortune was, that in so doing it necessarily pent up a concentrated putrid gas within. At length Nephelo escaped; but alas! it was from a Newgate to a Bastille — from the drain into the sewer. This was a long vaulted prison running near the surface underneath the street. Shaken by the passage overhead of carriages, not a few bricks had fallen in; and Nephelo hurrying forward, wholly possessed by the one thought — could he escape? — fell presently into a trap. An oyster-shell had fixed itself upright between two bricks unevenly jointed together; much solid filth had grown around it; and in this Nephelo was caught. Here he remained for a whole month, during which time he saw many floods of water pass him, leaving himself with a vast quantity of obstinate encrusted filth unmoved. At the month's end there came some men to scrape, and sweep, and cleanse; then with a sudden flow of water, Nephelo was forced along, and presently, with a large number of emancipated foulnesses, received his discharge from prison, and was let loose upon the River Thames.

Nephelo struck against a very dirty Drop.

"Keep off, will you?" the Drop exclaimed. "You are not fit to touch a person, sewer-bird."

"Why, where are you from, my sweet gentleman?"

"Oh! I? I've had a turn through

some Model Drains. Tubular drains they call 'em. Look at me; isn't that clear?"

"There's nothing clear about you," replied Nephelo. "What do you mean by Model Drains?"

"I mean I've come from Upper George Street through a twelve-inch pipe four or five times faster than one travels over an old sewer-bed; travelled express, no stoppage."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. Impermeable, earthenware, tubular pipes, accurately dove-tailed. I come from an experimental district. When it's all settled, there's to be water on at high pressure everywhere, and an earthenware drain-pipe under every tap, a tube of no more than the necessary size. Then these little pipes are to run down the earth; and there's not to be a great brick-drain running underneath each house into the street; the pipes run into a larger tube of earthenware that is to be laid at the backs of all the houses; these tubes run into larger ones, but none of them very monstrous; and so that there is a constant flow, like circulation of the blood; and all the pipes are to run at last into one large conduit, which is to run out of town with all the sewage matter and discharge so far down the Thames, that no return tide ever can bring it back to London. Some is to go branching off into the fields to be manure."

"Humph!" said Nephelo. "You profess to be very clever. How do you know all this?"

"Know? Bless you, I'm a regular old Thames Drop. I've been in the cisterns, in the tumblers, down the sewers, in the river, up the pipes, in the reservoirs, in the cisterns, in the tea-pots, down the sewers, in the river, up the pipes, in the reservoirs, in the cisterns, in the sauce-pans, down the sewers, in the Thames —"

"Hold! Stop there now!" said Nephelo. "Well, so you have heard a great deal in your life-time. You've had some adventures, doubtless?"

"I believe you," said the Cockney-Drop. "The worst was when I was pumped once as fresh water into Rotherhithe. That place is below high-water mark; so are Bermondsey and St. George's, Southwark. Newington, St. Olave's, Westminster, and Lambeth, are but little better. Well, you know, drains of the old sort always leak, and there's a great deal more water poured into London than the Londoners have stowage room for, so the water in low districts can't pass off at high water, and there's a precious flood. We sopped the ground at Rotherhithe, but I thought I never should escape again."

"Will the new pipes make any difference to that?"

"Yes; so I am led to understand. They are to be laid with a regular fall, to pass the water off, which, being constant, will be never in excess. The fall will be to a point of course below the water level, and at a convenient place the contents of these drains

are to be pumped up into the main sewer. Horrible deal of death caused, Sir, by the damp in those low districts. One man in thirty-seven died of cholera in Rotherhithe last year, when in Clerkenwell, at sixty-three feet above high water, there died but one in five hundred and thirty. The proportion held throughout."

"Ah, by the bye, you have heard, of course, complainings of the quality of water. Will the Londoners sink wells for themselves?"

"Wells! What a child you are! Just from the clouds, I see. Wells in a large town get horribly polluted. They propose to consolidate and improve two of the best Thames Water Companies, the Grand Junction and Vauxhall, for the supply of London, until their great scheme can be introduced; and to maintain them afterwards as a reserve guard in case their great scheme shouldn't prove so triumphant as they think it will be."

"What is this great scheme, I should like to know?"

"Why, they talk of fetching rain-water from a tract of heath between Bagshot and Farnham. The rain there soaks through a thin crust of growing herbage, which is the only perfect filter, chemical as well as mechanical — the living rootlets extract more than we can, where impurity exists. Then, Sir, the rain runs into a large bed of siliceous sand, placed over marl; below the marl there

is siliceous sand again — Ah, I perceive you are not geological.”

“Go on.”

“The sand, washed by the rains of ages, holds the water without soiling it more than a glass tumbler would, and the Londoners say that in this way, by making artificial channels and a big reservoir, they can collect twenty-eight thousand gallons a day of water nearly pure. They require forty thousand gallons, and propose to get the rest in the same neighbourhood from tributaries of the River Wey, not quite so pure, but only half as hard, as Thames water, and unpolluted.”

“How is it to get to London?”

“Through a covered aqueduct. Covered for coolness’ sake, and cleanliness. Then it is to be distributed through earthenware pipes, laid rather deep, again for coolness’ sake in the first instance, but for cleanliness as well. The water is to come in at high pressure, and run in iron or lead pipes up every house, scale every wall. There is to be a tap in every room, and under every tap there is to be the entrance to a drain-pipe. Where water supply ends, drainage begins. They are to be the two halves of a single system. Furthermore, there are to be numbers of plugs opening in every street, and streets and courts are to be washed out every morning, or every other morning, as the traffic may require, with hose and jet. The Great Metropolis mustn’t be dirty, or be content with rubbing a finger here and there over

its dirt. It is to have its face washed every morning, just before the hours of business. The water at high pressure is to set people’s invention at work upon the introduction of hydraulic apparatus for cranes, et cætera, which now cause much hand labour and are scarcely worth steam-power. Furthermore —”

“My dear friend,” cried Nephelo, “you are too clever. More than half of what you say is unintelligible to me.”

“But the grand point,” continued the garrulous Thames drop, “is the expense. The saving of cisterns, ball-cocks, plumbers’ bills, expansive sewer-works, constant repairs, hand labour, street sweeping, soap, tea, linen, fuel, steam-boilers now damaged by incrustations, boards, salaries, doctors’ bills, time, parish rates —”

The catalogue was never ended, for the busy Drop was suddenly entangled among hair upon the corpse of a dead cat, which fate also the fairy narrowly escaped, to be in the next minute sucked up as Nubis had been sucked, through pipes into a reservoir. Weary with the incessant chattering of his conceited friend, whose pride he trusted that a night with puss might humble, Nephelo now lurked silent in a corner. In a dreamy state he floated with the current underground, and was half sleeping in a pipe under some London street, when a great noise of trampling overhead, mingled with cries, awakened him.

"What is the matter now?" the fairy cried.

"A fire, no doubt, to judge by the noise," said a neighbour quietly. Nephelo panted now with triumph. Cirrha was before his eyes. Now he could benefit the race of man.

"Let us get out," cried Nephelo; "let us assist in running to the rescue."

"Don't be impatient," said a drowsy Drop. "We can't get out of here till they have found the Company's turncock, and then he must go to this plug and that plug in one street, and another, before we are turned off."

"In the meantime the fire —"

"Will burn the house down. Help in five minutes would save a house. Now the luckiest man will seldom have his premises attended to in less than twenty."

Nephelo thought here was another topic for his gossip in the Thames. The plugs talked of with a constant water-supply would take the sting out of the Fire-Fiend.

Presently, among confused movements, confused sounds, amid a rush of water, Nephelo burst into the light — into the vivid light of a great fire that leapt and roared as Nephelo was dashed against it! Through the red flames and the black smoke in a burst of steam, the fairy re-ascended hopeless to the clouds.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

Rascally Conduct of the Prince of Nimbus.

THE Prince of Nimbus, whose good-nature we have celebrated, was not good for nothing. Having graciously permitted all the suitors of the Princess Cirrha to go down to earth and labour for her hand, he took advantage of their absence, and, having the coast clear, importuned the daughter, of King Cumulus with his own addresses. Cirrha was not disposed to listen to them, but the rogue her father was ambitious. He desired to make a good alliance, and that object was better gained by inter-marriage with a prince than with a subject. "There will be an uproar," said the old man, "when those fellows down below come back. They will look black and no doubt storm a little, but we'll have our royal marriage notwithstanding." So the Prince of Nimbus married Cirrha, and Nephelo arrived at the Court of King Cumulus one evening during the celebration of the bridal feast. His wrath was seen on earth in many parts of England in the shape of a great thunderstorm on the 16th of July. The adventures of the other suitors, they being thus cheated of their object, need not be detailed. As each returns he will be made acquainted with the scandalous fraud practised by the Prince of Nimbus, and this being the state of politics in Cloud-Land at the moment when we go to press, we may fairly expect to witness five or six more thunderstorms

before next winter. Each suitor, as he returns and finds how shamefully he has been cheated, will create a great disturbance; and no wonder. Conduct so rascally as that of the Prince of Nimbus is enough to fill the clouds with uproar.

A CHRISTIAN BROTHERHOOD.

THERE is an establishment in Paris, for providing instruction for artisans of all ages and others employed during the day, which is well worthy of imitation in this country. It has occasioned the establishment, in all parts of France, of a number of evening schools, at which instruction is given without charge to the pupil. We are by no means clear that in this respect a sound principle is observed; holding it to be important that those who *can* pay anything for the great advantages of education should pay something, however little. But into this question we do not now propose to enter.

The institution was originated in 1680, by Dr. J. Baptiste de la Lulli, Canon of Rheims, lingered on till 1804, but was revived and brought to its present condition of efficacy in 1830. It consists of a parent or training establishment in Paris (Rue Plumet, 33) from which teachers are provided for any locality, in any part of France, or even Italy, for which an evening school may be petitioned by

the residents. There are connected with it at present no fewer than five thousand teachers, who call themselves "Brothers of the Christian Schools" (*Frères des Écoles Chrésiennes*). Four thousand are employed in France, and one thousand in Italy. They are not a Church, but a Lay Community (*Religieux laïques*). A certain number remain ready at the central establishment to obey any call that may be made for their services.

Before such a requisition is made, the municipal authorities, or any number of benevolent individuals who may choose to subscribe, must have provided a house and school-room, with all proper accommodations, and must certify that a certain number of pupils are willing to enrol themselves. On application to the central establishment three qualified Christian Brothers are sent down, at salaries not exceeding six hundred francs, or twenty-four pounds per annum in the provinces, or thirty pounds a year in Paris. Fewer than three *Frères* are not allowed to superintend each school; two for the classes, and a probationer to perform the household duties; but, when the schools outgrow the management of that number a fourth is added, to take the management of the whole, and is called a *Frère-directeur*. The classes are limited to sixty for writing, and one hundred for other branches of education. This limitation is necessary, because the monitorial system is not followed, and the

whole weight of the duties falls on the masters.

The schools thus established in the various quarters of Paris are very numerous; six thousand apprentices and artisans attend them after their hours of work — young boys, youths, and adults — the numbers having declined since the revolution of 1848. “I have,” says Mr. Seymour Tremenhære, in a note to his Report on the state of the mining population, “at different times visited some of those evening schools in the Faubourgs St. Antoine and St. Martin, containing from four hundred to six hundred, in separate classrooms of sixty to a hundred each, all well lighted, warmed, and ventilated. The gentle and affectionate manner of the Frères, and their skill in teaching, were very conspicuous, and sufficiently explained their success. The instruction consists, in addition to the doctrines of Christianity, which are the basis of the whole, of reading, writing, arithmetic, a little history, drawing (linear and perspective), and vocal music. In all the classes, many adults who had been at work all day were to be seen mixed with young men and boys, patiently learning to read, or to write and cypher. In the drawing-classes, some were copying ornamental designs, or heads, for their own amusement; others, to improve themselves as cabinet-makers, or workers in bronze, or in other trades for which some cultivation of taste is requisite.”

The superiority of the system of

teaching adopted by the Christian Brothers has been proved by a severe test. In Paris, as in London, it is the custom, once a year, to assemble all the parochial schools; not, however, as a mere show for the purpose of uniting in ill-executed psalmody, but with the better and more useful view of testing the improvement of the scholars, and of ascertaining the degrees of diligence and proficiency attained by the masters. The parochial scholars compete for prizes, given by the corporation of the city; not only among themselves, but with the other elementary schools — those of the Christian Brothers among the rest. At these competitions, it has happened, of late years, that the pupils of the latter have been the victors. In one year, they gained seventeen prizes out of twenty; in another, twenty-three out of thirty-one; and, last year, they carried off the highest forty-two prizes: the fortunate candidates of all the other schools only claiming the inferior rewards. In addition to these evening schools for adults and young men who are already gaining their livelihood, the Frères Chrétiens have set on foot Sunday evening sermons at different churches, and also meetings for lectures on religious and moral subjects adapted to the wants of, and calculated to influence, the same class. “I recently was present at one of these meetings in the Faubourg St. Antoine” (we quote our former authority), “where a series of eloquent and

forcible addresses was delivered — one, by a Professor of History, on some of the leading points of Christian morals; another, by a gentleman of literary attainments, on Death and a future state; a third, by a gentleman of independent position, on the religious condition of some of the forçats at Toulon; a fourth, by a member of the university, on the displacement of labour by machinery, and its ultimate advantage to the labourer; all of whom had come forward to aid in the task of combating irreligion, and the various forms of error pervading the minds of so many of the working classes of Paris. These were followed by hymns, and by prayers. A deep sense of religion is, indeed, the animating spirit of all the endeavours of the Frères Chrétiens for the benefit of the lower classes, and the principle which sustains them in their self-denying and arduous career."

The lovers of "great comprehensive systems," — to whom we adverted in a former page — might, by copying the plan of the French Christian Brothers, carry out a scheme which would be of the utmost use in this country. It would also have the advantage of encouraging small beginnings, and combining them into one great and efficacious whole. We can hardly wait until the present adult generation of ignorance shall die out to be succeeded by another which we are, after all, only half educating. Why not offer inducements, and form plans, for the

instruction of grown-up persons, many of whom, having come to a sense of their deficiencies, pine for culture and enlightenment, which they cannot obtain? A central establishment in London — on a general plan somewhat similar to the Government Normal Schools already in existence, but with less cumbrous and costly machinery — could be formed at a small expense; and we doubt not that many a knot of benevolent well-wishers would, in their various localities, be eager to provide all the scholastic *matériel* for the less favoured artisans and day-workers around them, could they look with confidence to some central establishment for the formation of teachers, in which they could place implicit confidence.

The monitorial system, in a school consisting of all ages — in which a small boy, from his intellectual superiority, might be placed over the heads of pupils, greater, older than himself — is manifestly impracticable; and a larger number of teachers than is usual in schools for children only, would be necessary.

We will borrow from Mr. Tremenheere a comparison between the intellectual acquirements and moral conduct of French workmen and those of English workmen, in the mining districts of each country. We do not assume that the superiority of the French workmen has been occasioned solely by the evening schools of the Christian Brothers, but, after what we have already shown, we consider it

reasonable to infer that, since 1830, those establishments have had a large share in the formation of their character. In a former report,* Mr. Tremenheere described the habits and manners of the French colliers and miners, especially those at the iron and coal-works in the coalfield near Valenciennes. He was compelled, by the force of unexceptionable evidence, to show how superior they were in every respect, except that of mere animal power, to the generality of the mining population in this country. At the large iron-works at Denain, employing about four thousand people, there were thirty Englishmen from Staffordshire. These men were earning about one-third more wages than the French labourers; but, they spent all they earned in eating and drinking; were frequently drunk; and in their manners were coarse, quarrelsome, disrespectful, and insubordinate. The English manager — who had held for many years responsible situations under some of the leading iron-masters in Staffordshire — stated with regret, that so different and so superior were the intelligence, and the civilised habits and conduct, of the French, that, if any thirty Frenchmen from these works were to go to work in Staffordshire, “they would be so disgusted, they would not stay; they would think they had got among a savage race.”

There have been, lately, forty

* “Report of Inspection of French and Belgian mines, 1848 — Appendix.”

Frenchmen employed at one of the large manufactories in Staffordshire, by the Messrs. Chance, at their extensive and well-known glass-works at West Bromwich, in the immediate neighbourhood of some of the great iron-works. Mr. Chance gives the Commissioner the following account of these men: — “A few years ago, we brought over forty Frenchmen to teach our men a particular process in our manufacture. They have now nearly all returned. We found them very steady, quiet, temperate men. They earned good wages, and saved while they were with us a good deal of money. We have had as much as fifteen hundred pounds at a time in our hands belonging to these men, which we transmitted to France for them. One of them, who sometimes earns as much as seven pounds a-week, has saved in our service not much short of four thousand pounds. He is with us now. He is a glass-blower. We have about fourteen hundred men in our employ (in the glass-blowing and alkali works) when trade is in a good state. I am sorry to say that the contrast between them and the Frenchmen was very marked in many respects, especially in that of forethought and economy. I do not think that, while we had in our hands the large sum mentioned above as the savings of the Frenchmen at one time, we have had at the same time five pounds belonging to our own people. They generally spend their money as fast as they can get it.”

In Scotland, evening schools abound, and come in effectually to aid the universal system of primary instruction existing over that part of our island. A Wesleyan local preacher told Mr. Tremenhære of the Scotchmen employed on the Northumberland and Durham collieries, "when you go into some of the Scotchmen's houses, you would be surprised to see the books they have — not many, but all choice books. Some of their favourite authors in divinity are very common among them. Many of them read such books as Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, and are fond of discussing the subjects he treats of. They also read the lives of statesmen, and books of history; also works on logic; and, sometimes, mathematics. Such men can be reasoned with about anything appertaining to their calling, and they know very well why wages cannot be at particular times higher than a certain standard. They see at once, by the price current in the market, what is the fair portion to go to the workman as wages, according to the circumstances of the pit and the general state of the trade. Such men will have nothing to do with the union. They scorn to read such penny and twopenny publications as we have been talking about. They are fonder of sitting down after their work and reading a chapter of the *Wealth of Nations*. They will also talk with great zest of many of their great men — their own countrymen, who have raised themselves by their own industry. There are, un-

doubtedly, some men that come out of Scotland bad men, but these are not informed men. I am speaking of all this neighbourhood, where I have lived all my life. There are a great many Scotch at all the collieries here, and most of them very respectable men, exceedingly so. You may ask me why the union is so strong in parts of Scotland — as in Lanarkshire? It is because in Lanarkshire the pitmen are one-third Irish, and many of the worst Scotch from other counties. Those who come here are among the best in their own country, I should think, from the accounts they give me. When a Scotchman comes here he earns English wages; but he does not spend them as an Englishman does. A Scotchman often, rather than lose buying a good book, will lose his dinner. The Scotchwomen begin to keep their houses cleaner after they get into England, and by degrees they come to keep them as clean as the Englishwomen; and the first generation after their fathers come are equal to the English in their wish to keep everything clean about them. They are generally very saving, and lay out the overplus of their earnings in books and furniture or lay it by. They have a great disposition to have their children well taught. Indeed, I have seen several lads that have been educated in the Scotch schools, and I find them very well taught; they can reason like men.

"I don't think I ever saw Adam Smith's works in more than one or

two English pitmen's houses. They are backward to attempt anything that requires steady thinking, such as that book, or any work on logic or mathematics. The Scotch often study both. This makes one of the great differences between the best working-men of the two people. The English seldom attempt even English grammar or geometry; they always tell me they are obliged to give way when they have made a trial.* They had rather read any popular work, such as the 'Christian Philosopher,' the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' or Walter Scott's novels. They love to read their country's history, and they like to talk of its renown in the ancient French wars of Edward the Third and Henry the Fifth. They are also great readers of Napoleon's and the Duke of Wellington's wars, and their soul seems to take fire when they talk of their country's victories. They are fond of biography, and especially that of men who rose from being poor men to be great characters. They are very generous in their dispositions, and will share their loaf with the poor, as all the beggars and trampers from Newcastle and all the country know. They are greatly improved in my time as to drinking habits; there is much less of it, and their money is chiefly spent in living well and making a great show in furniture and dress. The women, too, are improving, and manage their families much

better than they used to do. The English pit-boys are exceedingly quick at school — much more so than the Scotch, I think. What I most want to see is better descriptions of schools — schools under masters of ability, who can teach their boys to think and reason. You will find boys who have been at such schools as most of those we have now, that can write a good hand and do some cyphering; but when you come to ask them questions that exercise the mind, they have no idea what to answer. If there were such schools for the boys, the men would soon be a different race; for what the men want is to be taught to exercise their reason fairly, which would prevent their being led away as they are now."

With a little modification, this description of the pitman applies, in its more favourable characteristics, to the English operative generally. No one can read it without being convinced that there is sound and hopeful material, in the generous English character to work upon. The natural ability, the deep feeling, the quickness of perception, the susceptibility to religious and moral impressions, the sound common sense where the rudest cultivation has been attained, and the heartfelt patriotism, of the humble orders of this country, are unequalled in the world. Surely this is a rich mine to work; surely it should not be left to unskilled workers, or to chance; but should be faithfully confided to the heads and hearts

* We doubt the *general* applicability of this description, without questioning its correctness in this case.

of men, trained up to its improvement, as to a noble calling, and a solemn duty! In all parts of this land, the people are willing and desirous to be taught. Open schools anywhere, and they will come — even, as the Ragged Schools have proved, out of the worst dens of vice and infamy, in the worst hiding-places, in the worst towns and cities. But, unless the art of teaching is pursued upon a system, as an art, thoroughly understood, and proceeding on sound principles, the best intentions and the most sincere devotion can do next to nothing. For want of competent teachers, there are opportunities being lost at this moment, we do not hesitate to say, in the Ragged Schools of London alone, the waste of which, is of more true importance to the community, than all the theological controversies that ever deafened its ears, and distracted its wits. Meanwhile, the sands of Time are running out remorselessly, and, with every grain, immortal souls are perishing. We want teachers, competent to educate the mind, to rouse the reason, to undo the beastly transformation that has been effected — to our guilt and shame — upon humanity, and to bring God's image out of the condition of the lower animals. What we have suffered to be beaten out of shape, we must remould, with pains, and care, and skill, and cannot hope to put into its rightful form hap-hazard. And such would be the glorious office and main usefulness of a comprehensive, un-

sectarian — in short, Christian — Brotherhood in England.

AN EVERY-DAY HERO.

"TELL us," the children to their grand-sire said,

"Some wondrous story! tell us of the wars,
Or one of those old ballads that you know
About the seven famous champions,
St. George, St. Denis, and the rest of
them.

We have delight in those heroic stories,
And often tell them over to ourselves
And wish that there were heroes now-a-days."

The old man smoked his pipe; the children urged

More eagerly their wish, athirst to know
Something about the great men of old
times,

Deploring still that these degenerate days
Produced no heroes, and that now no
poets

Made ballads that were worth the listening to.

The old man smiled and laid aside his pipe;

Then, gazing tenderly into their faces,
Said he would tell them of as great a hero
As any which the ballads chronicled —

The good old ballads which they loved so well.

"Once on a time," said he, "there was
a lad,

Whose name was John; his father was a
gardener.

He had great skill in flowers even when a
child;

And when his father died, he carried on
The gardener's trade. One autumn night
he found

A young man hiding in his garden-shed,
Haggard and foot-sore, wanting bread to
eat;

A fugitive who had escaped the law,
And being now discovered, prayed for
mercy,

And told his tale so very touchingly
That the young gardener promised him a
refuge,

And strictest secresy. For weeks and
months

The stranger worked with him, receiving
wages

As a hired labourer. Both were fine young men,
Well - grown, broad - chested, full of strength and mettle;
In outward seeming equal to each other,
But inwardly the two were different.

"The stranger, George, had not a gardening turn,
He was book-learned, and had a gift for figures,
And could talk well, which in itself was good;
But he was double-faced, and false as Judas,
Who did betray the Saviour with a kiss.
He had, in truth, been clerk to some great merchant,
Had wronged his trusting master, and had fled,
As I have said, from the pursuit of law.
Of this, however, John knew not a word,
Knew only that he had been in sore trouble,
And, for that cause, he strove to do him good;

And when he found him useless in his trade,
He introduced him to the Squire's bailiff;
Whose daughter he had courted many a year.

This bailiff was a simple, honest man,
Who not designing evil, none suspected.
He found the stranger, clever, quick at reckoning,

Smart with his pen; a likely man of business;
And, therefore, on a luckless day for him,
Brought him before the Squire. Ere long he had

A place appointed him which gave him access

To the Squire daily; principles of honour
Were all unknown to him; all means allowable

Which served his ends. He gained a great ascendance

Over the Squire, and ere four years were passed,

He was appointed bailiff.

The old bailiff
Was sent adrift, and the kind, worthy,
Squire,
His thirty years' employer, turned against him!

It was a villain's act, first, to traduce,
And then supplant—it was a Judas-trick!
The gardener John, who wooed the bailiff's daughter,
Had married her before this plotter's work

Was come to light; and they, poor, simple folk,

Invited him among their wedding-company,

And he, with his black plots hatching within him,

Came, full of smiles, and ate and drank with them;

The double-faced villain! The old bailiff
Was turned adrift, as I have said already,
And his dismissal looked like a disgrace,
Although the Squire brought not a charge against him,

Except that he was old, and younger men
Could better carry out his modern plans!
And modern plans, God knows, they had enough!

Old tenants were removed; and soon a notice

Came to the gardener, John, that he must quit;

Must quit the little spot he loved so well,
And where the poor, heart-broken bailiff, found

A home in his distress. It mattered not
Their likings or convenience, go they must;

The Squire was laying out his place afresh—

Or the new bailiff, rather; and John's garden

Was wanted for the fine new pleasure-grounds!

"The man of work—the man who toils to live,

Must still be up and doing; 'tis his privilege

That he has little time to wring his hands,
And hang his head because his fate is cruel.

John was a man of action, so, to London
Came he, and, ere a twelvemonth had gone round,

Had taken service as a city fireman.
It was an arduous life; a different life
To that of gardening, of rearing pinks,
Budding the dainty rose, and giving heed
To the unclosing of the tulip's leaf.

But he was one of those who fear not hardship;

And when he saw his little fortunes wrecked

By the smooth villain whom he had befriended,

He left his native place with wife and children,

Mostly because it galled his soul to meet

The man who had so much abused his goodness,

And, in the wide and busy world of London,
Where, as 't is said, is room for every man,
He came to try his luck. He was strong-
limbed,
Active and agile as a mountain goat,
Fearless of danger, hardy, brave, and full
Of pity as is every noble nature.

"He was the boldest of the London firemen.

Clothed in his iron mail like an old war-
rior,

He rushed on danger, his true heart his shield;

Fear he had none whene'er his duty called.
Oft clomb he to the roofs of burning
houses;

Sprang here and there, and bore off human
creatures,

Frantic with terror, or with terror dumb,
Saving their lives at peril of his own.

Such men as these are heroes!

"One dark night,
A stormy winter's night, a fire broke out
Somewhere by Rotherhithe — a dreadful
fire —

In midst of narrow streets where the tall
houses

Were habited by poor and squalid
wretches,

Together packed like sheep within their
pens,

And who, unlike the rich, had nought to
offer

For their lives' rescue. Here the fire
broke out,

And raged with fury; here the fireman,
John,

'Mid falling roofs, on dizzy walls aloft,
Through raging flames, and black, con-
founding smoke,

And noise and tumult as of hell broke
loose,

Rushed on, and ever saved some sinking
wretch.

Many had thus been saved by his one
arm,

When some one said, that in a certain
chamber,

High up amid the burning roofs, still lay
A sick man and his child, who, yester-
night,

Had hither come as strangers. They were
left,

By all forgotten, and must perish there.
Whilst yet they spoke, upon a roof's high
ridge,

Amid the eddying smoke and growing
flame,

The miserable man was seen to stand,
Stretching his arms for aid in frantic terror.

"Without a moment's pause, amid the
fire,

Six stories high, sprang John, who caught
the word

That still a human being had been left.
Quick as a thought o'er red-hot floors he
leapt,

Through what seemed gulfs of fire, on to
the roof

Where stood the frantic man. The crowds
below

Looked on and scarcely breathed. They
saw him reach

The yet unperished roof-tree — saw him
pause —

Saw the two men start back, as from each
other.

They raised a cry to urge him on. They
knew not

That here he met his former enemy —
The man who had returned him evil for
good!

And who had lost his place for breach of
trust

Some twelvemonths past, and now had
come to want.

"The flames approached the roof. A
cry burst forth

Again from the great crowd, and women
fainted.

And what did John, think you — this city
fireman

— He looked upon the abject wretch be-
fore him,

Who fell into a swoon at sight of him,
So sensitive is even an evil conscience,

And, speaking not a word, lifted him up
And bore him safely down into the street —

Then shook him from him like a noisome
thing!

"Anon the man revived, and with quick
terror

Asked for his child — his little four years'
son —

But he had been forgotten — still was left
Within the house to perish. Who would
save him!

Grovelling before his feet the father lay,
Of all forgetful but of his dear child,

And prayed the injured man who had
saved his life

To save the boy! 'Why spake ye not of
him?

He was more worthy saving of the two!"

Said John, abrupt and brief—and straight
was gone.

Once more he scaled the roof. The crowd
was hushed

Into deep silence: it had but one heart,
Had but one breath, intense anxiety
For that brave man who put again his life
In such dire jeopardy. None spoke,
But many a prayer was breathed. Along
the roof

Anon they saw him hurrying with the
child.

The red flames met him, hemmed him
round about!

Escape was not! The women sobbed and
moaned

Down in the crowd below; men gazed and
trembled,

And wild suggestions ran throughout the
mass

Of how he might be saved. But all were
vain,

Help was there none! Amid the roaring
flames

His voice was heard; he spake, they knew
not what;

They hurried to and fro; the engines
drenched

The burning pile. He made another sign!
Oh, God! could they but know what was
his wish!

— They knew it not! The fierce flame
mastered all —

The roof fell in — the child — the man
was lost!"

The grandsire paused a moment, then
went on;

"Yes, in our common life of every day
There are true heroes, truer, many a one,
Than they whose deeds are blazoned forth
on brass!

— Now leave me to myself; give me my
pipe —

You 've had your will; I 've told you of a
hero,

One of God's making — and he was your
own father!"

THE LIFE AND LABOURS OF LIEUTENANT WAG- HORN.

THE great benefactors of our
species may be divided into two
grand classes — the men of

thought, and the men of action;
the men whose genius was chiefly
in the realm of mind, and those
whose power lies in tangible
things. Let no one set up the idle
and invidious comparison as to
which of the two is the nobler,
since both are equally needful to
the world's progress; all great
thoughts and theories, dreams
and visions (let us never fear the
truth, but honour it even in using
terms of vulgar and shortsighted
opprobrium) of men of genius
and knowledge, being the germ
and origin of great actions, — and
all great actions being the practi-
cal working out of the former,
without which no good to mankind
at large can be accomplished. To
set thought and action, therefore,
in opposition to each other, is like
setting the arms and legs of Her-
cules to quarrel with his head
while performing his labours. Nor
can the distinction, thus broadly
stated, be drawn at all times with
any definite precision, since the
man who conceives and develops
a new principle, is sometimes able
to carry it out himself. This
combination of powers in the
same individual is very rare, and
is obviously one reason why, in
most cases, the originator of a
new thing is neglected as a visio-
nary, and a madman. But the
energy of thought to conceive
and design displayed by Lieute-
nant Waghorn, was more than
equalled by the energy of charac-
ter and action required to carry
out his stupendous plans. Some-
times with the best assistance —

sometimes with none — sometimes in defiance of contest, opprobrium, and opposition — the vigour of mind and body of this man caused him to undertake and to succeed in projects which are among the most prominent of those which especially characterise the genius of the present age.

We have intimated that Mr. Waghorn was both a man of thought and action, but this must be understood with certain marked limitations. Mr. Waghorn's mind was of that peculiar construction, which appears never to think earnestly except with a view to action. Even that quality, which in other men is of the most ideal kind, and commonly exerts itself in matters of little or no substantiality of fact and purpose, with him partook of the physicality of his strong nature as much as the admixture was possible, — so that he may be said to have had a practical imagination. His objects and designs were welded into all the materials of his understanding and knowledge; his ambitions and hopes were fused with the generation of the mighty steam-forces that were to drive his ships across the ocean and inland seas; the elasticity of his spirit was identified with the flying speed of Arab horses, and dromedaries carrying the "mail" across the desert; and when he projected a wonderful shortening of time and space, he at the same moment beheld the broad massive arm of England stretched across to

govern and make use of her enormous Indian territories, comprising a hundred million of souls. He never thought of himself; he was too much engaged with the vastness of his designs for his country. We shall see how that country rewarded his efforts.

Thomas Waghorn was born at Chatham, in 1800. At twelve years of age he became a midshipman in Her Majesty's Navy; and before he had reached seventeen, passed in "navigation" for Lieutenant, being the youngest midshipman that had ever done so — the examination requiring a great amount of both theoretical and practical knowledge, and being always conducted with severity. This made him eligible to the rank of lieutenant, but did not include it. At the close of the year 1817, he was paid off, and went as third mate of a Free-trader to Calcutta. He returned home, and, in 1819, obtained an appointment in the Bengal Marine (Pilot-Service) of India, where he served till 1824. At the request of the Bengal Government, he now volunteered for the Arracan War, and received the command of the Honourable East India Company's cutter, Matchless, together with a division of gun-boats, and repaired to the scene of action in Arracan, with the south-eastern division of that army and flotilla. He was five times in action, saw much rough work by land and by sea, and escaped with only one wound in the right thigh. He remained two

years and a half in this service, and after having received the thanks of all the authorities in that province, he returned to Calcutta in 1827, with a constitution already undermined from the baneful fever of Arracan, where so many thousands had died.

Weakened as he had been, Mr. Waghorn nevertheless rallied to the great project he had secretly at heart, namely, "A steam communication between our Eastern possessions and their mother-country, England." Even before his departure from Calcutta on furlough, in 1827, ill in health, and only imperfectly recovered from the Arracan fever, still, between its attacks, his energies returned. He communicated his plan to the officials, namely, the Marine Board at Calcutta, who forthwith advanced it to the notice of the then Chief Secretary to the Bengal Government, the present Mr. Charles Lushington, M.P. for Westminster; through whom he obtained letters of credence from Lord Combermere, then acting as Vice-President in Council (Earl Amherst, Governor-General, being on a tour in Upper India), to the Honourable Court of Directors of the East India Company in London, recommending him, in consequence of his meritorious conduct in the Arracan War, "as a fit and proper person to open Steam Navigation with India, *viâ* the Cape of Good Hope."

On his homeward voyage, Mr. Waghorn advocated this great object publicly by every means in

his power (the numerous attestations of which lie open before us) at Madras, the Mauritius, the Cape, and St. Helena. Directly he arrived in England, he set about the same thing, and advocated the project at all points, particularly in London, Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, Birmingham. But the Post Office, at that time, was opposed to ocean steam-navigation; and so, unfortunately, were the East India Directors, — with the single exception of Mr. Loch. Two whole years were thus passed in fruitless efforts to make great men open their eyes. At length, in October, 1829, Mr. Waghorn was summoned by Lord Ellenborough, the then Chairman of the Court of Directors, to go to India, through Egypt, with despatches for Sir John Malcolm, Governor of Bombay, &c., and more especially, to report upon the practicability of the Red Sea Navigation for the Overland Route.

On the 28th of October, having had only four days' previous notice from the India House, Waghorn started on the top of the Eagle stage-coach from the Spread Eagle, Gracechurch Street. All his luggage weighed about twenty pounds. The East India Company's steam-vessel Enterprise was expected to be at Suez, in the Red Sea, from India, on or about the 8th of December. It was much desired that despatches from England should reach her at this place, which Mr. Waghorn undertook they should do. He

could not speak French nor Italian, both of which would have been very advantageous; but he had some knowledge of Hindostanee, and a little Arabic.

On this "trip," as Waghorn calls it, so extraordinarily rapid was the first part of his journey, *viz.* to Trieste (accomplished in nine days and a half, through five kingdoms) that an enquiry was instituted by the Foreign Office respecting it; for at this time our Post Office Letters occupied fourteen days in reaching that place. Yet Waghorn had been obliged to travel upwards of one hundred and thirty miles out of his direct way, in consequence of broken bridges, falling avalanches, and the disabling of a steamer.

Instantly enquiring for the quickest means of getting on to Alexandria, he was informed that an Austrian brig had sailed only the evening before, and having had calms and light airs all night, she was still in sight from the tops of the hills. Away he dashed in a fresh posting carriage, because if he could reach Pesano, through Capo D'Istria, twenty miles down the eastern side of the Gulf of Venice, before the Austrian vessel had passed, he might embark from this port as passenger for Alexandria. On reaching Pesano, he could still distinguish the vessel, and he accordingly strove to increase the rapidity of his chase to the utmost. He got within three miles of the vessel. At this juncture a strong northerly wind sprang up, and carrying her for-

ward on her course, she was presently lost to sight. Exhausted in body, and "racked," as he says, by disappointment after the previous excitement, he returned to Trieste.

Ascertaining that the next opportunity of getting to Alexandria would be by a Spanish ship, which was now taking in her cargo in the quarantine ground, he instantly hastened there. The captain informed him that he could not possibly sail in less than three days, and required one hundred dollars for the passage. Waghorn directly offered him one hundred and fifty dollars if he would sail in eight-and-forty hours. Whereupon the captain found that it *was* just possible to do so and he kept his word.

"After a tedious passage of sixteen days," says Waghorn, to whom every hour that did not fly was no doubt tedious, "I arrived at Alexandria, but hearing that Mr. Barker, who held the combined offices of Consul General in Egypt, and agent to the Honourable East India Company, was at his country-house at Rosetta, I hired donkeys, and was on my way for it after five hours' stay at Alexandria."

One ludicrous characteristic of the Alexandrian donkeys is worth recording. Never in future can we regard the epithet of "an ass," as being properly synonymous with stupidity. The creatures ambled and trotted along very well during the first day; but on the subsequent morning, when they clearly perceived that a long journey was before them, they fell down intentionally four or five

times, with all the signs of fatigue and weakness. The drivers informed him that it was a common practice of the donkeys.

Embarking on the Nile, our traveller made it his business to navigate the boat himself, in order to take soundings, and to obtain as much knowledge as would promote both the immediate and future objects of his journey.

Mr. Waghorn rested at Rosetta, to recover from his fatigue, and then set out for Cairo on a *cangé*, a sort of boat of fifteen tons' burthen, with two large latteen-sails. The *rais*, or captain, agreed to land him at Cairo in three days and four nights, or receive nothing. This he failed to do, in consequence of the boat grounding on the shoal of Shallakan. Waghorn's notions of a reason for fatigue, may be curiously gathered from a remark he makes incidentally on this occasion. "The crew," says he, "were *almost* fatigued: we have been continually tacking for *five* days and nights." Being out of all patience, he left the boat, and again mounting donkeys, proceeded with his servant to Cairo. He left his luggage behind him, merely taking his despatches.

Having obtained camels, and a requisite passport from the Pasha, Mohammed Ali, to guarantee his safe passage across the Desert of Suez; Mr. Waghorn left Cairo on the 5th of December for Suez, and at sun-set had pitched his tent on the Desert at six miles distance.

At dawn of day, he was again on

his journey, and managed to travel thirty-four miles beneath the burning sun before he halted. The next day he journeyed thirty miles, and in the evening pitched his tent only four miles short of Suez. The next day, he reached the appointed place, and there rested, the Enterprise not having yet arrived.

While waiting with the greatest impatience the arrival of this steamer, Mr. Waghorn appears to have endeavoured to calm himself by jotting down a few observations on the Desert he had just crossed. These observations, slight and few as they are, must be "made much of," as they are, of all things, the rarest with him. He always saw the *end* before him, and nearly all his observations were confined to the means of attaining it.

"The Desert of Suez, commencing from Cairo, is a gentle ascent, about thirty-five miles on the way; then, the same gradual descent till you arrive at the plains of Suez. The soil of the first five miles from Cairo is fine sand; then, coarse sand, inclinable to gravel. Within twelve miles of Suez" (notice — he is tired already of description, and brings you within twelve miles of the place) "you meet many sand-hills between, till you arrive at the plains before mentioned, which form a perfect level for miles in extent, leading you to the gates of Suez.

"The antelopes I observed in parties of about a dozen each, and the camel-drivers informed me that they creep under the shrubs about eighteen inches high, to catch the drops of dew, which is the only means they have of relieving their thirst. I saw partridges in covies of from six to seven, but nowhere on the wing: they were running about the Desert, and I was informed they were not eaten even by the Arabs."

Considering the food they pick

up in the Desert, perhaps this is no wonder.

Having informed us that camels are to be had very cheaply at Suez — say a dollar each camel for fifty miles' distance — and that the water is very brackish, he suddenly adds, with characteristic brevity, "To save recapitulation in *describing* Cossier, it is the same as Suez, *viz.*, camels are to be had in abundance at a trifling expense, and the water is as bad."

He remained at Suez two days, waiting with feverish anxiety the expected arrival of the *Enterprise*. She still did not appear — a strong N.W. wind blowing directly down the sea. Being quite unable to endure the suspense any longer, he determined to embark on the Red Sea in an open boat, intending to sail down its centre, in hopes of meeting her between Suez and Cossier.

All the seamen of the locality vigorously remonstrated with Mr. Waghorn against this attempt, and he well knew that the nautical authorities, both of the East India House and the British Government, were of opinion that the Red Sea was not navigable. But he had important Government despatches to deliver — had pledged himself to deliver them on board the *Enterprise*, and considering that his course of duty, as well as his reputation as a traveller, were at stake, he persisted in his determination. Accordingly, he embarked in an open boat, and without having any personal knowledge of the navigation of

this sea, without chart, without compass, or even the encouragement of a single precedent for such an enterprise — his only guide the sun by day, and the North star by night — he sailed down the centre of the Red Sea.

Of this most interesting and unprecedented voyage, the narrative of which everybody would have read with such avidity, Mr. Waghorn gives no detailed account. He disappoints you of all the circumstances. All intermediate things are abruptly cut off with these very characteristic words: — "*Suffice it to say, I arrived at Juddah, 620 miles, in six and a half days, in that boat!*" You get nothing more than the sum total. He kept a sailor's log-journal; but it is only meant for sailors to read, though now and then you obtain a glimpse of the sort of work he went through. Thus: — "*Sunday, 13th, strong N.W. wind, half a gale, but scudding under storm-sail. Sunset, anchored for the night. Jaffateen islands out of sight to the N. Lost two anchors during the night,*" &c. The rest is equally nautical and technical. In one of the many scattered papers collected since the death of Mr. Waghorn, we find a very slight passing allusion to toils, perils, and privations, which, however, he calmly says, were "inseparable from such a voyage under such circumstances," — but not one touch of description from first to last.

A more extraordinary instance of great practical experience and

knowledge, resolutely and fully carrying out a project which must of necessity have appeared little short of madness to almost everybody else, was never recorded. He was perfectly successful, so far as the navigation was concerned, and in the course he adopted, notwithstanding that his crew of six Arabs mutinied. It appears (for he tells us only the bare fact) they were only subdued on the principle known to philosophers in theory, and to high-couraged men, accustomed to command, by experience, *viz.*, that the one man who is braver, stronger, and firmer than any individual of ten or twenty men, is more than a match for the ten or twenty put together. He touched at Cossier on the 14th, not having fallen in with the *Enterprise*. There he was told by the Governor that the steamer was expected every hour. Mr. Waghorn was in no state of mind to wait very long; so, finding she did not arrive, he again put to sea in his open boat, resolved, if he did not fall in with her, to proceed the entire distance to Juddah — a distance of four hundred miles further. Of this further voyage he does not leave any record, even in his log, beyond the simple declaration that he “embarked for Juddah—ran the distance in three days and twenty-one hours and a quarter — and on the 23rd anchored his boat close to one of the East India Company’s cruisers, the *Benares*.”

But, now comes the most trying part of his whole undertaking —

the part which a man of his vigorously constituted impulses was least able to bear as the climax of his prolonged and arduous efforts, privations, anxieties, and fatigue. Repairing on board the *Benares*, to learn the news, the captain informed him, that in consequence of being found in a defective state on her arrival at Bombay, “the *Enterprise* was not coming at all.” This intelligence seems to have felled him like a blow, and he was immediately seized with a delirious fever. The captain and officers of the *Benares* felt great sympathy and interest in this sad result of so many extraordinary efforts, and detaining him on board, bestowed every attention on his malady.

“Thus baffled,” writes Mr. Waghorn, “I was six weeks before I could proceed onward to Bombay by sailing vessel.” On arriving at Bombay with his despatches, the thanks of the Government in Council, &c., were voted to him, “for having, when disappointed of a steamer, proceeded with these despatches in an open boat, down the Red Sea, &c.” There was evidently much more said of a complimentary kind, but Waghorn cuts all short with the *et cætera*.

He reached Bombay on the 21st of March, having thus accomplished his journey from London in four months and twenty-one days — an extraordinary rapidity at this date, 1830. Of course, the time he was detained in Cairo, Suez, Cossier, and Juddah (where

he lay ill with the fever six weeks), ought to be deducted, because he would have saved all this time, fever inclusive, if he had not expected the *Enterprise* from India.

He now turned his attention to a series of fresh exhortations to large public meetings which he convened at different places—Calcutta, Madras, the Isle of France, the Cape of Good Hope, St. Helena, &c., on the subject of shortening the route from England to India, and greatly lessening the time. He described the various points of the new route he proposed, and also the new kind of steam-vessel which it was advisable to have built and fitted up, for the sole purpose of a rapid transmission of the mail. In an "Address to His Majesty's Ministers and the Honourable East India Company," which we find among his papers, there occurs the following passage—simple in expression, noble in its quiet modesty, but pregnant with enormous results to his country, all of which have already, in a great degree, been accomplished.

"Of myself I trust I may be excused when I say that the highest object of my ambition has ever been an extensive usefulness; and my line of life—my turn of mind—my disposition long ago impelled me to give all my leisure, and all my opportunities of observation, to the introduction of steam-vessels, and permanently establishing them as the means of communication between India and England, including all the colonies on the route. The vast importance of three months' earlier information to His Majesty's Government and to the Honourable Company, whether relative to a war or a peace; to abundant

or to short crops; to the sickness or convalescence of a colony or district, and oftentimes even of an individual; the advantages to the merchant, by enabling him to regulate his supplies and orders according to circumstances and demands; the anxieties of the thousands of my countrymen in India for accounts, and further accounts, of their parents, children, and friends at home; the corresponding anxieties of those relatives and friends in this country; in a word, the speediest possible transit of letters to the tens of thousands who at all times in solicitude await them, was a service to my mind," (of the greatest general importance) "and it shall not be my fault if I do not, and for ever, establish it."

By his indefatigable efforts in India, having extensively made known his plans and methods for accomplishing these great objects, and bringing home with him the testimonial of thanks he had received from the Governor in Council of Bombay, he returned to England. Let his own words—homely, earnest, straightforward, full of sailor-like simplicity, impulsive, and fraught with important results—relate his reception.

"Armed with the record of the Governor's thanks, I commenced an active agitation in India for the establishment of steam to Europe. In prosecution of this design, I returned to England, expecting, of course, to be received with open arms—at the India House especially. Judge of my surprise on being told by the successor of Mr. Loch (Chairman of the court), that the India Company required no steam to the East at all!

"I told him that the feeling in India was most ardent for it; that I had convened large public meetings at Bombay, Madras, and Calcutta, and, in fact, all over the Peninsula, which I had traversed by *dawk*; that the Governor-General, Lord William Bentinck, was enthusiastic in the same cause, and had done me the honour to predict (with what prescience need not now, in 1849, be stated), that if

ever the object was accomplished, it would be by the man who had navigated the Red Sea in an open boat, under the circumstances already named.

"To all this the Chairman made answer that the Governor-General and people of India had nothing to do with the India House; and if I did not go back and join *their* pilot service, to which I belonged, I should receive such a communication from that House as would be by no means agreeable to me!

"On the instant I penned my resignation, and placing it in his hands, then gave utterance to the sentiment which actuated me from that moment till the moment I realised my aspiration — that I would establish the Overland Route, in spite of the India House."

How little must the public of the present day be prepared to find such a condition of affairs, or anything in the shape of antagonism in such a quarter, now that the Overland Route has become not only a practical thing for the "mail" but for ordinary travellers and tourists, and a matter of panorama and pantomime, of dioramic effects and burlesque songs — the sublime, and the ridiculous! But how did it fare with our enterprising sailor, after penning his resignation, and handing it in with such a declaration and defiance?

"This avowal," says Lieutenant Waghorn, "most impolitic on my part as regarded my individual interests, is perhaps the key to much of the otherwise inexplicable opposition I subsequently met with from those upon whose most energetic co-operation I had every apparent reason to rely. I proceeded to Egypt, not only without official recommendation, but with a sort of official stigma on my sanity!

"The Government nautical authorities reported that the Red Sea was not navigable; and the East India Company's naval officers declared, that, if it *were* navigable, the North-Westerns peculiar to those waters, and the South-West mon-

soons of the Indian Ocean, would swallow all steamers up! And, as if there were not enough to crush me in the eyes of foreigners and my own countrymen, documents were actually laid before Parliament, showing that coals had cost the East India Company twenty pounds per ton, at Suez, and had taken *fifteen months* to get there."

Notwithstanding all these apparently overwhelming allegations, Mr. Waghorn succeeded in convincing the Pasha of the entire practicability of his plans; and having fully gained the confidence of that potentate, he obtained permission to proceed according to his own judgment. By means of his intimate knowledge of the whole route and all its contingencies, Mr. Waghorn saw that coals might be brought readily enough to Alexandria — then up the Nile — then across the Desert on camels — for not more than five pounds per ton. He immediately hastened back to England, and was "fortunate enough" to impress his conviction on this point on a very able public servant, Mr. Melville, Secretary to the East India House; and through his instrumentality one thousand tons of coals were conveyed by the route, and by the means above-mentioned, from the pit's mouth to the hold of the steamer at Suez, for four pounds three shillings and sixpence.

"From that hour to this (June, 1849), the same plan, at the same, and even a smaller cost, has been pursued in respect of all the coals of the East India Company, — the saving in ten years being *three quarters of a million* sterling, as between the estimated, and the actual cost of coal."

Having now most deservedly obtained the friendship of the Pasha, Mr. Waghorn was enabled to establish mails to India, and to keep that service in his own hands during five years. On one occasion he actually succeeded in getting letters from Bombay to England in *forty-seven days*; and immediately afterwards both the English Government and the Honourable East India Company, at the pressing solicitations of the London, East India, and China Associations (Mr., since Sir George Larpent, Chairman) started mails of their own — taking from Mr. Waghorn the conveyance of letters, without the least compensation for the loss, from that time to this (1849); these authorities having, till then, repeatedly declared that they had no intention of having mails by this route at all.

It should not be omitted, that, during these efforts, Mr. Waghorn feeling that his position in India would be much advantaged, and therefore his means of utility, if he could receive the rank of Lieutenant in the British Navy, made repeated applications to this effect, from 1832 to 1842. But in vain. He thought that his great services might have obtained this reward for him, especially as it would add to his means of usefulness. But no. Government, like the serpent, is a wonderful “wise beast,” and the ways of Ministers are inscrutable. All spoke of his merits, but none rewarded them. At length, in 1842, Lord Haddington, being Head of the Admiralty, did grant this

scarce and astonishing honour! Egypt actually beheld the man, who had brought England within forty-seven days of her sands, before any steam system was in operation between the two countries, permitted to write the letters R. N. after his natural name!

In conjunction with others, partners in the undertaking, Lieutenant Waghorn now arranged for the carriage of passengers, the building of hotels at Alexandria, Cairo, and other places, and he soon familiarised the Desert with the novel spectacle of harnessed horses, vans, and all the usual adjuncts of English travelling, instead of the precarious Arab and his primeval camel. These, with packet-boats on the Nile, and the canal (and afterwards with steamers), duly provided with English superintendants, rendered Eastern travel as easy as a journey of the same length in the hot summer of any of the most civilised countries.

Lieutenant Waghorn had now every prospect of making this hitherto undreamed-of novelty as profitable to himself in remuneration of his many arduous labours, as it was serviceable and commodious to the vast numbers of all countries, especially his own, who availed themselves of it. But unfortunately, just when his enterprise, industry, capital, and his possession of Mehemet Ali's friendship were beginning to produce their natural results, the honourable English Government and the honourable East India

Company "gave the monopoly of a chartered contract to an opulent and powerful Company!" Lieutenant Waghorn had coupled with his passenger system the carriage of overland parcels, which was a source of great profit, and through it there was a constant accession to the comforts of the passengers in transit. But it would seem as if the Government and the India House regarded this man only as an instrument to work out advantages for them, in especial, and the world at large, but the moment he had a prospect of obtaining some reward for himself, it was proper to stop him. Had he not been allowed to write Lieutenant before his name, and R. N. after it? What more would he have?

"This Company," says Waghorn, "already extensive carriers by water, gleaned from my firm the secret of conducting my business, with an alleged view to supply it on a much more comprehensive scale, and to employ us in so doing; but when nothing more remained to be learned from us, we were forthwith superseded, though with a useless and utterly unproductive expenditure, on the part of our successors, of six times the money we should have required to accomplish the same end. Overwhelmed by the competition of this giant association, I was entirely deprived of all advantages of this creation of my own energy, and left with it a ruin on my hands, though to have secured me at least the Egyptian transit would not only have been but the merest justice to an individual, but would have been a material gain to the British public, politically and otherwise. In my hand the English traffic was English, and I venture to say that English it would have continued to this day, had I not been interfered with. But my successors gave it up to the Pasha."

The absence of all circumstantial descriptions and all graphic

details in the papers, both printed and in manuscript, we have previously noticed. We had at first made sure of being able to present our readers with a picturesque and exciting narrative of the Life and Adventures of Lieutenant Waghorn — for adventures, in abundance, both on the sea and the Desert, he must assuredly have had; but he does not give us a single peg to hang an action or event upon, not a single suggestion for a romantic scene. Once we thought we had at last discovered among his papers a treasure of this kind. It was a manuscript bound in a strong cover, and having a patent lock. Inside was printed, in large letters, "Private: Daily Remembrancer: Mr. Waghorn." It contains absolutely nothing of the kind that was evidently at first intended. It is crammed full of newspaper cuttings; and the only memoranda and remembrances are two or three melancholy affairs of bills and mortgages made to pay debts incurred in the public service. So much for his daily journal of events while travelling. He was manifestly so completely a man of action, that he could not afford a minute to note it down. Had it not been for the vexatious oppositions by which he was thwarted, and the painful memorials and petitions he was subsequently compelled, as we shall find, to present in various quarters, we verily believe he would have given us no written records at all of a single thing he did, and all that would have been left, in the course of a

few years after his death, would have been the "Overland Route," and the name of "Waghorn."

We must now take a cursory view of his labours. To do this in any regular order is hardly possible, partly from the space they would occupy, but yet more from the desultory and unmanageable condition of the papers and documents before us.

During many years he sailed and travelled hundreds of thousands of miles between England and India, more particularly from the year 1827 to 1835, inclusive; passing up and down the Red Sea with mails, before the East India Company had any steam system on that sea. On one very special occasion, on this side the Isthmus, in October 1839, when the news arrived at Alexandria from Bombay, of Sir John (late Lord) Keane's success at Ghuznee, he managed to obtain the use of the Pasha of Egypt's own steamer, the *Generoso*, the very next day after Her Majesty's steamer left Alexandria; and he personally commanded this vessel, and conveyed the mail to Malta, which was immediately sent on by the Admiral there, to England. Of such acts of special usefulness on occasions of great emergency, numerous instances might be related of him. His services in Egypt are well known to all who dwell there, or have travelled in that country. For the information of such as may not have any personal knowledge of these things, we may mention a few of the most prominent. Lieute-

nant Waghorn and his partners, without any aid whatever, with the single exception of the Bombay Steam Committee, built the eight halting places on the Desert, between Cairo and Suez; also the three hotels established above them, in which every comfort and even some luxuries were provided and stored for the passing traveller — among which should be mentioned iron tanks with good water, ranged in cellars beneath; — and all this in a region which was previously a waste of arid sands and scorching gravel, beset with wandering robbers and their camels. These wandering robbers he converted into faithful guides, as they are now found to be by every traveller; and even ladies with their infants are enabled to cross and recross the Desert with as much security as if they were in Europe.

He neglected no means of making us acquainted with our position and line of policy in these countries. He wrote and published pamphlets in England to show the justice and sound policy of our having friendly relations with Egypt, in opposition to the undue position of Turkey (1837, 1838); also, to make his countrymen conversant with the character of Mehemet Ali, and with the countries of Egypt, Arabia, and Syria (1840); another on the acceleration of mails between England and the East (1843); and a letter to Earl Grey on emigration to Australia (1848). At this time, in conjunction with Mr. Wheatley, he had established an agency for the Overland

Route to India, China, &c., and had offices in Cornhill, which are still in active operation. The enormous subsequent increase of letters to India by the mail, may be inferred from this fact — that in his first arrangement, Lieutenant Waghorn had all letters for India sent to Messrs. Smith and Elder of Cornhill, to be stamped, and then forwarded to him in Alexandria: the earliest despatches amounted to one hundred and eighty-four letters; this number is now more than doubled by the correspondence of Smith and Elder alone, on their own business. They were the first booksellers who rightly appreciated Mr. Waghorn's efforts; and they cordially co-operated with him.

"When he left Egypt, in 1841, he had established English carriages, vans, and horses, for the passengers' conveyance across the Desert (instead of camels); indeed, he placed small steamers (from England) on the Nile and the canal of Alexandria. Every fraction of his money was spent by him in getting more and more facilities; and, had the saving of money been one of the characteristics of his nature, the Overland Route would not be as useful as it now is — and this is acknowledged by all. Mr. Waghorn claimed for himself, and most justly, the merit of this work: he claimed it without fear of denial; and stated upon his honour, that no money or means were ever received by him from either Her Majesty's Government or the East India Company to aid it. It grew into life altogether from his having, by his own energy and private resources, worked the 'Overland Mails' to and from India for two years, (from 1831 to 1834) in his own individual person. 'Will it be believed,' says he, 'that up to that time Mr. Waghorn was thought and called by many, a Visionary, and by some a Madman?'"

It may very easily be believed that this was thought and said, as it is a common practice with the world when anything extraordinary is performed for the first time; and though it may be hard enough for the individual to bear, we may simply set it down as the first step to the admission of his success. But it is very clear the Pasha was wise enough to recognise the value of the man who had done so much, and not only accorded him his friendship and assistance on all occasions, but sent him on one occasion as his confidential messenger to Khosru Pasha, Grand Vizier to the Sultan at Constantinople, in 1839, as well as to Lord Ponsonby, who was there as Ambassador from England at this time.

Nor did his merit pass unrecognised in his own country; first by the public generally, though, perhaps, first of all by the "Times" newspaper, the proprietors of which were subsequently munificent in their pecuniary assistance of his efforts in the Trieste experiments, as indeed were the morning papers generally. In six successive months he accomplished the gain of thirteen days *viâ* Trieste over the Marseilles route. Lords Palmerston and Aberdeen, as foreign ministers of England; Lords Ellenborough, Glenelg, and Ripon, and Sir John Hobhouse, as presidents of the India Board, were also fully aware of his labours in bringing about the "Overland Route" through Egypt, and thus giving stability to

English interests in our Eastern empire.

And now comes the melancholy end of all these so arduous and important labours. Embarrassed in his own private circumstances from the expenditure of all his own funds, and large debts contracted besides, solely in effecting these public objects, he was compelled, after vainly endeavouring to extricate himself by establishing in London an office of agency for the Overland Route, to apply to the India House and the Government for assistance. His constitution was by this time broken up by the sort of toil he had gone through in the last twenty years, and he merely asked to have his public debts paid, and enough allowed him as a pension to enable him to close his few remaining days in rest. He was still in the prime of life; but prematurely old from his hard work.

In consequence of various memorials and petitions the India House awarded Lieutenant Waghorn a pension of 200*l.* per annum; and the Government did the same. But they would not pay the debts he had contracted in their service. If he had made a bad bargain, he must abide by it, and suffer for it. Both pensions, therefore, were compromised to his creditors, and he remained without any adequate means of support. The following extract, with which we must conclude, is from his last memorial:—

“The immediate origin and cause of my embarrassments was a forfeited promise on the part of the Treasury and the

India House, whereby only four instead of six thousand pounds, relied on by me, were paid towards the Trieste Route experiments in the winter of 1846-7, when, single-handed, and despite unparalleled and wholly unforeseen difficulties, I eclipsed, on five trials out of six, the long organised arrangements of the French authorities, specially stimulated to all possible exertion, and supplied with unlimited means by M. Guizot. On the first of these six occasions, there arose the breaking down, on the Indian Ocean, of the steamer provided for me, thereby trebling the computed expenses through the delay, and when, startled by this excessive outlay, I hesitated to entail more, the Treasury and the India House told me to proceed, to do the service well, and make out my bill afterwards. I did proceed. I did the service not only well, not only to the satisfaction of my employers, but in a manner that elicited the admiration of Europe, as all the Continental and British journals of that period, besides heaps of private testimonials, demonstrated. My rivals, to whom the impediments in my path were best known, were loudest in their acknowledgments; and the only drawback to my just pride was the incredulity manifested in some quarters, that I could have actually accomplished what (it is notorious) I did at any time, much less among the all but impassable roads of the Alps, in the depth of a winter of far more than ordinary Alpine severity. I presented my bill. *It was dishonoured.* I had made myself an invalid, had sown the seeds of a broken constitution, in the performance of that duty. The disappointment occasioned by the non-payment of the two thousand pounds, has preyed incessantly upon me since; and now, a wreck alike almost in mind and body, I am sustained alone by the hope, that the annals of the Insolvent Court will not have inscribed upon them the Pioneer of the Overland Route, because of obligations he incurred for the public, by direction of the public authorities.”

The date of this memorial is June 8th, 1849. High testimonials are appended to it from Lords Palmerston, Aberdeen, Ellenborough, Harrowby, Combermere, Ripon, Sir John Hobhouse, Sir

Robert Gordon, and Mr. Joseph Hume. But it did not produce any effect; the debts and the harassing remained; and the pioneer of the Overland Route died very shortly afterwards; — we cannot say of a broken heart, because his constitution had been previously shattered by his labours. Yet it looks sadly like this. He might have lived some years longer. He was only forty-seven. The pension awarded him by the India House he had only possessed eighteen months; and the pension from Government had been yet more tardily bestowed, so that he only lived to receive the first quarter.

At his death both pensions died with him, his widow being left to starve. The India House, however, have lately granted her a pension of fifty pounds; and the Government, naïvely stating, as if in excuse for the extravagance, that it was in consequence of the “*eminent services*” performed by her late husband, awarded her the sum of twenty-five pounds per annum. This twenty-five pounds having been the subject of many comments from the press, both of loud indignation and cutting ridicule, the Government made a second grant, with the statement that “in consequence of the *extreme* destitution of Mrs. Waghorn,” a further sum was awarded of fifteen pounds more! This is the fact, and such are the terms of the grant. Why, it reads like an act of clemency towards some criminal or other offender; —

“You have been very wicked, you know; but as you are in *extreme destitution*, here are a few pounds more.”

While these above-mentioned petitions, memorials, and struggles for life and honour were going on, great numbers of our wealthy countrymen were rushing with bags of money to pour out at the feet of Mr. Hudson, M.P., in reward for his having made the largest fortune in the shortest time ever known; — and soon after the Government munificence had been bestowed on the destitute widow of Lieutenant Waghorn, the Marquis of Lansdowne and the Marquis of Londonderry, in their places in the House of Lords, eulogised the splendid “military ability” of F. M. the late Duke of Cambridge, speaking in high terms of the great deeds he would have achieved, “if he had only had an opportunity,” and voting a pension of twelve thousand pounds a year to his destitute son, and three thousand pounds a year to his destitute daughter.

We have now beheld the labours, and the reward, of the pioneer of the Overland Route; who, for the establishment of this route and for manifold services subsequently rendered, received the “thanks” of three quarters of the globe, that is to say, of Europe, Asia, and Africa, “besides numberless letters of ‘thanks’ from mercantile communities at every point where Eastern trade is concerned!” His public debts are not paid to this day.

CHIPS.

THE KNOCKING-UP BUSINESS.

NEW wants are being continually invented, and new trades are, consequently, daily springing up. A correspondent brings to light a novel branch of the manufacturing industry of this country, which was revealed to him in Manchester. Lately, he observes, I was passing through a bye-street in Manchester, when my attention was attracted by a card placed conspicuously in the window of a decent-looking house, on which was inscribed, in good text,

“KNOCKING UP DONE HERE AT 2D.
A WEEK.”

I stopped a few moments to consider what it could mean, and chose out of a hundred conjectures the most feasible, namely: — that it referred perhaps to the “getting up” of some portion of a lady’s dress, or knocking up some article of attire or convenience in a hurry. I asked persons connected with all sorts of handicrafts and small trades, and could get no satisfaction. I therefore determined to enquire at the “Knocking up” establishment itself. Thither, accordingly, I bent my steps. On asking for the master, a pale-faced asthmatic man came forward. I politely told him the object of my visit, adding, that from so small a return as 2d. a week, he ought to get at least half profit. “Why, to tell you the truth, Sir,” rejoined the honest fellow, “as my occupation requires no outlay or stock in trade, ’tis *all* profit.” “Admirable

profession!” I ejaculated. “If it is no secret, I should like to be initiated; for several friends of mine are very anxious to commence business on the same terms.”

Not having the fear of rivalry before his eyes, he solved the mystery without any stipulations as to secrecy or premium. He said that he was employed by a number of young men and women who worked in factories, to call them up by a certain early hour in the morning; for if they happened to oversleep themselves and to arrive at the mill after work had commenced, they were liable to the infliction of a fine, and therefore, to insure being up in good time, employed him to “knock them up” at two-pence a week.

On further enquiry, he told me that he himself earned fourteen shillings per week, and his son — only ten years old — awoke factory people enough to add four shillings more to his weekly income. He added, that a friend of his did a very extensive “knocking up” business, his connexion being worth thirty shillings per week: and one woman he knew had a circuit that brought her in twenty-four shillings weekly.

There is an old saying, that one half the world does not know how the other half live. I question whether ninety-nine hundredths of your readers will have known till you permit me to inform them how our Manchester friends, in the “Knocking up” line, get a livelihood.

STATISTICS OF FACTORY SUPERVISION.

THE Rev. Mr. Baker has recently issued a pamphlet, defending the moral tone of the factory system against the charges brought against it in the Rev. H. Worsley's Prize Essay on Juvenile Depravity. We purposely abstain from discussing the merits of the controversy, believing that the truth lies between the two extremes advocated respectively by the reverend disputants. Mr. Henry, however, gives a table of statistics, an abstract of which we cannot withhold. It shows the number of spinning and power-loom weaving concerns in the principal manufacturing districts of Lancashire and Cheshire; also, the number of partners, so far as they are known to the public.

It appears that in Ashton-under-Lyne, Dunkinfield, and Moseley, there are fifty-three mills in the hands of ninety-five partners; Blackburn, and its immediate neighbourhood, has fifty-seven mills and eighty partners; Bolton, forty-two mills and fifty-seven partners; Barnley, twenty-five spinning manufactories and forty-six proprietors; at Heywood there are twenty-eight mills in the hands of forty-six masters. Manchester, it would appear, is not so much the seat of manufacture as of merchandise. Though it abounds in warehouses for the sale of cotton goods, there are no more than seventy-eight cotton factories, having one hundred and thirty-nine

masters. Oldham has the greatest number of mills; namely, one hundred and fifty-eight, with two hundred and fifty-two proprietors; Preston, thirty-eight mills, sixty-two partners; Stalybridge, twenty cotton concerns and forty-one proprietors; Stockport, forty-seven mills and seventy-six masters; while Warrington has no more than four mills, owned by ten gentlemen. The total number of cotton manufactories in these districts is five hundred and fifty, which belong to nine hundred and four "Cotton Lords."

Mr. Baker's "case" is that a proper moral supervision is exercised over the tens of thousands of operatives employed in these factories; and that such supervision is not delegated from principals to subordinates. It would seem, from his showing, that of the nine hundred and four proprietors, no more than twenty-nine do not reside where their concerns are situated; and that of the entire aggregate of mills, there are only four in or near to which no proprietor resides. Lancashire and Cheshire cotton factories, therefore, are as regards absenteeism, the direct antithesis of Irish estates. The consequence is, that while the former are in a state of average, though intermittent prosperity, the latter have gone to ruin.

COMIC LEAVES FROM THE
STATUTE BOOK.

THE most manifest absurdities while remaining in fashion receive the greatest respect; for it is not till Time affords a retrospect that the full force of the absurdity is revealed. When men and women went about dressed like the characters in the farce of Tom Thumb, we of the present day wonder that they excited no mirth; nor can we now believe that Betterton drew tears as *Cato* in a full-bottomed wig. A beauty who a dozen years ago excited admiration in the balloon-like costume of that day, would now, if presenting herself in full-blown leg-of-mutton sleeves, excite a smile. The more intelligent natives of Mexico are now more disposed to grin than to shudder, as they once did, at their comical idols. Everybody has heard of the monkey-god of India. In our day, those who once adored and dreaded him, would as readily worship *Punch*, and receive his squeakings for oracles, as to bow down before the Great Monkey.

Amongst the most prominent superstitions in which our forefathers believed, as a commercial opinion and rule of legislation, was "Protection;" and we have not awakened too recently from the delusion which descended from them not to perceive its absurdities, especially on looking over their voluminous legacy, the Statute Book. Before, however, we open some of its most comical

pages, let us premise that the question of Protection is not a political one. Of the precise force and meaning of the term, there is a large class of "constant readers" who have no definite idea. The word "Protection" calls up in their minds a sort of phantasmagoria composed chiefly of Corn-law leagues, tedious debates in Parliament, Custom-houses, excisemen, smugglers, preventive-men and mounted coast-guards. They know it has to do with imports, exports, drawbacks, the balance of trade, and with being searched when they step ashore from a Boulogne steamer. Floating over this indefinite construction of the term, they have a general opinion that Protection must be a good thing, for they also associate it most intimately with the guardianship of the law, which protects them from the swindler, and with the policeman, who protects them from the thief. That powerful and patriotic sentiment, "Protection to British Industry," must, they think, be nearly the same sort of thing, except that it means protection from the tricks of foreigners instead of from those of compatriots. They confess that, believing the whole matter to be a complicated branch of politics, they have had neither time nor patience to "go into it."

In supposing the question of Free Trade or Protection to be a political one, they are, as we have before hinted, in error. It has no more to do with politics than their own transactions with the grocer

coast-guards, who cannot, after all, prevent smuggling. The disproportionate penalties threatened by protective laws, show how difficult it was to ensure obedience. In 1765, so invincible was the desire of our ladies to do justice to their neat ancles, that a law had to be passed in the fifth of George the Third, (chapter forty-eight,) decreeing that "if any foreign manufactured silk stockings, &c., be imported into any part of the British dominions, they shall be forfeited, and the importers, retailers, or vendors of the same, shall be subject, for every such offence, to a fine of two hundred pounds, with costs of suit." The wise legislators did not dare to extend the penalties to the fair wearers, who found means to make it worth the while of the vendors to brave and evade the law.

The complicated and contradictory legislation into which the *ignis fatuus* of Protection led men, made our nominally protective laws not unfrequently laws prohibitive of industry. To protect the iron-masters of Staffordshire, the inhabitants of Pennsylvania (while yet a British colony) were forbidden, under heavy penalties, to avail themselves of their rich coal and iron mines. To protect the tobacco growers of Virginia (also in its colonial epoch) the agriculturists of Great Britain were forbidden to cultivate the plant — a prohibition which is still in force — even now, that the semblance of a reason or excuse for the restriction exists.

The petty details into which these prohibitions of industry, under the pretext of protecting it, descended, can only be conceived by those who have studied the Statutes at Large. An act was passed in the fourth of George the First (the seventh chapter) for the better employing the manufacturers, and encouraging the consumption of raw silk. This act provides "that no person shall make, sell, or set upon any clothes or wearing garments whatsoever, any buttons made of serge, cloth, drugget, frieze, camlet, or any other stuff of which clothes or wearing garments are made, or any buttons made of wool only, and turned in imitations of other buttons, on pain of forfeiting forty shillings per dozen for all such buttons." And again, in the seventh year of the same George, the twenty-second chapter of that year's statutes declared that "No tailors shall set on any buttons or button-holes of serge, drugget, &c., under penalty of forty shillings for every dozen of buttons or button-holes so made or set on.... No person shall use or wear on any clothes, garments, or apparel whatsoever, except velvet, any buttons or button-holes made of or bound with cloth, serge, drugget, frieze, camlet, or other stuffs whereof clothes or woollen garments are usually made, on penalty of forfeiting forty shillings per dozen under a similar penalty." These acts were insisted on by the ancient and important fraternity of metal button-makers, who

thought they had a prescriptive right to supply the world with brass and other buttons "with shanks." Shankless fasteners, made of cloth, serge, &c., were therefore interdicted; and every man, woman, and child, down to the time when George the Third was king, was *obliged* to wear metal buttons whether they liked them or not, on pain of fine or imprisonment.

The shackles and pitfalls in which men involved themselves in their chase after the illusive idea of universal protection were as numerous, and more fatal than those with which Louis the Eleventh garnished his castle at Plessis-le-Tours. It was impossible to move without stumbling into some of them. British ship-builders were allowed to ply their trade exclusively for British ship-owners; but, in return, they were compelled to buy the dear timber of Canada, instead of that of the Baltic. British ship-owners had exclusive privileges of ocean carriage, but had to pay tribute to the monopoly of British ship-builders and Canadian lumberers. British sailors were exclusively to be employed in English ships, but in return they were at the mercy of the press-gangs. Dubious advantages were bought at a price unquestionably dear and ruinous.

The condition of our country while possessed by the fallacy of protection, can be compared to nothing so aptly, as to a man under the influence of a nightmare. One incongruity pursues another

through the brain. There is a painful half-consciousness that all is delusion, and a fear that it may be reality — there is a choking sense of oppression. The victim of the unhealthy dream, tries to shake it off and awaken, but his faculties are spell-bound. By a great effort the country has awakened to the light of day, and a sense of realities.

The way in which the rural population, great and small, were protected against one another, may be well illustrated by an extract from the third of James the First, chapter fourteen. This act was in force so lately as 1827, for it was only repealed by the seventh and eighth of George the Fourth, chapter twenty-seven. The fifth clause of this precious enactment made a man who had not forty pounds a-year a "malefactor" if he shot a hare; while a neighbour who possessed a hundred a-year, and caught him in the fact, became in one moment his judge and executioner. After reciting that if any person who had not real property producing forty pounds a-year, or who had not two hundred pounds' worth of goods and chattels, shall presume to shoot game, the clause goes on to say — "Then any person, having lands, tenements, and hereditaments, of the clear value of one hundred pounds a-year, may take from the person or possession of such malefactor or malefactors, and to his own use for ever keep, such guns, bows, cross-bows, buckstalls, engine-traps, nets,

ferrets, and coney dogs," &c. This is hardly a comic leaf from the statute-book. Indignation gives place to mirth on perusing it. Some portions of the game-laws still in force could be enumerated, equally unreasonable and summary.

Most of the statutes contain a comical set of rules of English Grammar, which are calculated to make the wig of Lindley Murray stiffen in his grave with horror; they run thus: — "Words importing the singular number shall include the plural number, and words importing the plural number shall include the singular number. Words importing the masculine gender shall include females. The word 'person' shall include a corporation, whether aggregate or sole. The word 'lands' shall include messuages, lands, tenements, and hereditaments of any tenure. The word 'street' shall extend to and include any road, square, court, alley, and thoroughfare, or public passage, within the limits of the special act. The expression 'two justices' shall be understood to mean two or more justices met and acting together."

Thus ends our chapter of only a few of the mirth provocatives of the Statutes at Large.

FROM THE RAVEN IN THE HAPPY FAMILY.

I SUPPOSE you thought I was dead? No such thing. Don't

flatter yourselves that I haven't got my eye upon you. I am wide awake, and you give me plenty to look at.

I have begun my great work about you. I have been collecting materials from the Horse, to begin with. You are glad to hear it, ain't you? Very likely. Oh, he gives you a nice character! He makes you out a charming set of fellows.

He informs me, by the bye, that he is a distant relation of the pony that was taken up in a balloon a few weeks ago; and that the pony's account of your going to see him at Vauxhall Gardens, is an amazing thing. The pony says, that when he looked round on the assembled crowd, come to see the realisation of the wood-cut in the bill, he found it impossible to discover which was the real Mister Green — there were so many Mister Greens — and they were all so very green!

But, that's the way with you. You know it is. Don't tell me! You'd go to see anything that other people went to see. And don't flatter yourselves that I am referring to "the vulgar curiosity," as you choose to call it, when you mean some curiosity in which you don't participate yourselves. The polite curiosity in this country, is as vulgar as any curiosity in the world.

Of course you'll tell me, no it isn't, but I say yes it is. What have you got to say for yourselves about the Nepaulese Princes, I should like to know? Why, there

has been more crowding, and pressing, and pushing, and jostling, and struggling, and striving, in genteel houses this last season, on account of those Nepaulese Princes, than would take place in vulgar Cremorne Gardens and Greenwich Park, at Easter time and Whitsuntide! And what for? Do you know anything about 'em? Have you any idea why they came here? Can you put your finger on their country in the map? Have you ever asked yourselves a dozen common questions about its climate, natural history, government, productions, customs, religion, manners? Not you! Here are a couple of swarthy Princes very much out of their element, walking about in wide muslin trousers, and sprinkled all over with gems (like the clock-work figure on the old round platform in the street, grown up), and they 're fashionable outlandish monsters, and it 's a new excitement for you to get a stare at 'em. As to asking 'em to dinner, and seeing 'em sit at table without eating in your company (unclean animals as you are!), you fall into raptures at that. Quite delicious, isn't it? Ugh, you dunder-headed boobies!

I wonder what there is, new and strange, that you *wouldn't* lionise, as you call it. Can you suggest anything? It 's not a hippopotamus, I suppose. I hear from my brother-in-law in the Zoological Gardens, that you are always pelting away into the Regent's Park, by thousands, to see

the hippopotamus. Oh, you 're very fond of hippopotami, ain't you? You study one attentively, when you *do* see one, don't you? You come away, so much wiser than you went, reflecting so profoundly on the wonders of creation — eh?

Bah! You follow one another like wild geese, but you are not so good to eat!

These, however, are not the observations of my friend the Horse. *He* takes you, in another point of view. Would you like to read his contribution to my Natural History of you? No? You shall then.

He is a Cab-horse now. He wasn't always, but he is now, and his usual stand is close to our Proprietor's usual stand. That's the way we have come into communication, we "dumb animals." Ha, ha! Dumb, too! Oh, the conceit of you men, because you can bother the community out of their five wits, by making speeches!

Well. I mentioned to this Horse that I should be glad to have his opinions and experiences of you. Here they are:

"At the request of my honourable friend the Raven, I proceed to offer a few remarks in reference to the animal called Man. I have had varied experience of this strange creature for fifteen years, and am now driven by a Man, in the hackney cabriolet, number twelve thousand four hundred and fifty-two.

“The sense Man entertains of his own inferiority to the nobler animals — and I am now more particularly referring to the Horse — has impressed me forcibly, in the course of my career. If a Man knows a Horse well, he is prouder of it than of any knowledge of himself, within the range of his limited capacity. He regards it, as the sum of all human acquisition. If he is learned in a Horse, he has nothing else to learn. And the same remark applies, with some little abatement, to his acquaintance with Dogs. I have seen a good deal of Man in my time, but I think I have never met a Man who didn't feel it necessary to his reputation to pretend, on occasion, that he knew something of Horses and Dogs, though he really knew nothing. As to making us a subject of conversation, my opinion is that we are more talked about, than history, philosophy, literature, art, and science, all put together. I have encountered innumerable gentlemen in the country, who were totally incapable of interest in anything but Horses and Dogs — except Cattle. And I have always been given to understand that they were the flower of the civilised world.

“It is very doubtful, to me, whether there is, upon the whole, anything Man is so ambitious to imitate, as an ostler, a jockey, a stage coachman, a horse-dealer, or a dog-fancier. There may be some other character which I do not immediately remember, that

fires him with emulation; but, if there be, I am sure it is connected with Horses, or Dogs, or both. This is an unconscious compliment, on the part of the tyrant, to the nobler animals, which I consider to be very remarkable. I have known Lords, and Baronets, and Members of Parliament, out of number, who have deserted every other calling, to become but indifferent stablemen or kennelmen, and be cheated on all hands, by the real aristocracy of those pursuits who were regularly born to the business.

“All this, I say, is a tribute to our superiority which I consider to be very remarkable. Yet, still, I can't quite understand it. Man can hardly devote himself to us, in admiration of our virtues, because he never imitates them. We Horses are as honest, though I say it, as animals can be. If, under the pressure of circumstances, we submit to act at a Circus, for instance, we always show that we are acting. We never deceive anybody. We would scorn to do it. If we are called upon to do anything in earnest, we do our best. If we are required to run a race falsely, and to lose when we could win, we are not to be relied upon, to commit a fraud; Man must come in at that point, and force us to it. And the extraordinary circumstance to me, is, that Man (whom I take to be a powerful species of Monkey) is always making us nobler animals the instruments of his meanness and cupidity. The very name of

our kind has become a byeword for all sorts of trickery and cheating. We are as innocent as counters at a game — and yet this creature WILL play falsely with us!

“Man’s opinion, good or bad, is not worth much, as any rational Horse knows. But, justice is justice; and what I complain of, is, that Mankind talks of us as if We had something to do with all this. They say that such a man was “ruined by Horses.” Ruined by Horses! They can’t be open, even in that, and say he was ruined by Men; but they lay it at *our* stable-door! As if we ever ruined anybody, or were ever doing anything but being ruined ourselves, in our generous desire to fulfil the useful purposes of our existence!

“In the same way, we get a bad name as if we were profligate company. ‘So and so got among Horses, and it was all up with him.’ Why, *we* would have reclaimed him — *we* would have made him temperate, industrious, punctual, steady, sensible — what harm would he ever have got from *us*, I should wish to ask?

“Upon the whole, speaking of him as I have found him, I should describe Man as an unmeaning and conceited creature, very seldom to be trusted, and not likely to make advances towards the honesty of the nobler animals. I should say that his power of warping the nobler animals to bad purposes, and damaging their reputation by his companionship,

is, next to the art of growing oats, hay, carrots, and clover, one of his principal attributes. He is very unintelligible in his caprices; seldom expressing with distinctness what he wants of us; and relying greatly on our better judgment to find out. He is cruel, and fond of blood — particularly at a steeple-chase — and is very ungrateful.

“And yet, so far as I can understand, he worships us too. He sets up images of us (not particularly like, but meant to be) in the streets, and calls upon his fellows to admire them, and believe in them. As well as I can make out, it is not of the least importance what images of Men are put astride upon these images of Horses, for I don’t find any famous personage among them — except one, and *his* image seems to have been contracted for, by the gross. The jockeys who ride our statues are very queer jockeys. it appears to me, but it is something to find Man even posthumously sensible of what he owes to us. I believe that when he has done any great wrong to any very distinguished Horse, deceased, he gets up a subscription to have an awkward likeness of him made, and erects it in a public place, to be generally venerated. I can find no other reason for the statues of us that abound.

“It must be regarded as a part of the inconsistency of Man, that he erects no statues to the Donkeys — who, though far inferior animals to ourselves, have great

claims upon him. I should think a Donkey opposite the Horse at Hyde Park, another in Trafalgar Square, and a group of Donkeys, in brass, outside the Guildhall of the City of London (for I believe the Common Council Chamber is inside that building) would be pleasant and appropriate memorials.

"I am not aware that I can suggest anything more, to my honourable friend the Raven, which will not already have occurred to his fine intellect. Like myself, he is the victim of brute force, and must bear it until the present state of things is changed — as it possibly may be in the good time which I understand is coming, if I wait a little longer."

There! How do you like that? That's the Horse! You shall have another animal's sentiments, soon. I have communicated with plenty of 'em, and they are all down upon you. It's not I alone who have found you out. You are generally detected, I am happy to say, and shall be covered with confusion.

Talking about the horse, are you going to set up any more horses? Eh? Think a bit. Come! You haven't got horses enough yet, surely? Couldn't you put somebody else on horseback, and stick him up, at the cost of a few thousands? You have already statues to most of the "benefactors of mankind," (SEE ADVERTISEMENT) in your principal cities. You walk through groves of great inventors, instructors, discoverers,

assuagers of pain, preventers of disease, suggesters of purifying thoughts, doers of noble deeds. Finish the list. Come!

Whom will you hoist into the saddle? Let's have a cardinal virtue! Shall it be Faith? Hope? Charity? Aye, Charity's the virtue to ride on horseback! Let's have Charity!

How shall we represent it? Eh? What do you think? Royal? Certainly. Duke? Of course. Charity always was typified in that way, from the time of a certain widow, downwards. And there's nothing less left to put up; all the commoners who were "benefactors of mankind" having had their statues in the public places, long ago.

How shall we dress it? Rags? Low. Drapery? Common-place. Field-Marshal's uniform? The very thing! Charity in a Field-Marshal's uniform (none the worse for wear) with thirty thousand pounds a-year, public money, in its pocket, and fifteen thousand more, public money, up behind, will be a piece of plain uncompromising truth in the highways, and an honour to the country and the time.

Ha, ha, ha! You can't leave the memory of an unassuming, honest, good-natured, amiable old Duke alone, without bespattering it with your flunkeyism, can't you? That's right—and like you! Here are three brass buttons in my crop. I'll subscribe 'em all. One, to the statue of Charity; one, to a statue of Hope; one, to a statue of Faith.

For Faith, we'll have the Nepaulese Ambassador on horseback — being a prince. And for Hope, we'll put the Hippopotamus on horseback, and so make a group.

Let's have a meeting about it!

A SHILLING'S WORTH OF SCIENCE.

DR. PARIS has already shown, in a charming little book treating scientifically of children's toys, how easy even "philosophy in sport can be made science in earnest." An earlier genius cut out the whole alphabet into the figures of uncouth animals, and enclosed them in a toy-box representing Noah's Ark, for the purpose of teaching children their letters. Europe, Asia, Africa, and America have been decimated; "yea, the great globe itself," has been parcelled into little wooden sections, that their re-adjustment into a continuous map might teach the infant conqueror of the world the relative positions of distant countries. Archimedes might have discovered the principle of the lever and the fundamental principles of gravity upon a rocking-horse. In like manner he might have ascertained the laws of hydrostatics, by observing the impetus of many natural and artificial fountains, which must occasionally have come beneath his eye. So also the principles of acoustics might even now be taught by the aid of a penny whistle, and there is no knowing how much children's

nursery games may yet be rendered subservient to the advancement of science. The famous Dr. Cornelius Scriblerus had excellent notions on these subjects. He determined that his son Martinus should be the most learned and universally well-informed man of his age, and had recourse to all sorts of devices in order to inspire him even unthinkingly with knowledge. He determined that everything should contribute to the improvement of his mind, — even his very dress. He therefore, his biographer informs us, invented for him a geographical suit of clothes, which might give him some hints of that science, and also of the commerce of different nations. His son's disposition to mathematics — for he was a remarkable child — was discovered very early by his drawing parallel lines on his bread and butter, and intersecting them at equal angles, so as to form the whole superficies into squares. His father also wisely resolved that he should acquire the learned languages, especially Greek, — and remarking, curiously enough, that young Martinus Scriblerus was remarkably fond of gingerbread, the happy idea came into his parental head that his pieces of gingerbread should be stamped with the letters of the Greek alphabet; and such was the child's avidity for knowledge, that the very first day he eat down to *iota*.

When Sir Isaac Newton changed his residence and went to live in Leicester Place, his next door neighbour was a widow lady, who

was much puzzled by the little she observed of the habits of the philosopher. One of the Fellows of the Royal Society, called upon her one day, when among other domestic news, she mentioned that some one had come to reside in the adjoining house, who she felt certain was a poor mad gentleman. "And why so?" asked her friend. "Because," said she, "he diverts himself in the oddest way imaginable. Every morning when the sun shines so brightly that we are obliged to draw down the window-blinds, he takes his seat on a little stool before a tub of soap-suds, and occupies himself for hours blowing soap-bubbles through a common clay-pipe, which he intently watches floating about until they burst. He is doubtless," she added, "now at his favourite diversion, for it is a fine day; do come and look at him." The gentleman smiled; and they went upstairs, when after looking through the staircase window into the adjoining court-yard, he turned round and said, "My dear lady, the person whom you suppose to be a poor lunatic, is no other than the great Sir Isaac Newton studying the refraction of light upon thin plates, a phenomenon which is beautifully exhibited upon the surface of a common soap-bubble."

The principle, illustrated by the examples we have given, has been efficiently followed by the Directors of the Royal Polytechnic Institution in Regent Street, London. Even the simplest models and ob-

jects they exhibit in their extensive halls and galleries, expound — like Sir Isaac Newton's soap-bubble — some important principle of Science or Art.

On entering the Hall of Manufactures (as we did the other day) it was impossible not to be impressed with the conviction that we are in an utilitarian age in which the science of Mechanics advances with marvellous rapidity. Here we observed steam-engines, hand-loom, and machines in active operation, surrounding us with that peculiar din which makes the air

'Murmur, as with the sound of summer-flies.'

Passing into the "Gallery in the Great Hall," we did not fail to derive a momentary amusement, from observing the very different objects which seemed most to excite the attention and interest of the different sight-seers. Here, stood obviously a country farmer examining the model of a steam-plough; there, a Manchester or Birmingham manufacturer looking into a curious and complicated weaving machine; here, we noticed a group of ladies admiring specimens of elaborate carving in ivory, and personal ornaments esteemed highly fashionable at the antipodes; and there, the smiling faces of youth watching with eager eyes the little boats and steamers paddling along the Water Reservoir in the central counter. But we had scarcely looked around us, when a bell rang to announce a lecture on Voltaic Electricity by

Dr. Bachhoffner; and moving with the stream of people up a short staircase, we soon found ourselves in a very commodious and well arranged theatre. There are many universities and public institutions that have not better lecture rooms than this theatre in the Royal Polytechnic Institution. The lecture was elementary and exceedingly instructive, pointing out and showing by experiments, the identity between Magnetism and Electricity — light and heat: but notwithstanding the extreme perspicuity of the Professor, it was our fate to sit next two old ladies who seemed to be very incredulous about the whole business.

"If heat and light are the same thing," asked one, "why don't a flame come out at the spout of a boiling tea-kettle?"

"The steam," answered the other, "may account for that."

"Hush!" cried somebody behind them; and the ladies were silent: but it was plain they thought Voltaic Electricity had something to do with conjuring, and that the lecturer might be a professor of Magic. The lecture over, we returned to the Gallery, where we found the Diving Bell just about to be put in operation. It is made of cast iron, and weighs three tons; the interior being provided with seats, and lighted by openings in the crown, upon which a plate of thick glass is secured. The weighty instrument suspended by a massive chain to a large swing crane, was soon in motion, when we observed our sceptical lady-

friends join a party and enter, in order, we presume, to make themselves more sure of the truth of the diving-bell than they could do of the identity between light and heat. The Bell was soon swung round and lowered into a tank, which holds nearly ten thousand gallons of water; but we confess our fears for the safety of its inmates were greatly appeased, when we learned that the whole of this reservoir of water could be emptied in less than one minute. Slowly and steadily was the Bell drawn up again, and we had the satisfaction of seeing the enterprising ladies and their companions alight on *terra firma*, nothing injured excepting that they were greatly flushed in the face. A man, clad in a water-tight dress and surmounted with a diving helmet, next performed a variety of sub-aqueous feats; much to the amusement and astonishment of the younger part of the audience, one of whom shouted as he came up above the surface of the water, "Oh! Ma'a! Don't he look like an Ogre!" and certainly the shining brass helmet and staring large plate-glass eyes fairly warranted such a suggestion. The principles of the Diving Bell and of the Diving Helmet, are too well known to require explanation; but the practical utility of these machines is daily proved. Even while we now write, it has been ascertained that the foundations of Blackfriars Bridge are giving way. The bed of the river, owing to the constant ebb and flow of its waters, has

sunk some six or seven feet below its level, since the bridge was built, thus undermining its foundation; and this effect, it is presumed, has been greatly augmented by the removal of the old London Bridge, the works surrounding which operated as a dam in checking the force of the current. These machines, also are constantly used in repairing the bottom of docks, landing-piers, and in the construction of breakwater works, such as those which are at present being raised at Dover Harbour.

Among other remarkable objects in the museum of natural history we recognised, swimming upon his shingly bed under a glass case, our old friend the *Gymnotus Electricus*, or Electrical Eel. Truly, he is a marvellous fish. The power which animals of every description possess in adapting themselves to external and adventitious circumstances, is here marvellously illustrated, for, notwithstanding this creature is surrounded by the greatest possible amount of artificial circumstances, inasmuch as instead of sporting in his own pellucid and sparkling waters of the River Amazon, he is here confined in a glass prison, in water artificially heated; instead of his natural food, he is here supplied with fish not indigenous to his native country, and denied access to fresh air, with sunlight sparkling upon the surface of the waves — he is here surrounded by an impure and obscure atmosphere, with crowds of people constantly moving to and fro and

gazing upon him; — yet, notwithstanding all these disadvantageous circumstances, he has continued to thrive; nay, since we saw him, ten years ago, he has increased in size and is apparently very healthy, notwithstanding that he is obviously quite blind.

This specimen of the *Gymnotus Electricus* was caught in the River Amazon, and was brought over to this country by Mr. Potter, where it arrived on the 12th of August, 1838, when he displayed it to the proprietors of the Adelaide Gallery. In the first instance, there was some difficulty in keeping him alive, for, whether from sickness, or sulkiness, he refused food of every description, and is said to have eaten nothing from the day he was taken in March, 1838, to the 19th of the following October. He was confided upon his arrival to the care of Mr. Bradley, who placed him in an apartment the temperature of which could be maintained at about seventy-five degrees Fahrenheit, and acting upon the suggestions of Baron Humboldt, he endeavoured to feed him with bits of boiled meat, worms, frogs, fish, and bread, which were all tried in succession. But the animal would not touch these. The plan adopted by the London fishmongers for fattening the common Eel was then had recourse to; — a quantity of bullock's blood was put into the water, care being taken that it should be changed daily, and this was attended with some beneficial effects, as the animal gradually

improved in health. In the month of October it occurred to Mr. Bradley to tempt him with some small fish, and the first gudgeon thrown into the water he darted at and swallowed with avidity. From that period the same diet has been continued, and he is now fed three times a day, and upon each occasion is given two or three carp, or perch, or gudgeon, each weighing from two to three ounces. In watching his movements we observed, that in swimming about he seems to delight in rubbing himself against the gravel which forms the bed above which he floats, and the water immediately becomes clouded with the mucus from which he thus relieves the surface of his body.

When this species of fish was first discovered, marvellous accounts respecting them were transmitted to the Royal Society: it was even said that in the River Surinam, in the western province of Guiana, some existed twenty feet long. The present specimen is forty inches in length; and measures eighteen inches round the body; and his physiognomy justifies the description given by one of the early narrators, who remarked, that the *Gymnotus* "resembles one of our common eels, except that its head is flat, and its mouth wide, like that of a cat-fish, without teeth." It is certainly ugly enough. On its first arrival in England, the proprietors offered Professor Faraday (to whom this country may possibly discover, within the next five hundred

years, that it owes something) the privilege of experimenting upon him for scientific purposes, and the result of a great number of experiments, ingeniously devised, and executed with great nicety, clearly proved the identity between the electricity of the fish and the common electricity. The shock, the circuit, the spark, were distinctly obtained; the galvanometer was sensibly affected; chemical decompositions were obtained; an annealed steel needle became magnetic, and the direction of its polarity indicated a current from the anterior to the posterior parts of the fish, through the conductors used. The force with which the electric discharge is made is also very considerable, for this philosopher tells us we may conclude that a single medium discharge of the fish is at least equal to the electricity of a Leyden Battery of fifteen jars, containing three thousand five hundred square inches of glass, coated upon both sides, charged to its highest degree. But great as is the force of a single discharge, the *Gymnotus* will sometimes give a double, and even a triple shock, with scarcely any interval. Nor is this all. The instinctive action it has recourse to in order to augment the force of the shock, is very remarkable.

The Professor one day dropped a live fish, five inches long, into the tub; upon which the *Gymnotus* turned round in such a manner as to form a coil enclosing the fish, the latter representing a diameter

across it, and the fish was struck motionless, as if lightning had passed through the water. The *Gymnotus* then made a turn to look for his prey, which having found, he bolted it, and then went about seeking for more. A second smaller fish was then given him, which being hurt, showed little signs of life; and this he swallowed apparently without "shocking it." We are informed by Dr. Williamson, in a paper he communicated some years ago to the Royal Society, that a fish already struck motionless gave signs of returning animation, which the *Gymnotus* observing, he instantly discharged another shock, which killed it. Another curious circumstance was observed by Professor Faraday, — the *Gymnotus* appeared conscious of the difference of giving a shock to an animate and an inanimate body, and would not be provoked to discharge its powers upon the latter. When tormented by a glass rod, the creature in the first instance threw out a shock, but as if he perceived his mistake, he could not be stimulated afterwards to repeat it, although the moment the Professor touched him with his hands, he discharged shock after shock. He refused, in like manner, to gratify the curiosity of the philosophers, when they touched him with metallic conductors, which he permitted them to do with indifference. It is worthy of observation, that this is the only specimen of the *Gymnotus Electricus* ever brought over alive into this

country. The great secret of preserving his life would appear to consist in keeping the water at an even temperature — summer and winter — of seventy-five degrees of Fahrenheit. After having been subjected to a great variety of experiments, the creature is now permitted to enjoy the remainder of its days in honourable peace, and the only occasion upon which he is now disturbed, is when it is found necessary to take him out of his shallow reservoir to have it cleaned, when he discharges angrily enough shock after shock, which the attendants describe to be very smart, even though he be held in several thick and well wetted cloths, for they do not at all relish the job.

The *Gymnotus Electricus* is not the only animal endowed with this very singular power; there are other fish, especially the *Torpedo* and *Silurus*, which are equally remarkable, and equally well known. The peculiar structure which enters into the formation of their electrical organs, was first examined by the eminent anatomist John Hunter, in the *Torpedo*; and, very recently, Rudolphi has described their structure with great exactness in the *Gymnotus Electricus*.

Without entering into minute details, the peculiarity of the organic apparatus of the Electrical Eel seems to consist in this, that it is composed of numerous *laminæ* or thin tendinous partitions, between which exists an infinite number of small cells filled with a

thickish gelatinous fluid. These strata and cells are supplied with nerves of unusual size, and the intensity of the electrical power is presumed to depend on the amount of nervous energy accumulated in these cells, whence it can be voluntarily discharged just as a muscle may be voluntarily contracted. Furthermore, there are, it would appear, good reasons to believe that nervous power (in whatever it may consist) and electricity are identical. The progress of Science has already shown the identity between heat, electricity, and magnetism; — that heat may be concentrated into electricity, and this electricity reconverted into heat; that electric force may be converted into magnetic force, and Professor Faraday himself discovered how, by re-acting back again, the magnetic force can be reconverted into the electric force, and *vice versa*; and should the identity between electricity and nervous power be as clearly established, one of the most important and interesting problems in Physiology will be solved.

Every new discovery in Science, and all improvements in Industrial Art, the principles of which are capable of being rendered in the least degree interesting, are in this Exhibition forthwith popularised, and become, as it were, public property. Every individual of the great public can at the very small cost of one shilling, claim his or her share in the property thus attractively collected, and a small

amount of previous knowledge or natural intelligence will put the visitor in actual possession of treasures which previously “he wot not of,” in so amusing a manner that they will be beguiled rather than bored into his mind.

THE GENTLEMAN BEGGAR.

AN ATTORNEY'S STORY.

ONE morning, about five years ago, I called by appointment on Mr. John Balance, the fashionable pawnbroker, to accompany him to Liverpool, in pursuit for a Levanting customer, — for Balance, in addition to pawning, does a little business in the sixty per cent. line. It rained in torrents when the cab stopped at the passage which leads past the pawning boxes to his private door. The cabman rang twice, and at length Balance appeared, looming through the mist and rain in the entry, illuminated by his perpetual cigar. As I eyed him rather impatiently, remembering that trains wait for no man, something like a hairy dog, or a bundle of rags, rose up at his feet, and barred his passage for a moment. Then Balance cried out with an exclamation, in answer apparently to a something I could not hear, “What, man alive! — slept in the passage! — there, take that, and get some breakfast for Heaven's sake!” So saying, he jumped into the “Hansom,” and we bowled away at ten miles an hour, just catching the Express as the doors

of the station were closing. My curiosity was full set, — for although Balance can be free with his money, it is not exactly to beggars that his generosity is usually displayed; so when comfortably ensconced in a *coupé*, I finished with —

“You are liberal with your money this morning: pray, how often do you give silver to street cadgers? — because I shall know now what walk to take when flats and sharps leave off buying law.”

Balance, who would have made an excellent parson if he had not been bred to a case-hardening trade, and has still a soft bit left in his heart that is always fighting with his hard head, did not smile at all, but looked as grim as if squeezing a lemon into his Saturday night's punch. He answered slowly, “A cadger — yes; a beggar — a miserable wretch, he is now; but let me tell you, Master David, that that miserable bundle of rags was born and bred a gentleman; the son of a nobleman, the husband of an heiress, and has sat and dined at tables where you and I, Master David, are only allowed to view the plate by favour of the butler. I have lent him thousands, and been well paid. The last thing I had from him was his court suit; and I hold now his bill for one hundred pounds that will be paid, I expect, when he dies.”

“Why, what nonsense you are talking! you must be dreaming this morning. However, we are alone, I'll light a weed, in defiance of

Railway law, you shall spin that yarn; for, true or untrue, it will fill up the time to Liverpool.”

“As for yarn,” replied Balance, “the whole story is short enough; and as for truth, that you may easily find out if you like to take the trouble. I thought the poor wretch was dead, and I own it put me out meeting him this morning, for I had a curious dream last night.”

“Oh, hang your dreams! Tell us about this gentleman beggar that bleeds you of half-crowns — that melts the heart even of a pawn-broker!”

“Well, then, that beggar is the illegitimate son of the late Marquis of Hoopborough by a Spanish lady of rank. He received a first-rate education, and was brought up in his father's house. At a very early age he obtained an appointment in a public office, was presented by the marquis at court, and received into the first society, where his handsome person and agreeable manners made him a great favourite. Soon after coming of age, he married the daughter of Sir E. Bumper, who brought him a very handsome fortune, which was strictly settled on herself. They lived in splendid style, kept several carriages, a house in town, and a place in the country. For some reason or other, idleness, or to please his lady's pride he said, he resigned his appointment. His father died, and left him nothing; indeed, he seemed at that time very handsomely provided for.

“Very soon Mr. and Mrs. Mo-

linos Fitz-Roy began to disagree. She was cold, correct — he was hot and random. He was quite dependant on her, and she made him feel it. When he began to get into debt, he came to me. At length some shocking quarrel occurred; some case of jealousy on the wife's side, not without reason, I believe; and the end of it was Mr. Fitz-Roy was turned out of doors. The house was his wife's, the furniture was his wife's, and the fortune was his wife's — he was, in fact, her pensioner. He left with a few hundred pounds ready money, and some personal jewellery, and went to an hotel. On these and credit he lived. Being illegitimate, he had no relations; being a fool, when he spent his money he lost his friends. The world took his wife's part, when they found she had the fortune, and the only parties who interfered were her relatives, who did their best to make the quarrel incurable. To crown all, one night he was run over by a cab, was carried to a hospital, and lay there for months, and was during several weeks of the time unconscious. A message to the wife, by the hands of one of his debauched companions, sent by a humane surgeon, obtained an intimation that 'if he died, Mr. Croak, the undertaker to the family, had orders to see to the funeral,' and that Mrs. Molinos was on the point of starting for the Continent, not to return for some years. When Fitz-Roy was discharged, he came to me limping on two sticks, to pawn his court suit, and told me his story. I was

really sorry for the fellow, such a handsome, thoroughbred-looking man. He was going then into the west somewhere, to try to hunt out a friend. 'What to do, Balance,' he said, 'I don't know. I can't dig, and unless somebody will make me their gamekeeper, I must starve, or beg, as my Jezebel bade me when we parted!'

"I lost sight of Molinos for a long time, and when I next came upon him it was in the Rookery of Westminster, in a low lodging-house, where I was searching with an officer for stolen goods. He was pointed out to me as the 'gentleman cadger,' because he was so free with his money when 'in luck.' He recognised me, but turned away then. I have since seen him, and relieved him more than once, although he never asks for anything. How he lives, Heaven knows. Without money, without friends, without useful education of any kind, he tramps the country, as you saw him, perhaps doing a little hop-picking or hay-making, in season, only happy when he obtains the means to get drunk. I have heard through the kitchen whispers that you know come to me, that he is entitled to some property; and I expect if he were to die his wife would pay the hundred pound bill I hold; at any rate, what I have told you I know to be true, and the bundle of rags I relieved just now is known in every thieves' lodging in England as the 'gentleman cadger.'"

This story produced an impression on me, — I am fond of specu-

lation, and like the excitement of a legal hunt as much as some do a fox-chase. A gentleman a beggar, a wife rolling in wealth, rumours of unknown property due to the husband: it seemed as if there were pickings for me amidst this carrion of pauperism.

Before returning from Liverpool, I had purchased the gentleman beggar's acceptance from Balance. I then inserted in the "Times" the following advertisement: "*Horatio Molinos Fitz-Roy*. — If this gentleman will apply to David Discount, Esq., Solicitor, St. James's, he will hear of something to his advantage. Any person furnishing Mr. F.'s correct address, shall receive 1*l.* 1*s.* reward. He was last seen," &c. Within twenty-four hours I had ample proof of the wide circulation of the "Times." My office was besieged with beggars of every degree, men and women, lame and blind, Irish, Scotch, and English, some on crutches, some in bowls, some in go-carts. They all knew him as "the gentleman," and I must do the regular fraternity of tramps the justice to say that not one would answer a question until he made certain that I meant the "gentleman" no harm.

One evening, about three weeks after the appearance of the advertisement, my clerk announced "another beggar." There came in an old man leaning upon a staff, clad in a soldier's great coat all patched and torn, with a battered hat, from under which a mass of

ders and half concealed his face. The beggar, in a weak, wheezy, hesitating tone, said, "You have advertised for Molinos Fitzroy. I hope you don't mean him any harm; he is sunk, I think, too low for enmity now; and surely no one would sport with such misery as his." These last words were uttered in a sort of piteous whisper.

I answered quickly, "Heaven forbid I should sport with misery: I mean and hope to do him good, as well as myself."

"Then, Sir, I am Molinos Fitz-Roy!"

While we were conversing candles had been brought in. I have not very tender nerves — my head would not agree with them — but I own I started and shuddered when I saw and knew that the wretched creature before me was under thirty years of age and once a gentleman. Sharp, aquiline features, reduced to literal skin and bone, were begrimed and covered with dry fair hair; the white teeth of the half-open mouth chattered with eagerness, and made more hideous the foul pallor of the rest of the countenance. As he stood leaning on a staff half bent, his long, yellow bony fingers clasped over the crutch-head of his stick, he was indeed a picture of misery, famine, squalor, and premature age, too horrible to dwell upon. I made him sit down, sent for some refreshment which he devoured like a ghoul, and set to work to unravel his story. It was difficult to keep him to the point; but with pains I learned what convinced me

that he was entitled to some property, whether great or small there was no evidence. On parting, I said "Now Mr. F., you must stay in town while I make proper enquiries. What allowance will be enough to keep you comfortably?"

He answered humbly after much pressing, "Would you think ten shillings too much?"

I don't like, if I do those things at all, to do them shabbily, so I said, "Come every Saturday and you shall have a pound." He was profuse in thanks of course, as all such men are as long as distress lasts.

I had previously learned that my ragged client's wife was in England, living in a splendid house in Hyde Park Gardens, under her maiden name. On the following day the Earl of Owing called upon me, wanting five thousand pounds by five o'clock the same evening. It was a case of life or death with him, so I made my terms and took advantage of his pressure to execute a *coup de main*. I proposed that he should drive me home to receive the money, calling at Mrs. Molinos in Hyde Park Gardens, on our way. I knew that the coronet and liveries of his father, the Marquis, would ensure me an audience with Mrs. Molinos Fitz-Roy.

My scheme answered. I was introduced into the lady's presence. She was, and probably is, a very stately, handsome woman, with a pale complexion, high solid forehead, regular features, thin, pinch-

ed, self-satisfied mouth. My interview was very short. I plunged into the middle of the affair, but had scarcely mentioned the word husband, when she interrupted me with "I presume you have lent this profligate person money, and want me to pay you." She paused, and then said, "He shall not have a farthing." As she spoke, her white face became scarlet.

"But, Madam, the man is starving. I have strong reasons for believing he is entitled to property, and if you refuse any assistance, I must take other measures." She rang the bell, wrote something rapidly on a card; and, as the footman appeared, pushed it towards me across the table, with the air of touching a toad, saying, "There, Sir, is the address of my solicitors; apply to them if you think you have any claim. Robert, show the person out, and take care he is not admitted again."

So far I had effected nothing; and, to tell the truth, felt rather crest-fallen under the influence of that grand manner peculiar to certain great ladies and to all great actresses.

My next visit was to the attorneys Messrs. Leasem and Fashun, of Lincoln's Inn Square, and there I was at home. I had had dealings with the firm before. They are agents for half the aristocracy, who always run in crowds like sheep after the same wine-merchants, the same architects, the same horse-dealers, and the same law-agents. It may be doubted whether the quality of law and land manage-

ment they get on this principle is quite equal to their wine and horses. At any rate, my friends of Lincoln's Inn, like others of the same class, are distinguished by their courteous manners, deliberate proceedings, innocence of legal technicalities, long credit and heavy charges. Leasem, the elder partner, wears powder and a huge bunch of seals, lives in Queen Square, drives a brougham, gives the dinners and does the cordial department. He is so strict in performing the latter duty, that he once addressed a poacher who had shot a Duke's keeper, as "my dear creature," although he afterwards hung him.

Fashun has chambers in St. James Street, drives a cab, wears a tip, and does the grand haha style.

My business lay with Leasem. The interviews and letters passing were numerous. However, it came at last to the following dialogue:—

"Well, my dear Mr. Discount," began Mr. Leasem, who hates me like poison, "I'm really very sorry for that poor dear Molinos — knew his father well; a great man, a perfect gentleman; but you know what women are, eh, Mr. Discount? My client won't advance a shilling, she knows it would only be wasted in low dissipation. Now don't you think (this was said very insinuatingly) — don't you think he had better be sent to the workhouse; very comfortable accommodation there, I can assure you — meat twice a week,

and excellent soup; and then, Mr. D., we might consider about allowing you something for that bill."

"Mr. Leasem, can you reconcile it to your conscience to make such an arrangement. Here's a wife rolling in luxury, and a husband starving!"

"No, Mr. Discount, not starving; there is the workhouse, as I observed before; besides, allow me to suggest that these appeals to feeling are quite unprofessional — quite unprofessional."

"But, Mr. Leasem, touching this property which the poor man is entitled to."

"Why, there again, Mr. D., you must excuse me; you really must. I don't say he is, I don't say he is not. If you know he is entitled to property, I am sure you know how to proceed; the law is open to you, Mr. Discount — the law is open; and a man of your talent will know how to use it."

"Then, Mr. Leasem, you mean that I must, in order to right this starving man, file a Bill of Discovery, to extract from you the particulars of his rights. You have the Marriage Settlement, and all the information, and you decline to allow a pension, or afford any information; the man is to starve, or go to the workhouse?"

"Why, Mr. D., you are so quick and violent, it really is not professional; but you see (here a subdued smile of triumph), it has been decided that a solicitor is not bound to afford such information

as you ask, to the injury of his client."

"Then you mean that this poor Molinos may rot and starve, while you keep secret from him, at his wife's request, his title to an income, and that the Court of Chancery will back you in this iniquity?"

I kept repeating the word "starve," because I saw it made my respectable opponent wince. "Well, then, just listen to me. I know that in the happy state of our equity law, Chancery can't help my client; but I have another plan; I shall go hence to my office, issue a writ, and take your client's husband in execution — as soon as he is lodged in jail, I shall file his schedule in the Insolvent Court, and when he comes up for his discharge, I shall put you in the witness-box, and examine you on oath, 'touching any property of which you know the insolvent to be possessed,' and where will be your privileged communications then?"

The respectable Leasem's face lengthened in a twinkling, his comfortable confident air vanished, he ceased twiddling his gold chain, and at length he muttered, "Suppose we pay the debt?"

"Why then, I'll arrest him the day after for another."

"But, my dear Mr. Discount, surely such conduct would not be quite respectable?"

"That's my business; my client has been wronged, I am determined to right him, and when the aristocratic firm of Leasem and

Fashun takes refuge according to the custom of respectable repudiators, in the cool arbours of the Court of Chancery, why, a mere bill-discounting attorney like David Discount need not hesitate about cutting a bludgeon out of the Insolvent Court."

"Well, well, Mr. D., you are so warm — so fiery; we must deliberate, we must consult. You will give me until the day after tomorrow, and then we'll write you our final determination; in the mean time, send us copy of your authority to act for Mr. Molinos Fitz-Roy."

Of course I lost no time in getting the gentleman beggar to sign a proper letter.

On the appointed day came a communication with the L. and F. seal, which I opened not without unprofessional eagerness. It was as follows:

"In re Molinos Fitz-Roy and Another."

"Sir, — In answer to your application on behalf of Mr. Molinos Fitz-Roy, we beg to inform you that under the administration of a paternal aunt who died intestate, your client is entitled to two thousand five hundred pounds eight shillings and sixpence, Three per Cents.; one thousand five hundred pounds nineteen shillings and fourpence, Three per Cents. Reduced; one thousand pounds, Long Annuities; five hundred pounds, Bank Stock; three thousand five hundred pounds, India Stock, besides

other securities, making up about ten thousand pounds, which we are prepared to transfer over to Mr. Molinos Fitz-Roy's direction forthwith."

Here was a windfall! It quite took away my breath.

At dusk came my gentleman beggar, and what puzzled me was how to break the news to him. Being very much overwhelmed with business that day, I had not much time for consideration. He came in rather better dressed than when I first saw him, with only a week's beard on his chin; but, as usual, not quite sober. Six weeks had elapsed since our first interview. He was still the humble, trembling, low-voiced creature, I first knew him.

After a prelude, I said, "I find, Mr. F., you are entitled to something; pray, what do you mean to give me in addition to my bill, for obtaining it?" He answered rapidly, "Oh, take half: if there is one hundred pounds, take half: if there is five hundred pounds, take half."

"No, no; Mr. F., I don't do business in that way, I shall be satisfied with ten per cent."

It was so settled. I then led him out into the street, impelled to tell him the news, yet dreading the effect; not daring to make the revelation in my office, for fear of a scene.

I began hesitatingly, "Mr. Fitz-Roy I am happy to say that I find you are entitled to ten thousand pounds!"

"Ten thousand pounds!" he

echoed. "Ten thousand pounds!" he shrieked. "Ten thousand pounds!" he yelled; seizing my arm violently. "You are a brick, — Here, cab! cab!" Several drove up — the shout might have been heard a mile off. He jumped in the first.

"Where to?" said the driver.

"To a tailor's, you rascal!"

"Ten thousand pounds! ha, ha, ha!" he repeated hysterically, when in the cab; and every moment grasping my arm. Presently he subsided, looked me straight in the face, and muttered with agonising fervour, "What a jolly brick you are!"

The tailor, the hosier, the boot-maker, the hair-dresser, were in turn visited by this poor pagan of externals. As by degrees under their hands he emerged from the beggar to the gentleman, his spirits rose; his eyes brightened; he walked erect, but always nervously grasping my arm; fearing, apparently, to lose sight of me for a moment, lest his fortune should vanish with me. The impatient pride with which he gave his orders to the astonished tradesman for the finest and best of everything, and the amazed air of the fashionable hair-dresser when he presented his matted locks and stubble chin, to be "cut and shaved," may be *acted* — it cannot be described.

By the time the external transformation was complete, and I sat down in a *Café* in the Haymarket opposite a haggard but handsome thoroughbred-looking man,

whose air, with the exception of the wild eyes and deeply browned face, did not differ from the stereotyped men about town sitting around us, Mr. Molinos Fitz-Roy had already almost forgotten the past; he bullied the waiter, and criticised the wine, as if he had done nothing else but dine and drink and scold there all the days of his life.

Once he wished to drink my health, and would have proclaimed his whole story to the coffee-room assembly, in a raving style. When I left he almost wept in terror at the idea of losing sight of me. But, allowing for these ebullitions — the natural result of such a whirl of events — he was wonderfully calm and self-possessed.

The next day, his first care was to distribute fifty pounds among his friends the cadgers, at a house of call in Westminster, and formally to dissolve his connection with them; those present undertaking for the "fraternity," that for the future he should never be noticed by them in public or private.

I cannot follow his career much further. Adversity had taught him nothing. He was soon again surrounded by the well-bred vampires who had forgotten him when penniless; but they amused him, and that was enough. The ten thousand pounds were rapidly melting when he invited me to a grand dinner at Richmond, which included a dozen of the most agreeable, good-looking, well-dressed dandies of London, inter-

persed with a display of pretty butterfly bonnets. We dined deliciously, and drank as men do of iced wines in the dog-days — looking down from Richmond Hill.

One of the pink bonnets crowned Fitz-Roy with a wreath of flowers; he looked — less the intellect — as handsome as Alcibiades. Intensely excited and flushed, he rose with a champagne glass in his hand to propose my health.

The oratorical powers of his father had not descended on him. Jerking out sentences by spasms, at length he said, "I was a beggar — I am a gentleman — thanks to this —"

Here he leaned on my shoulder heavily a moment, and then fell back. We raised him, loosened his neckcloth —

"Fainted!" said the ladies —

"Drunk!" said the gentlemen —

He was *dead*!

CHIPS.

FAMILY COLONISATION LOAN SOCIETY.

IF on any Saturday you should chance to find your way to Charlton Crescent, an obscure thoroughfare lying between the road from Islington to Holloway and the New River, not far from the Angel, you will see several men and women dropping into a small house, the parlour window of which contains a printed bill with the above words. The callers

are chiefly of the decent mechanic class, and not a few travellers from the country, pilgrims in search of truth about emigration. Saturday is the day on which the subscriptions of emigrants desiring to avail themselves of the Family Colonisation Loan Society are received.

And what is the Colonisation Loan Society? The question is worth asking.

It is an association — devised by Mrs. Chisholm, and to be speedily carried out extensively with the aid of several philanthropists, and the advice of two eminent actuaries — for establishing a self-supporting system of emigration, for assisting industrious people, and for promoting practically the spread of sound moral principles in a much neglected colony.

Persons desirous of emigrating form themselves into "groups," after being mutually satisfied of their respective suitability and respectability. Each intending emigrant pays, either in one sum or by weekly instalments, as much as will amount to half the passage-money to Australia. The philanthropists of the society lend the other half to be repaid by four annual instalments, — each family becoming jointly bound for the sums lent to each member of that family, and each group being publicly pledged to assist in enforcing punctual repayments.

The details for securing repayment of the loans have been arranged by Mrs. Chisholm, and are the result of her large practical

experience. Each emigrant, when he has paid back his loan, will have the privilege of nominating a relation or friend to be assisted in emigrating with the same amount of money. Thus, the original charitable fund will work in a circle of colonisation, at the mere sacrifice of annual interest. That emigrants among the humble classes are willing to remit for the purpose of assisting their friends and relations to follow them, is proved by the fact that, within the last three years, upwards of one million sterling has been remitted by the Irish emigrants from the United States alone, in small sums, to pay the passage of parents, brothers, sisters, wives, or sweethearts in Ireland. Australia, in proportion to its population, affords even greater opportunities of earning money wages than the United States.

Mrs. Chisholm's plan offers several advantages of an important character. It will enable many to emigrate who, though frugal and industrious, are not only unable to raise *the whole* passage money; but, during temporary trade-depressions, would be consuming their savings. It will keep families united, and cherish an honourable, independent spirit. It will secure a class of emigrants calculated to improve the moral tone of the colony; for, as the character of each emigrant will be investigated by his fellows, there will be no room for the deceptions practised on the wealthy charitable. The certificate of shop-mates with whom a

man has worked, is more to be trusted than that of the clergyman who has only seen him in his Sunday clothes. It will afford the best kind of protection for young girls or single women desirous of joining friends in Australia, because each ship will be filled with "groups" previously acquainted and mutually sifted. Among minor advantages, the cost of passage and outfit, by the aid of co-operation and communication, will be much diminished.

The two following instances will display the practical working of Mrs. Chisholm's plan. Among the applicants to join the Society (for already the working-classes are prepared to subscribe two thousand pounds) was an artisan in the North, belonging to a trade which "strikes" periodically. When contemplating these "strikes," the leaders of the trade base their financial arrangements for supporting the body while out of work, upon the savings made by the more frugal of their associates. The artisan in question being a Teetotaller and skilful, had three times been able to save from fifteen to twenty pounds, with the express design of emigrating; but twice his stock of cash had been melted in the common treasury during strikes. With the assistance of a loan from the Society, he will now be able to emigrate. There can be no fear of such a man not repaying it honourably. Had he been able to emigrate a few years ago, he must have been wealthy by this

time, and in a position to help all his relatives to join him.

Again, a benevolent Dowager Countess has subscribed two hundred and twenty-five pounds to this Society; a sum which has been appropriated to assisting the following parties in making up their passage-money to Australia. Let us see what this money will do:—

It will send three wives with nine children, out to join husbands in Australia.

Two aged widows who have children there.

Ditto a man and wife, who have children there.

M. and wife, with five children.

H. and wife.

P. and wife, with three children.

L. and wife, with seven children. (This man has received the insufficient sum of fifty pounds to pay his passage from a brother in Australia.)

W. and wife, with four children (have received twenty-five pounds from Australia for same purpose).

Five young men, of whom three have relations in the Colony.

Nine friendless young women, of whom four have relations there.

Thus it will be seen this two hundred and twenty-five pound loan affords

A passage, to	Adults	31
	Children	28
	Total	59

At the end of the first year after the arrival of these persons, there will be available for assisting other friends and relatives of this batch of fifty-nine to join them, about forty pounds; at the end of the second year, about sixty pounds; third year, about eighty pounds; fourth year, about one hundred and twenty pounds.

This system sacrifices no inde-

pendence; incurs scarcely any weight of obligation. It affords the best possible kind of assistance; for it helps those who help themselves, and puts it in their power to help their fellows.

NO HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES.

It is an extraordinary fact that among the innumerable medical charities with which this country abounds, there is not one for the help of those who of all others most require succour, and who must die, and do die in thousands, neglected, unaided. There are hospitals for the cure of every possible ailment or disease known to suffering humanity, but not one for the reception of persons past cure. There are, indeed, small charities for incurables scattered over the country—like the asylum for a few females afflicted with incurable diseases, at Leith, which was built, and solely supported by Miss Gladstone; and a few hospital wards, like the Cancer ward of Middlesex, and the ward for seven incurable patients in the Westminster; but a large hospital for incurables, does not exist.

The case of a poor servant girl which lately came to our knowledge, is the case of thousands. She was afflicted with a disease to which the domestics of the middle classes, especially, are very liable—white swelling of the knee. On presenting herself at the hospitals, it was found that an operation would be certain death; and that,

in short, being incurable, she could not be admitted. She had no relations; and crawling back to a miserable lodging, she lay helpless till her small savings were exhausted. Privations of the severest kind followed; and despite the assistance of some benevolent persons who learnt her condition when it was too late, she died a painful and wretched death.

It is indeed a marvellous oversight of benevolence that sympathy should have been so long withheld from precisely the sufferers who most need it. Hopeless pain, allied to hopeless poverty, is a condition of existence not to be thought of without a shudder. It is a slow journey through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, from which we save even the greatest criminals.

When the law deems it necessary to deprive a human being of life, the anguish, though sharp, is short. We do not doom him to the lingering agony with which innocent misfortune is allowed to make its slow descent into the grave.

SORROWS AND JOYS.

BURY thy sorrows, and they shall rise
As souls to the immortal skies,
And then look down like mothers' eyes.

But let thy joys be fresh as flowers,
That suck the honey of the showers,
And bloom alike on huts and towers.

So shall thy days be sweet and bright, —
Solemn and sweet thy starry night, —
Conscious of love each change of light,

The stars will watch the flowers asleep,
The flowers will feel the soft stars weep,
And both will mix sensations deep.

With these below, with those above,
Sits evermore the brooding Dove,
Uniting both in bonds of love.

Children of Earth are these; and those
The spirits of intense repose —
Death radiant o'er all human woes.

For both by nature are akin; —
Sorrow, the ashen fruit of sin,
And joy, the juice of life within.

O, make thy sorrows holy — wise —
So shall their buried memories rise,
Celestial, e'en in mortal skies.

O, think what then had been their doom,
If all unshriven — without a tomb —
They had been left to haunt the gloom!

O, think again what they will be
Beneath God's bright serenity,
When thou art in eternity!

For they, in their salvation, know
No vestige of their former woe,
While thro' them all the Heavens do flow.

Thus art thou wedded to the skies,
And watched by ever-loving eyes,
And warned by yearning sympathies.

THE HOME OF WOODRUFFE THE GARDENER.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

"How pleased the boy looks, to be sure!" observed Woodruffe to his wife, as his son Allan caught up little Moss (as Maurice had chosen to call himself before he could speak plain) and made him jump from the top of the drawers upon the chair, and then from the chair to the ground. "He is making all that racket just because he is so pleased he does not know what to do with himself."

"I suppose he will forgive Fleming now for carrying off Abby," said the mother. "I say, Allan, what do you think now of Abby marrying away from us?"

"Why, I think it's a very good thing. You know she never told me that we should go and live where she lived, and in such a pretty place, too, where I may have a garden of my own, and see what I can make of it — all fresh from the beginning, as father says."

"You are to try your hand at the business, I know," replied the mother, "but I never heard your father, nor any one else, say that the place was a pretty one. I did not think new railway stations had been pretty places at all."

"It sounds so to him, naturally," interposed Woodruffe. "He hears of a south aspect, and a slope to the north for shelter, and the town seen far off; and that sounds all very pleasant. And then, there is the thought of the journey, and the change, and the fun of getting the ground all into nice order, and, best of all, the seeing his sister so soon again. Youth is the time for hope and joy, you know, love."

And Woodruffe began to whistle, and stepped forward to take his turn at jumping Moss, whom he carried in one flight from the top of the drawers to the floor. Mrs. Woodruffe smiled, as she thought that youth was not the only season, with some people, for hope and joy.

Her husband, always disposed to look on the bright side, was par-

particularly happy this evening. The lease of his market-garden ground was just expiring. He had prospered on it; and would have desired nothing better than to live by it as long as he lived at all. He desired this so much that he would not believe a word of what people had been saying for two years past, that his ground would be wanted by his landlord on the expiration of the lease, and that it would not be let again. His wife had long foreseen this; but not till the last moment would he do what she thought should have been done long before — offer to buy the ground. At the ordinary price of land, he could accomplish the purchase of it; but when he found his landlord unwilling to sell, he bid higher and higher, till his wife was so alarmed at the rashness, that she was glad when a prospect of entire removal opened. Woodruffe was sure that he could have paid off all he offered at the end of a few years; but his partner thought it would have been a heavy burden on their minds, and a sad waste of money; and she was therefore, in her heart, obliged to the landlord for persisting in his refusal to sell.

When that was settled, Woodruffe became suddenly sure that he could pick up an acre or two of land somewhere not far off. But he was mistaken; and, if he had not been mistaken, market-gardening was no longer the profitable business it had been, when it enabled him to lay by something every year. By the opening of a

railway, the townspeople, a few miles off, got themselves better supplied with vegetables from another quarter. It was this which put it into the son-in-law's head to propose the removal of the family into Staffordshire, where he held a small appointment on a railway. Land might be had at a low rent near the little country station where his business lay; and the railway brought within twenty minutes' distance a town where there must be a considerable demand for garden produce. The place was in a raw state at present; and there were so few houses, that, if there had been a choice of time, the Fleming would rather have put off the coming of the family till some of the cottages already planned had been built; but the Woodruffes must remove in September, and all parties agreed that they should not mind a little crowding for a few months. Fleming's cottage was to hold them all till some chance of more accommodation should offer.

"I'll tell you what," said Woodruffe, after standing for some time, half whistling and thinking, with that expression on his face which his wife had long learned to be afraid of, "I'll write to-morrow — let's see — I may as well do it to-night;" and he looked round for paper and ink. "I'll write to Fleming, and get him to buy the land for me at once."

"Before you see it?" said his wife, looking up from her stocking mending.

"Yes. I know all about it, as

much as if I were standing on it this moment; and I am sick of this work — of being turned out just when I had made the most of a place, and got attached to it. I'll make a sure thing of it this time, and not have such a pull at my heartstrings again. And the land will be cheaper now than later; and we shall go to work upon it with such heart, if it is our own! Eh?"

"Certainly, if we find, after seeing it, that we like it as well as we expect. I would just wait till then."

"As well as we expect! Why, bless my soul! don't we know all about it? It is not any land-agent or interested person, that has described it to us; but our own daughter and her husband; and do not they know what we want? The quantity at my own choice; the aspect capital; plenty of water (only too much, indeed); the soil anything but poor, and sand and marl within reach to reduce the stiffness; and manure at command, all along the railway, from half-a-dozen towns; and osier-beds at hand (within my own bounds if I like) giving all manner of convenience for fencing, and binding, and covering! Why, what would you have?"

"It sounds very pleasant, certainly."

"Then, how can you make objections? I can't think where you look, to find any objections?"

"I see none now, and I only want to be sure that we shall find none when we arrive."

"Well! I do call that unreasonable! To expect to find any place on earth altogether unobjectionable! I wonder what objection could be so great as being turned out of one after another, just as we have got them into order. Here comes our girl. Well, Becky, I see how you like the news! Now, would not you like it better still if we were going to a place of our own, where we should not be under any landlord's whims? We should have to work, you know, one and all. But we would get the land properly manured, and have a cottage of our own in time; would not we? Will you undertake the pigs, Becky?"

"Yes, father; and there are many things I can do in the garden too. I am old and strong, now; and I can do much more than I have ever done here."

"Aye; if the land was our own," said Woodruffe, with a glance at his wife. She said no more, but was presently up-stairs putting Moss to bed. She knew, from long experience, how matters would go. After a restless night, Woodruffe spoke no more of buying the land without seeing it; and he twice said, in a meditative, rather than a communicative, way, that he believed it would take as much capital as he had to remove his family, and get his new land into fit condition for spring crops.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

"You may look out now for the place. Look out for our new garden. We are just there now,"

said Woodruffe to the children as the whistle sounded, and the train was approaching the station. It had been a glorious autumn day from the beginning; and for the last hour, while the beauty of the light on fields and trees and water had been growing more striking, the children, tired with the novelty of all that they had seen since morning, had been dropping asleep. They roused up suddenly enough at the news that they were reaching their new home; and thrust their heads to the windows, eagerly asking on which side they were to look for their garden. It was on the south, the left-hand side; but it might have been anywhere, for what they could see of it. Below the embankment was something like a sheet of grey water, spreading far away.

"It is going to be a foggy night," observed Woodruffe. The children looked into the air for the fog, which had always, in their experience, arrived by that way from the sea. The sky was all a clear blue, except where a pale green and a faint blush of pink streaked the west. A large planet beamed clear and bright; and the air was so transparent that the very leaves on the trees might almost be counted. Yet could nothing be seen below for the grey mist which was rising, from moment to moment.

Fleming met them as they alighted; but he could not stay till he had seen to the other passengers. His wife was there. She had been a merry hearted girl;

and now, still so young, as to look as girlish as ever, she seemed even merrier than ever. She did not look strong, but she had hardly thrown off what she called "a little touch of the ague;" and she declared herself perfectly well when the wind was anywhere but in the wrong quarter. Allan wondered how the wind could go wrong. He had never heard of such a thing before. He had known the wind too high, when it did mischief among his father's fruit trees; but it had never occurred to him that it was not free to come and go whence and whither it would, without blame or objection.

"Come—come home," exclaimed Mrs. Fleming. "Never mind about your bags and boxes! My husband will take care of them. Let me show you the way home."

She let go the hands of the young brothers, and loaded them, and then herself, with parcels, that they might not think they were going to lose every thing, as she said; and then tripped on before to show the way. The way was down steps, from the highest of which two or three chimney-tops might be seen piercing the mist which hid everything else. Down, down, down went the party, by so many steps that little Moss began to totter under his bundle.

"How low this place lies!" observed the mother.

"Why, yes;" replied Mrs. Fleming. "And yet I don't know. I believe it is rather that the railway runs high."

"Yes, yes; that is it," said

Woodruffe. "What an embankment this is! If this is to shelter my garden to the north —"

"Yes, yes, it is. I knew you would like it," exclaimed Mrs. Fleming. "I said you would be delighted. I only wish you could see your ground at once: but it seems rather foggy, and I suppose we must wait till the morning. Here we are at home."

The travellers were rather surprised to see how very small a house this "home" was. Though called a cottage, it had not the look of one. It was of a red brick, dingy, though evidently new: and, to all appearance, it consisted of merely a room below, and one above. On walking round it, however, a sloping roof in two directions gave a hint of further accommodation.

When the whole party had entered, and Mrs. Fleming had kissed them all round, her glance at her mother asked, as plainly as any words, "Is not this a pleasant room?"

"A pretty room, indeed, my dear," was the mother's reply, "and as nicely furnished as one could wish."

She did not say anything of the rust which her quick eye perceived on the fire-irons and the door-key, or of the damp which stained the walls just above the skirting-board. There was nothing amiss with the ceiling, or the higher parts of the walls, — so it might be an accident.

"But, my dear," asked the mother, seeing how sleepy Moss look-

ed, "Where are you going to put us all? If we crowd you out of all comfort, I shall be sorry we came so soon."

As Mrs. Fleming led the way upstairs, she reminded her family of their agreement not to mind a little crowding for a time. If her mother thought there was not room for all the newly-arrived in this chamber, they could fit out a corner for Allan in the place where she and her husband were to sleep.

"All of us in this room?" exclaimed Becky.

"Yes, Becky; why not? Here, you see, is a curtain between your bed and the large one; and your bed is large enough to let little Moss sleep with you. And here is a morsel of a bed for Allan in the other corner; and I have another curtain ready to shut it in."

"But," said Becky, who was going on to object. Her mother stopped her by a sign.

"Or," continued Mrs. Fleming, "if you like to let Allan and his bed and curtain come down to our place, you will have plenty of room here; much more than my neighbours have, for the most part. How it will be when the new cottages are built, I don't know. We think them too small for new houses; but, meantime, there are the Brookes sleeping seven in a room no bigger than this, and the Vines six in one much smaller."

"How do they manage, now?" asked the mother. "In case of

illness, say: and how do they wash and dress?"

"Ah! that is the worst part of it. I don't think the boys wash themselves — what we should call washing — for weeks together: or at least only on Saturday nights. So they slip their clothes on in two minutes; and then their mother and sisters can get up. But there is the pump below for Allan, and he can wash as much as he pleases."

It was not till the next day that Mrs. Woodruffe knew — and then it was Allan who told her — that the pump was actually in the very place where the Flemings slept, — close by their bed. The Flemings were, in truth, sleeping in an out-house, where the floor was of brick, the swill-tub stood in one corner, the coals were heaped in another, and the light came in from a square hole high up, which had never till now been glazed. Plenty of air rushed in under the door, and yet some more between the tiles, — there being no plaster beneath them. As soon as Mrs. Woodruffe had been informed of this, and had stepped in, while her daughter's back was turned, to make her own observations, she went out by herself for a walk, — so long a walk, that it was several hours before she re-appeared, heated and somewhat depressed. She had roamed the country round, in search of lodgings; and finding none, — finding no occupier who really could possibly spare a room on any terms, — she had returned convinced that, serious as the ex-

pense would be, she and her family ought to settle themselves in the nearest town, — her husband going to his business daily by the third-class train, till a dwelling could be provided for them on the spot.

When she returned, the children were on the watch for her; and little Moss had strong hopes that she would not know him. He had a great cap of rushes on his head, with a heavy bulrush for a feather; he was stuck all over with waterflags and bulrushes, and carried a long osier wand, wherewith to flog all those who did not admire him enough in his new style of dress. The children were clamorous for their mother to come down, and see the nice places where they got these new play-things: and she would have gone, but that their father came up, and decreed it otherwise. She was heated and tired, he said; and he would not have her go till she was easy and comfortable enough to see things in the best light.

Her impression was that her husband was, more or less (and she did not know why), disappointed; but he did not say so. He would not hear of going off to the town, being sure that some place would turn up soon, — some place where they might put their heads at night; and the Flemings should be no losers by having their company by day. Their boarding all together, if the sleeping could but be managed, would be a help to the young couple, — a help which it was pleasant to him, as a

father, to be able to give them. He said nothing about the land that was not in praise of it. Its quality was excellent; or would be when it had good treatment. It would take some time and trouble to get it into order, — so much that it would never do to live at a distance from it. Besides, no trains that would suit him ran at the proper hours; so there was an end of it. They must all rough it a little for a time, and expect their reward afterwards.

There was nothing that Woodruffe was so hard to please in as the time when he should take his wife to see the ground. It was close at hand; yet he hindered her going in the morning, and again after their early dinner. He was anxious that she should not be prejudiced, or take a dislike at first; and in the morning, the fog was so thick that everything looked dank and dreary; and in the middle of the day, when a warm autumn sun had dissolved the mists, there certainly was a most disagreeable smell hanging about. It was not gone at sunset; but by that time Mrs. Woodruffe was impatient, and she appeared — Allan showing her the way — just when her husband was scraping his feet upon his spade, after a hard day of digging.

“There, now!” said he, good-humouredly, striking his spade into the ground, “Fleming said you would be down before we were ready for you: and here you are! — Yes, ready for you. There are some planks coming, to keep

your feet out of the wet among all this clay.”

“And yours too, I hope,” said the wife. “I don’t mind such wet, after rain, as you have been accustomed to; but to stand in a puddle like this is a very different thing.”

“Yes — so ’t is. But we ’ll have the planks; and they will serve for running the wheel-barrow too. It is too much for Allan, or any boy, to run the barrow in such a soil as this. We ’ll have the planks first; and then we ’ll drain, and drain, and get rare spring crops.”

“What have they given you this artificial pond for,” asked the wife, “if you must drain so much?”

“That is no pond. All the way along here, on both sides the railway, there is the mischief of these pits. They dig out the clay for bricks, and then leave the places — pits like this, some of them six feet deep. The railways have done a deal of good for the poor man, and will do a great deal more yet; but, at present this one has left those pits.”

“I hope Moss will not fall into one. They are very dangerous,” declared the mother, looking about for the child.

“He is safe enough there, among the osiers,” said the father. “He has lost his heart outright to the osiers. However, I mean to drain and fill up this pit, when I find a good outfall: and then we will have all high and dry, and safe for the children. I don’t care so much for the pit as for the

ditches there. Don't you notice the bad smell?"

"Yes, indeed, that struck me the first night."

"I have been inquiring to-day, and I find there is one acre in twenty hereabouts occupied with foul ditches like that. And then the overflow from them and the pits, spoils many an acre more. There is a stretch of water-flags and bulrushes, and nasty coarse grass and rushes, nothing but a swamp, where the ground is naturally as good as this; and, look here! Fleming was rather out, I tell him, when he wrote that I might graze a pony on the pasture below, whenever I have a market-cart. I ask him if he expects me to water it here."

So saying, Woodruffe led the way to one of the ditches which, instead of fences, bounded his land; and, moving the mass of weeds with a stick, showed the water beneath, covered with a whitish bubbling scum, the smell of which was insufferable.

"There is plenty of manure there," said Woodruffe: "that is the only thing that can be said for it. We'll make manure of it, and sweep out the ditch, and deepen it, and narrow it, and not use up so many feet of good ground for a ditch that does nothing but poison us. A fence is better than a ditch any day. I'll have a fence, and still save ten feet of ground, the whole way down."

"There is a great deal to do here," observed the wife.

"And good reward when it is

done," Woodruffe replied. "If I can fall in with a stout labourer, he and Allan and I can get our spring crops prepared for; and I expect they will prove the goodness of the soil. There is Fleming. Supper is ready, I suppose."

The children were called, but both were so wet and dirty that it took twice as long as usual to make them fit to sit at table: and apologies were made for keeping supper waiting. The grave half-hour before Moss's bedtime was occupied with the most solemn piece of instruction he had ever had in his life. His father carried him up to the railway, and made him understand the danger of playing there. He was never to play there. His father would go up with him once a day, and let him see a train pass: and this was the only time he was ever to mount the steps, except by express leave. Moss was put to bed in silence, with his father's deep, grave voice sounding in his ears.

"He will not forget it," declared his father. "He will give us no trouble about the railway. The next thing is the pit. Allan, I expect you to see that he does not fall into the pit. In time, we shall teach him to take care of himself; but you must remember, meanwhile, that the pit is six feet deep — deeper than I am high: and that the edge is the same clay that you slipped on so often this morning."

"Yes, father," said Allan, looking as grave as if power of life and death were in his hands.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

One fine morning in the next spring, there was more stir and cheerfulness about the Woodruffes' dwelling than there had been of late. The winter had been somewhat dreary; and now the spring was anxious; for Woodruffe's business was not, as yet, doing very well. His hope, when he bought his pony and cart, was to dispatch by railway to the town the best of his produce, and sell the commoner part in the country neighbourhood, sending his cart round within the reach of a few miles. As it turned out, he had nothing yet to send to the town, and his agent there was vexed and displeased. No radishes, onions, early salads, or rhubarb were ready: and it would be sometime yet before they were.

"I am sure I have done everything I could," said Woodruffe to Fleming, as they both lent a hand to put the pony into the cart. "Nobody can say that I have not made drains enough, or that they are not deep enough; yet the frost has taken such a hold that one would think we were living in the north of Scotland, instead of in Staffordshire."

"It has not been a severe season either," observed Fleming.

"There's the vexation," replied Woodruffe. "If it had been a season which set us at defiance, and made all sufferers alike, one must just submit to a loss, and go on again, like one's neighbours. But, you see, I am cut out, as my

agent says, from the market. Everybody else has spring vegetables there, as usual. It is no use telling him that I never failed before. But I know what it is. It is yonder great ditch that does the mischief."

"Why, we have nothing to do with that."

"That is the very reason. If it was mine or yours, do you think I should not have taken it in hand long ago? All my draining goes for little while that shallow ditch keeps my ground a continual sop. It is all uneven along the bottom; — not the same depth for three feet together anywhere, and not deep enough by two feet in any part. So there it is, choked up and putrid; and, after an hour or two of rain, my garden gets such a soaking, that the next frost is destruction."

"I will speak about it again," said Fleming. "We must have it set right before next winter."

"I think we have seen enough of the uselessness of speaking," replied Woodruffe, gloomily. "If we tease the gentry anymore, they may punish you for it. I would show them my mind by being off, — throwing up my bargain at all costs, if I had not put so much into the ground that I have nothing left to move away with."

"Don't be afraid for me," said Fleming, cheerfully. "It was chiefly my doing that you came here, and I must try my utmost to obtain fair conditions for you. We must remember that the benefit of your outlay has all to come."

"Yes; I can't say we have got much of it yet."

"By next winter," continued Fleming, "your privet hedges and screens will have grown up into some use against the frost; and your own drainage —. Come, come, Allan, my boy! be off! It is getting late."

Allan seemed to be idling, rearranging his bunches of small radishes, and little bundles of rhubarb, in their clean baskets, and improving the stick with which he was to drive: but he pleaded that he was waiting for Moss, and for the parcel which his mother was getting ready for Becky.

"Ah! my poor little girl!" said Woodruffe. "Give my love to her, and tell her it will be a happy day when we can send for her to come home again. Be sure you observe particularly, to tell us, how she looks; and, mind, if she fancies anything in the cart, — any radishes, or whatever else, because it comes out of our garden, be sure you give it her. I wish I was going myself with the cart, for the sake of seeing Becky; but I must go to work. Here have I been all the while, waiting to see you off. Ah! here they come! you may always have notice now of who is coming by that child's crying."

"O, father! not always!" exclaimed Allan.

"Far too often, I'm sure. I never knew a child grow so fractious. I am saying, my dear," to his wife, who now appeared with

her parcel, and Moss in his best hat, "that boy is the most fractious child we ever had: and he is getting too old for that to begin now. How can you spoil him so?"

"I am not aware," said Mrs. Woodruffe, her eyes filling with tears, "that I treat him differently from the rest: but the child is not well. His chilblains tease him terribly; and I wish there may be nothing worse."

"Warm weather will soon cure the chilblains, and then I hope we shall see an end of the fretting. — Now, leave off crying this minute. Moss, or you don't go. You don't see me cry with my rheumatism, and that is worse than chilblains, I can tell you."

Moss tried to stifle his sobs, while his mother put more straw into the cart for him, and cautioned Allan to be careful of him, for it really seemed as if the child was tender all over. Allan seemed to succeed best as comforter. He gave Moss the stick to wield, and showed him how to make believe to whip the pony, so that before they turned the corner, Moss was wholly engrossed with what he called driving.

"Yes, yes," said Woodruffe, as he turned away, to go to his garden, "Allan is the one to manage him. He can take as good care of him as any woman, without spoiling him."

Mrs. Woodruffe submitted to this in silence; but with the feeling that she did not deserve it.

Becky had had no notice of this

visit from her brothers; but no such visit could take her by surprise; for she was thinking of her family all day long, every day, and fancying she should see them, whichever way she turned. It was not her natural destination to be a servant in a farm-house: she had never expected it, — never been prepared for it. She was as willing to work as any girl could be; and her help in the gardening was beyond what most women are capable of: but it was a bitter thing to her to go among strangers, and toil for them, when she knew that she was wanted at home by father and mother, and brothers, and just at present, by her sister too; for Mrs. Fleming's confinement was to happen this spring. The reason why Becky was not at home while so much wanted there was, that there really was no accommodation for her. The plan of sleeping all huddled together as they were at first would not do. The girl herself could not endure it; and her parents felt that she must be got out at any sacrifice. They had inquired diligently till they found a place for her in a farm-house where the good wife promised protection, and care, and kindness; and fulfilled her promise to the best of her power.

"I hope they do well by you here, Becky," asked Allan, when the surprise caused by his driving up with a dash had subsided, and everybody had retired, to leave Becky with her brothers for the few minutes they could stay.

"I hope they are kind to you here."

"O, yes, — very kind. And I am sure you ought to say so to father and mother."

Becky had jumped into the cart, and had her arms round Moss, and her head on his shoulder. Raising her head, and with her eyes filling as she spoke, she inquired anxiously how the new cottages went on, and when father and mother were to have a home of their own again. She owned, but did not wish her father and mother to hear of it, that she did not like being among such rough people as the farm servants. She did not like some of the behaviour that she saw; and, still less, such talk as she was obliged to overhear. When *would* a cottage be ready for them?

"Why, the new cottages would soon be getting on now," Allan said: but he didn't know; nobody fancied the look of them. He saw them just after the foundations were laid; and the enclosed parts were like a clay-puddle. He did not see how they were ever to be improved; for the curse of wet seemed to be on them, as upon everything about the Station. Fleming's cottage was the best he had seen, after all, if only it was twice as large. If anything could be done to make the new cottages what cottages should be, it would be done: for every body agreed that the railway gentlemen desired to do the best for their people, and to set an example in that respect: but it was beyond anybody's power to make wet clay as

healthy as warm gravel. Unless they could go to work first to dry the soil, it seemed a hopeless sort of affair.

"But, I say, Becky," pursued Allan, "you know about my garden—that father gave me a garden of my own."

Becky's head was turned quite away; and she did not look round, when she replied,

"Yes; I remember. How does your garden get on?"

There was something in her voice which made her brother lean over and look into her face; and, as he expected, tears were running down her cheeks.

"There now!" said he, whipping the back of the cart with his stick; "something must be done, if you can't get on here."

"O! I can get on. Be sure you don't tell mother that I can't get on, or anything about it."

"You look healthy, to be sure."

"To be sure I am. Don't say any more about it. Tell me about your garden."

"Well: I am trying what I can make of it, after I have done working with father. But it takes a long time to bring it round."

"What! is the wet there, too?"

"Lord, yes! The wet was beyond everything at first. I could not leave the spade in the ground ten minutes, if father called me, but the water was standing in the hole when I went back again. It is not so bad now, since I made a drain to join upon father's principal one; and father gave me some sand, and plenty of

manure: but it seems to us that manure does little good. It won't sink in when the ground is so wet."

"Well, there will be the summer next, and that will dry up your garden."

"Yes. People say the smells are dreadful in hot weather, though. But we seem to get used to that. I thought it sickly work, just after we came, going down to get osiers, and digging near the big ditch that is our plague now: but somehow, it does not strike me now as it did then, though Fleming says it is getting worse every warm day. But come—I must be off. What will you help yourself to? And don't forget your parcel."

Becky's great anxiety was to know when her brothers would come again. O! very often, she was assured—oftener and oftener as the vegetables came forward: whenever there were either too many or too few to send to the town by rail.

After Becky had jumped down, the farmer and one of the men were seen to be contemplating the pony.

"What have you been giving your pony lately?" asked the farmer of Allan. "I ask as a friend, having some experience of this part of the country. Have you been letting him graze?"

"Yes, in the bit of meadow that we have leave for. There is a good deal of grass there, now. He has been grazing there these three weeks."

"On the meadow where the osier beds are? Ay! I knew it, by the look of him. Tell your father that if he does not take care, his pony will have the staggers in no time. An acquaintance of mine grazed some cattle there once; and in a week or two, they were all feverish, so that the butcher refused them on any terms; and I have seen more than one horse in the staggers, after grazing in marshes of that sort."

"There is fine thick grass there, and plenty of it," said Allan, who did not like that anybody but themselves should criticise their new place and plans.

"Ay, ay; I know," replied the farmer. "But if you try to make hay of that grass, you'll be surprised to find how long it takes to make, and how like wool it comes out at last. It is a coarse grass, with no strength in it; and it must be a stronger beast than this that will bear feeding on it. Just do you tell your father what I say, that's all; and then he can do as he pleases: but I would take a different way with that pony, without loss of time, if it was mine."

Allan did not much like taking this sort of message to his father, who was not altogether so easy to please as he used to be. If anything vexed him ever so little, he always began to complain of his rheumatism — and he now complained of his rheumatism many times in a day. It was managed, however, by tacking a little piece of amusement and pride upon it. Moss was taught, all the way as

they went home, after selling their vegetables, how much everything sold for; and he was to deliver the money to his father, and go through his lesson as gravely as any big man. It succeeded very well. Everybody laughed. Woodruffe called the child his little man-of-business; gave him a penny out of the money he brought; and when he found that the child did not like jumping as he used to do, carried him up to the railway to listen for the whistle, and see the afternoon train come up, and stop a minute, and go on again.

TOPOGRAPHY AND TEMPERANCE.

FROM MR. CHRISTOPHER SHRIMBLE.

"MR. CONDUCTOR,

"Sir, I take up my pen to tell you what's going to happen if the cause of temperance is to be allowed to have unlicensed power to unlicense all the public-houses. We have heard a good deal about the advantages of Temperance, (and I don't deny them), but Mr. Ledru Rollin has taught me to look closer than ever to the dark side of things, and tee-totalism has its dark side like everything else; it is not all clear water, I can tell you. I look forward to the time when strong liquors will be abolished, and pot-houses taken from the corners of the streets or shifted from the sides of the road, and I

say, "how *shall* I find my way about?"

"For the fact is, Sir, public-houses are the great land-marks of the country. Whether you are benighted in a Northumberland moor; lost in a Devonshire lane (the one thing in nature which it is well known has no end); whether you are cast away in a river; left without a clue upon Salisbury Plain; or reduced to a state of topographical despair in a Warwickshire wood; the first person you meet — be it he or she, gentle or simple, old or young, a genius or an idiot — will assuredly convince you that the only rural means of directing you are the names and signs of places of public entertainment. 'Go on straight till you come to the Green Lion, then turn to the left close to the Goat and Compasses, and after you have passed the Plough, bear off to the right; and, opposite the Jolly Gardeners, you will see a lane: go down that lane till you have to cross a brook by the side of the Bottle and Bagpipes, and when you have got to the Three Whistles and Cockchafer further down, get over a stile next to the Tinker and Turkey-Cock, take the first to the left — and that's it.' Such were the directions by which I found my old friend, Groggles, last Monday. Without the signs I have mentioned, I never should have found Groggles to this day.

"Now, Sir, I trust the advocates of temperance will pause before they wash away the land-marks of

England (Tooting included), in order to substitute water-marks. How are we to find our way about without signs, I wonder? for I suppose these will not be allowed to stand when the houses behind them are taken away. Do the great Father Mathews of this age intend — like the monks of old — to christen the wells, and to give names to the pumps, and springs, and fountains, and conduits? Indeed I hope they do; for these I venture to say will be the only taps they intend leaving to a future generation.

"Unless, Sir, they wish the topography of our native land to be utterly confused, and desire to make voluntary locomotion impossible (I call railways compulsory travelling, for you must go where they choose to take you), I do intreat of them to leave us their signs, whatever they do with the inns. Why not move the former to stand sponsors to their new-fangled watering places? Take the 'Puncheon of Rum' from what used to be the posting-house (before steam blew post-horses off the road) and stick it on the parish pump. Let wayside wells be ornamented with effigies of 'Topers Heads'; transfer the 'Barrel of Beer' from the village inn to the village fountain, and the 'Jolly Full Bottle' from the alehouse to the conduit. Then, when a man comes to the picture of three drunken soldiers, and the inscription, 'The Rendezvous,' he will know it means a reservoir, or regular meeting of the waters. The

'Punch-Bowl,' in gold letters, will indicate a water-trough; the 'Black Jack' would give a significant license for water to be drunk on the premises; and the 'Sir John Barleycorn' would indicate that a good supply of the ale of our first parent is not far off.

"I do hope my suggestion will be complied with. The tavern signs of England are a great topographical institution. If they will not take them down, the Temperance Movement may do its worst for me. I, and a good many others who live out of town and don't carry lanterns at night, will still be able to find our way about, and the agricultural population will be able to show us when we have lost it. In that case, the Green Dragons, Marquises of Granby, Roses and Crowns, Bears and Butter-milks, Bulls in the Pounds, Stars and Stumps, with innumerable other signs dear to the eyes and ready to the tongues of unconverted tipplers for the behoof of way-beguiled strangers, would not be utterly lost to the land. Without them, I venture to assert, in conclusion, in the words of the late Mr. Pope, England (Tooting included) will be 'a mighty maze without a plan.'

"I am, &c., &c.

"CHRISTOPHER SHRIMBLE.

"Paradise Row, Tooting."

THE LATE AMERICAN PRESIDENT.

TOWARDS the close of the last century there was a movement of settlers to the frontiers of Kentucky. The new comers to the then unsettled district were from various parts of the American continent, and each of the pioneers who thus cast his lot upon the extreme verge of civilisation made his account for holding his homestead by aid of his rifle, against the attacks of the denizens of the neighbouring forests. Sometimes the enemy was only in shape of a wolf or a bear—oftentimes in that of an Indian. In either case the farmer had to maintain his ground by the strong hand, in those days the only law that held sway in the backwoods. In such a state of affairs it is clear that none but bold spirits would venture to found a home on the frontier; yet such were not wanting; and amongst them was a farmer, who at an earlier period of his life had left the plough to take up arms in defence of American independence. In that rough and ready service he had gained the often quickly-acquired rank of Colonel; but the war ceasing, he, like others among his patriotic countrymen, quietly returned to his more peaceful occupation as a farmer; choosing a location where land was plenty and cheap to those who had the courage to hold it where Indians and other dangerous neighbours were abundant. The sons of such a man, nurtured in such a spot, might

well be expected to inherit the enterprise, courage, and hardihood which distinguished their parent. Handling a rifle as soon as they were strong enough to lift one; accustomed to hunting excursions and "camping out;" working now at the plough, now in building up a barn, or in filling it when complete; driving the wagon and its load to a distant market, and bringing back at any hour, and in all seasons, the stores that varied their farm-grown contributions to the larder; and when winter-time brought comparative leisure, turning to books for almost the only education procurable in the rough and primitive region they inhabited;—boys, so reared, could scarcely be other than bold, energetic, and fruitful in resources, and equal in after life to the shifting exigencies of an active military career. From such a parent, and such a childhood and youth, and with such an early training, sprang President and General Zachary Taylor, whose recent death our Transatlantic brethren are even now (August 1850) deploring; and the story of whose life their journals will help us to tell.

Zachary Taylor before he was twenty-one volunteered to leave home on a military expedition needed by the exigencies of the time. This, his first essay in war, proved very harmless; for no enemy was found, and he soon returned to his father's farm, with a taste, however, for the new life he had made this short trial of. The taste thus acquired induced him to

accept with great alacrity an opportunity that subsequently offered of joining the regular army of the United States, which he did in 1803, with the rank of lieutenant. Shortly afterwards an occasion arose for distinguishing himself, and he did not let it pass unimproved. He defended a post called Fort Harrison, against great odds; and by the check thus given to a large hostile party of Indians, saved a frontier from devastation. This gallant commencement was followed by a succession of equally noticeable exploits. He courted every chance of securing active service, and in succession won new reputation in contests with the Indians, with the English, and lastly with the Mexicans. Since it was with this last opponent that his chief battles were fought, and his really important victories won; and as those victories have gained an European reputation from the fact that they led to the acquisition of the real land of gold—El Dorado—California itself; we may glance over the events that induced and characterised the strife, and led to so memorable a result.

Mexico and the United States had long had causes of quarrel; not the least of which was that the Mexicans got into debt to the Yankees, and would not pay what they admitted to be due. With several such unsettled and unsatisfactory accounts on hand, the Texas difficulty arose, and a large body of the Texians declaring for annexation with the United States, the few scruples that stood in the

way of such an increase of dominion were quickly overlooked, and the large and fertile province was incorporated in the Union. Half such a cause of quarrel was enough to secure a declaration of war from a country like Mexico — *a country that has gone through eighteen revolutions in twenty-five years* — and accordingly war began. The Mexicans took steps for re-assuming the lost Texas, when, on the 4th of February, 1846, General Taylor received orders to march, with a force of three thousand men under his command, to the Rio Grande, the western limit of the newly-attached State. The President, for the time being, of Mexico claimed Texas as a revolted province, and hastened to submit the question to the ordeal of battle. The Mexicans shed the first blood. They took some prisoners — some Americans — and shot them in cold blood; and soon afterwards they captured more Americans, including some women, whose bodies were discovered subsequently with their throats cut. This brutality added fuel to the flame before existing, and the struggle began that ended in the capture of Mexico and the cession of California.

The early days of the war were characterised by many acts of daring bravery. Amongst others, we find mention of the feat performed by a Captain Walker. The Americans were in total ignorance of the movements of the enemy, when they heard cannonading in the direction of a fort with which they

had been unable to keep open communications. Taylor dispatched a squadron of cavalry, who returned without definite information, and the General was in suspense as to the condition of his friends in the fort, when Captain Walker arrived in the camp bearing dispatches from the leader of the beleaguered party in Fort Brown. He had left the small stronghold under the cover of night, and with no other guide than the wind on his cheek had tracked his way through the enemy's camp, and through the wild, roadless country that lay between it and the army of General Taylor. He brought the news that the Mexicans had attacked Fort Brown, opening upon it a heavy cannonade. The besieged had, however, returned the fire with spirit, and had succeeded in dismounting some of the Mexican guns. General Taylor at once set off to raise the siege, taking with him two thousand three hundred men. With this force he encountered the enemy at Palo Alta, and the battle so named was fought. For five hours was the strife continued, when the attacking party carried the day. The Mexicans fell back.

On the next morning another engagement took place with the same result. The Mexicans lost a thousand men; some cannon; and had one of their generals taken prisoner; — and Fort Brown was relieved.

The war had thus commenced. The Mexicans loudly denounced

what they called the dismemberment of their empire; the Americans heard with evident joy that their small army had won two battles of an enemy who had provoked the encounter.

President Polk (the history of whose administration, by L. B. Chase, affords us some of these particulars) was, after much debate, authorised to call into the field volunteers, "to serve for a year or during the war." Double the number asked-for soon offered themselves, and General Taylor found himself at the head of a force comparatively undisciplined but eager to advance, and equal to almost any amount of endurance in the prosecution of the enterprise on hand. The temper of the new levies was soon tried. The fight at Monterey was a repetition, on a larger scale, of the scenes and successes near Fort Brown. The Americans attacked and put to flight an enemy four times as numerous as the attacking force. The Mexicans seemed to think their invaders invincible; victory for the American flag was the result of each encounter, and before long General Taylor had a greater extent of country in his possession than the whole force under his command could well grasp with security. At this juncture General Scott, who for some time before this war began, had been Commander-in-Chief of the American Army, finding that great renown was being won by his junior officer, wrote from New York to General Taylor to state his intention

of taking command in Mexico, and leading forward an additional force in advance of the positions conquered and held by Taylor. General Scott decided upon attacking Vera Cruz, and Taylor, being ordered to act on the defensive, complained bitterly when he found that Scott was to withdraw from his command all the regular troops he had, with the exception of one thousand men, leaving him to defend his position chiefly with volunteers, and these in deficient force. The military law of obedience to orders, however, left no choice, and though stating his belief in the weakness of his army he declined to fall back, urging the bad effect such a step must have on the minds of his new levies. He enjoyed the prestige of successive victories, and by supporting that alone could he hope to maintain his small force against an enemy so largely outnumbering him.

About twelve thousand Americans had marched under Scott against Vera Cruz; about five thousand mustered under the flag of Taylor, when the news came that Santa Anna, with an army of twenty thousand strong, was marching upon the scattered and weakened forces of the smallest of the two American armies. Scott was too far on his way towards the sea coast to march to the rescue of Taylor, and the latter was left to do his best alone. On the morning of the 23rd of February, 1847, the unequal battle began. General Taylor had secured for his five thousand

men a strong position at Buena Vista, in which the artillery of his antagonist could not readily be brought into play. When Santa Anna approached with twenty thousand men, he sent a message to Taylor to surrender at discretion; a request which the American chieftain abruptly declined, and the fight began. The contest was long and doubtful. The disparity of numbers was soon felt, and the feeling that all depended on their valour nerved the attacked party to greater desperation in their defence. Less than five hundred of Taylor's men were regular troops; more than four thousand of them, but a few months before, were at work in the fields, and on wharfs, and in warehouses in the States. But volunteers though they were, no veterans could have done more. About seven hundred of them fell, killed and wounded, but night, which stayed the battle, saw the Mexicans in retreat before a force over which, in the morning, they expected a rapid and easy victory. The gallantry of the Anglo-Saxons prevailed over the numbers of their semi-Spanish antagonists, and Santa Anna retreated with an army weakened by the loss of nearly two thousand killed and wounded. "Along the road leading from Buena Vista to Agua Nueva (says Mr. Chase), a scene of horror was presented on the night of the 23rd of February. The means of transporting the wounded being extremely limited, they were left to struggle with suffering and with death, and the

sighing of the wind and the cry of the wolf were their only requiem. Abandoned to their fate, without food, parched with thirst, without medical aid, and with no shelter to protect them from the piercing night air, they awaited the moment when death should release them from their suffering. The main body of the army reached Agua Nueva at midnight, and, dying with thirst, many of the soldiers plunged into a stagnant sheet of water which, in many cases, produced instant death. Suffering from the want of food and water, dispirited and disheartened by the result of the battle, they presented a striking contrast to that splendid array which, buoyant with hope and confident of victory, had attacked the American army."

Many anecdotes of this period of Taylor's career are told with pride by his countrymen. Here are some of them which amusingly illustrate the character of the man.

First we have one descriptive of his personal appearance.

"Winding down a hill near Mont Morales, the column is halted to let a troop of horse pass. Do you see at their head a plain looking gentleman, mounted upon a brown horse, having upon his head a Mexican sombrero, dressed in a brown olive-coloured loose frock coat, grey pantaloons, wool socks, and shoes? From under the frock appears the scabbard of a sword; he has the eye of a hawk, and every lineament of his countenance is expressive of honesty, and a calm determined mind. The plain-looking gentleman is General Zachary Taylor, who, with his military family, and a squadron of dragoons as an escort, is on his way to the front."

A few more anecdotes will serve

to show the peculiarities of the now deceased general.

"After the capitulation of Monterey, the officers of the army used their exertions to get General Taylor to move from his camp at St. Domingo to the Plaza, and there establish his head-quarters. Several public buildings were examined and decided upon as suitable. After considerable persuasion General Taylor consented to move, at the same time giving the following instructions: 'Choose a pleasant location — a house that is surrounded by a garden filled with large trees; put up a tent under the trees for my residence, and you [the staff and other officers] may have the house in front.' It is needless to add, that no more was said about the head quarters being removed into the city of Monterey.

"In the early part of a severe action, when the enemy had succeeded in turning the left wing of his little army, and secured a seeming advantageous position in rear of their line, at the base of the mountain; when a portion of the troops, overpowered by the superiority of numbers, were forced to retire in "hot haste;" when, indeed, the fortunes of the day seemed extremely problematical, an officer of high rank rode up to General Taylor, and announced the temporary success of the enemy, and expressed his fears for the success of the army. Taylor's reply was characteristic of the man. 'Sir,' said he, 'so long as we have thirty muskets, we can never be conquered! If those troops who have abandoned their position can be rallied and brought into action again, I will take three thousand of the enemy prisoners. Had I the disposition of the enemy's forces, I would myself place them just where they are.' The officer resumed his duties with a light heart, considering that the battle, in spite of appearance, was already won."

The volunteers who flocked to his standard soon learned to regard the old general as a friend as well as a commander.

"As proof of his humanity, it is recorded that Taylor, before leaving the battle-ground of Buena Vista, ordered upwards of forty mule loads of provisions to be sent from his camp to Incarnacion,

for the use of the wounded Mexicans who were in the hospital there, and starving from hunger.

"Taylor told General Ricardo that General Ampudia had written to him, stating that the war should be conducted in accordance with the usages of civilised nations, but that after the last battle they had barbarously stripped and mutilated our dead. To this charge General Ricardo replied, that 'this was done by the rancheros, who could not be controlled.' 'I am coming over, and will control them for you,' said Taylor.

"The general had assembled his council of officers the night previous to the conflict of Buena Vista, for the purpose of hearing their suggestions in relation to the approaching battle. A good deal of uneasiness was exhibited — objections were raised — the disadvantages of the immense 'odds' were presented — propositions to retire and wait for reinforcements were urged — some were for giving the enemy battle — and one proposed that the American army should 'fall back' — when the old hero's opinion was asked. 'Are you all done, gentlemen?' Every one had finished. 'Then, gentlemen, I will adjourn this meeting,' coolly added Taylor, '*till after the fight to-morrow.*' 'Good!' was the unanimous response. The battle was fought and — won."

But we must return to our narrative. Whilst Taylor was holding his position in the interior, General Scott was approaching the sea-coast, and a naval force being there ready to co-operate with him, the news that reached Santa Anna not long after he had been beaten by Taylor was, that the Americans had bombarded and captured Vera Cruz. The Mexicans were deeply dispirited; intestine quarrels and partisan disputes, added to the presence of a foreign enemy, rendered them more than ordinarily indisposed to make any really great and national exertions for their defence. Santa Anna had by his personal crimes gained

many enemies, and there were not wanting Mexicans who secretly hailed the advent of the Americans rather as an advantage than a calamity. Hence, when Scott advanced from his newly acquired stronghold upon the city of Mexico itself, Santa Anna could at first bring only six thousand men to oppose his march, and these were met and beaten at Jalapa by the Americans. Three desperately contested battles soon followed, in which the invaders, though suffering most severely, came off victorious. In one of these, three thousand one hundred Americans met and defeated fourteen thousand Mexicans, leaving, however, seven hundred of their comrades dead upon the field. The final attack was upon the city itself, and by the 14th of September, Santa Anna had fled; the city of the Montezumas was in the hands of Brother Jonathan, and the stars and stripes waved on the national palace of Mexico.

General Taylor never entirely forgave the Commander-in-Chief for taking from him the best part of his force, and he contended that had Scott threatened Vera Cruz only, and so divided the attention of Santa Anna, leaving the army at Monterey in its full force to march thence upon the capital, Mexico would have been taken at a less cost of time and blood than was ultimately expended on the conquest of the place. So also thought a large section of the American people, and though another commander actually took possession of the

capital, Taylor was popularly regarded as the real hero of the Mexican war. This feeling was strengthened when the series of quarrels began between Scott and his companions in arms, and between that general and the American Minister, Mr. Trist, deputed to arrange a treaty between the two countries; and when Scott left the army in charge of General Butler to return in disgust to the United States, there was no officer in all Mexico, whose reputation could stand in competition with that of "Old Rough and Ready," as Taylor was now called. He was looked upon as the one heroic leader of the successful war.

Bayard Taylor, after his stay in the city of Mexico, says he does not believe that Mexican enmity has been increased by the war, but rather the contrary. During all his stay in the country he did not hear a bitter word against the Americans. The officers of the United States' army seem to have made friends everywhere, and the war, by throwing the natives into direct contact with foreigners, greatly abated their former prejudices against all not of Spanish blood. The departure of the American troops is declared to have been a cause of general lamentation amongst the tradesmen of Mexico and Vera Cruz. Nothing was more common to me (continues the traveller) than to hear Generals Scott and Taylor mentioned by the Mexicans in terms of entire respect and admiration. "If you see General Taylor," said

a gentleman to his namesake Bayard, "tell him that the Mexicans all honour him. He has never given up their houses to plunder; he has helped their wounded and suffering; he is as humane as he is brave, and they can never feel enmity towards him."

Not without contest and difficulties, but still by a considerable majority, General Taylor was in November, 1848, rewarded for his many years' services by being installed in the highest position his countrymen had in their gift. They made him President of the United States, and his term of office in that capacity commenced in March, 1849, under the favourable impression created by the following straightforward declaration: —

"I intend that all new appointments shall be of men honest and capable. I do not intend to remove any man from office because he voted against me, for that is a freeman's privilege; but such desecration of office and official patronage as some of them have been guilty of to secure the election of the master whom they served as slaves is degrading to the character of American freemen, and will be a good cause for removal of friend or foe. The office of the government should be filled with men of all parties; and as I expect to find many of those now holding to be honest, good men, and as the new appointments will, of course, be whigs, that will bring about this result. Although I do not intend to allow an indiscriminate removal, yet it grieves me to think that it will be necessary to require a great many to give place to better men. As to my cabinet, I intend that all interests and all sections of the country shall be represented, but not, as some of the newspapers will have it, all parties. I am a whig, as I have always been free to acknowledge, but I do not believe that these who voted for me wish me to be a mere partisan President, and I shall, therefore, try to be a

President of the American people. As to the new territory, it is now free, and slavery cannot exist there without a law of Congress authorising it, and that I do not believe they will ever pass. I was opposed to the acquisition of this territory, as I also was to the acquisition of Texas. I was opposed to the war, and, although by occupation a warrior, I am a peace man."

His subsequent conduct tended to realise the hopes created by this opening avowal. But a life of hardship and an age verging on sixty years, prepared him, but indifferently, to meet the renewed exertions required by his new position. Resigning the panoply of the general to assume the garb of the President, he gained a respite from the toils of war to accept the still more soul-wearying contests, jealousies, and responsibilities of civil government. With soldierly determination, however, he addressed himself to the task, and, like a true hero, fell with harness on his back. He was born on the 9th of November, 1786 — he died on the 9th of July, 1850. His last words were: — "I am prepared. I have endeavoured to do my duty." May all death-beds be consoled by the truthful utterance of such a sentiment.

A PAPER-MILL.

DOWN at Dartford in Kent, on a fine bright day, I strolled through the pleasant green lanes, on my way to a Paper-Mill. Accustomed, mainly, to associate Dartford with Gunpowder Mills, and formidable tin canisters, illustrated

in copper-plate, with the outpourings of a generous cornucopia of dead game, I found it pleasant to think, on a summer morning when all living creatures were enjoying life, that it was only paper in my mind — not powder.

If sturdy Wat Tyler, of this very town of Dartford in Kent (Deptford had the honour of him once, but that was a mistake) could only have anticipated and reversed the precept of the pious Orange-Lodges; if he could only have put his trust in Providence, and kept his paper damp — for printing — — he need never have marched to London, the captain of a hundred thousand men, and summarily beheaded the archbishop of Canterbury as a bad adviser of the young king, Richard. Then, would William Walworth, Lord Mayor of London (and an obsequious courtier enough, may be) never have struck him from his charger, unawares. Then, might the “general enfranchisement of all bondmen” — the bold smith’s demand — have come, a long time sooner than it did. Then, might working-men have maintained the decency and honour of their daughters, through many a hazy score of troubled and oppressive years, when they were yet as the clods of the valley, broken by the ploughshare, worried by the harrow. But, in those days, paper and printing for the people were not; so, Wat lay low in Smithfield, and Heaven knows what became of his daughter, and the old fero-

cious wheel went driving round, some centuries longer.

The wild flowers were blowing in these Dartford hedges, all those many summer-times; the larks were singing, high in air; the trees were rustling as they rustle to-day; the bees went humming by; the light clouds cast their shadows on the verdant fields. The pleasant little river Darent ran the same course; sparkled in the same sun; had, then as now, its tiny circles made by insects; and its plumps and plashes, made by fish. But, the river has changed, since Wat the Blacksmith, bending over with his bucket, saw his grimy face, impatient of unjust and grievous tribute, making remonstrance with him for his long endurance. Now, there are indeed books in the running brooks — for they go to feed the Paper-Mill.

Time was, in the old Saxon days, when there stood a Mill here, “held in ferm by a Reve,” but *that* was not a Paper-Mill. Then, came a Nunnery, with kings’ fair daughters in it; then, a Palace; then, Queen Elizabeth, in her sixteenth year, to sojourn at the Palace two days; then, in that reign, a Paper-Mill. In the church yonder, hidden behind the trees, with many rooks discoursing in their lofty houses between me and it, is the tomb of Sir John Spielman, jeweller to the Queen when she had grown to be a dame of a shrewd temper, aged fifty or so: who “built a Paper-Mill for the making of writing-paper,” and to whom his Royal Mistress was

pleased to grant a license "for the sole gathering for ten years of all rags, &c., necessary for the making of such paper." There is a legend that the same Sir John, in coming here from Germany, to build his Mill, did bring with him two young lime-trees — then unknown in England — which he set before his Dartford dwelling-house, and which did flourish exceedingly; so, that they fanned him with their shadows, when he lay asleep in the upper story, an ancient gentleman. Now, God rest the soul of Sir John Spielman, for the love of all the sweet-smelling lime-trees that have ever greeted me in the land, and all the writing-paper I have ever blotted!

But, as I turn down by the hawthorn hedge into the valley, a sound comes in my ears — like the murmuring and throbbing of a mighty giant, labouring hard — that would have unbraced all the Saxon bows, and shaken all the heads off Temple Bar and London Bridge, ever lifted to those heights from the always butchering, always craving, never sufficiently-to-be-regretted, brave old English Block. It is the noise of the Steam Engine. And now, before me, white and clean without, and radiant in the sun, with the sweet clear river tumbling merrily down to kiss it, and help in the work it does, is the Paper-Mill I have come to see!

It is like the Mill of the child's story, that ground old people young. Paper! White, pure, spick and span new paper, with that

fresh smell which takes us back to school and school-books; can it ever come from rags like these? Is it from such bales of dusty rags, native and foreign, of every colour and of every kind, as now environ us, shutting out the summer air and putting cotton into our summer ears, that virgin paper, to be written on, and printed on, proceeds? We shall see presently. Enough to consider, at present, what a grave of dress this rag-store is; what a lesson of vanity it preaches. The coarse blouse of the Flemish labourer, and the fine cambric of the Parisian lady, the court dress of the Austrian jailer, and the miserable garb of the Italian peasant; the woollen petticoat of the Bavarian girl, the linen head-dress of the Neapolitan woman, the priest's vestment, the player's robe, the Cardinal's hat, and the ploughman's nightcap; all dwindle down to this, and bring their littleness or greatness in fractional portions here. As it is with the worn, it shall be with the wearers; but there shall be no dust in our eyes then, though there is plenty now. Not all the great ones of the earth will raise a grain of it, and nothing but the Truth will be.

My conductor leads the way into another room. I am to go, as the rags go, regularly and systematically through the Mill. I am to suppose myself a bale of rags. *I am rags.*

Here, in another room, are some three-score women at little tables, each with an awful scythe-shaped

knife standing erect upon it, and looking like the veritable tooth of time. I am distributed among these women, and worried into smaller shreds — torn cross-wise at the knives. Already I begin to lose something of my grosser nature. The room is filled with my finest dust, and, as gratings of me drop from the knives, they fall through the perforated surface of the tables into receptacles beneath. When I am small enough, I am bundled up, carried away in baskets, and stowed in immense binns, until they want me in the Boiling-Room.

The Boiling-Room has enormous cauldrons in it, each with its own big lid, hanging to the beams of the roof, and put on by machinery when it is full. It is a very clean place, "coddled" by much boiling, like a washer-woman's fingers, and looks as if the kit hen of the Parish Union had gone into partnership with the Church Belfry. Here, I am pressed, and squeezed, and jammed, a dozen feet deep, I should think, into my own particular cauldron; where I simmer, boil, and stew, a long, long time. Then, I am a dense, tight mass, cut out in pieces like so much clay — very clean — faint as to my colour — greatly purified — and gradually becoming quite ethereal.

In this improved condition, I am taken to the Cutting-Room. I am very grateful to the clear fresh water, for the good it has done me; and I am glad to be put into some more of it, and subjected to

the action of large rollers filled with transverse knives, revolving by steam power upon iron beds, which favour me with no fewer than two million cuts per minute, though, within the memory of man, the functions of this machine were performed by an ordinary pestle and mortar. Such a drumming and rattling, such a battering and clattering, such a delight in cutting and slashing, not even the Austrian part of me ever witnessed before. This continues, to my great satisfaction, until I look like shaving lather; when I am run off into chambers underneath, to have my friend the water, from whom I am unwilling to be separated, drained out of me.

At this time, my colour is a light blue, if I have indigo in me, or a pale fawn, if I am rags from which the dyes have been expelled. As it is necessary to bleach the fawn-coloured pulp (the blue being used for paper of that tint), and as I am fawn-coloured pulp, I am placed in certain stone chambers, like catacombs, hermetically sealed, excepting the first compartment, which communicates with a gasometer containing manganese, vitriol, and salt. From these ingredients, a strong gas (not agreeable, I must say, to the sense of smell) is generated, and forced through all the chambers, each of which communicates with the other. These continue closed, if I remember right, some four-and-twenty hours, when a man opens them and takes to his heels immediately, to avoid the offensive gas

that rushes out. After I have been aired a little, I am again conveyed (quite white now, and very spiritual indeed) to some more obliging rollers upstairs.

At it these grinders go, "Munch, munch, munch!" like the sailor's wife in *MACBETH*, who had chesnuts in her lap. I look, at first, as if I were the most delicious curds and whey; presently, I find that I am changed to gruel — not thin oatmeal gruel, but rich, creamy, tempting, exalted gruel! As if I had been made from pearls, which some voluptuous Mr. Emden had converted into groats!

And now, I am ready to undergo my last astounding transformation, and be made into paper by the machine. Oh what can I say of the wonderful machine, which receives me, at one end of a long room, gruel, and dismisses me at the other, paper!

Where is the subtle mind of this Leviathan lodged? It must be somewhere — in a cylinder, a pipe, a wheel — or how could it ever do with me the miracles it does! How could it receive me on a sheet of wire-gauze, in my gruel-form, and slide me on, gradually assuming consistency — gently becoming a little paper-like, a little more, a little more still, very paper-like, indeed — clinging to wet blankets, holding tight by other surfaces, smoothly ascending Witney hills, lightly coming down into a woolly open country, easily rolling over and under a planetary system of heated cylinders, large and small, and ever growing, as I pro-

ceed, stronger and more paper-like! How does the power that fights the wintry waves on the Atlantic, and cuts and drills adamantine slabs of metal like cheese, how does it draw me out, when I am frailest and most liable to tear, so tenderly and delicately, that a woman's hand — no, even though I were a man, very ill and helpless, and she my nurse who loved me — could never touch me with so light a touch, or with a movement so unerring! How can I believe, even on experience, that, being of itself insensible, and only informed with intellect at second hand, it changes me, in less time than I take to tell it, into any sort of paper that is wanted, dries me, cuts me into lengths, becomes charged, just before dismissing me, with electricity, and gathers up the hair of the attendant-watcher, as if with horror at the mischiefs and desertions from the right, in which I may be instrumental! Above all, how can I reconcile its being mere machinery, with its leaving off when it has cut me into sheets, and NOT conveying me to the Exciseman in the next room, whom it plainly thinks a most unnatural conclusion!

I am carried thither on trucks. I am examined, and my defective portions thrown out, for the Mill, again; I am made up into quires and reams; I am weighed and excised by the hundredweight; and I am ready for my work. Of my being made the subject of nonsensical defences of Excise duty, in the House of Commons, I need

say nothing. All the world knows that when the Right Honourable the Chancellor of the Exchequer, for the time being, says I am only the worse by a duty of fifteen shillings per hundredweight, he is a Wrong Honourable, and either don't know, or don't care, anything about me. For, he leaves out of consideration all the vexatious, depressing, and preventing influences of Excise Duty on any trade, and all the extra cost and charge of packing and unpacking, carrying and re-carrying, imposed upon the manufacturer, and of course upon the public. But we must have it, in future, even with Right Honourables as with birds. The Chancellor of the Exchequer that can sing, and won't sing, must be made to sing — small.

My metempsychosis ends with the manufacture. I am rags no more, but a visitor to the Paper-Mill. I am a pleased visitor to see the Mill in such beautiful order, and the workpeople so thriving; and I think that my good friend the owner has reason for saying with an agreeable smile, as we come out upon the sparkling stream again, that he is never so contented, as when he is in rags.

Shining up in the blue sky, far above the Paper-Mill, a mere speck in the distance, is a Paper Kite. It is an appropriate thing at the moment — not to swear by (we have enough of that already) but to hope by, with a devout heart. May all the Paper that I sport with, soar as innocently upward as the paper kite, and be as

harmless to the holder as the kite is to the boy! May it bring, to some few minds, such fresh associations; and to me no worse remembrances than the kite that once plucked at my own hand like an airy friend. May I always recollect that paper has a mighty Duty, set forth in no Schedule of Excise, and that its names are love, forbearance, mercy, progress, scorn of the Hydra Cant with all its million heads!

So, back by the green lanes, and the old Priory — a farm now, and none the worse for that — and away among the lime-trees, thinking of Sir John.

CHEERFUL ARITHMETIC.

“COMPETITION is fast crushing us!” the tradesman exclaims as he drives you out to his elegant villa behind his seventy-guinea gelding. “Wheat at forty shillings a quarter is ruin!” groans the farmer, while dallying with his champagne glass. “We are all going to the workhouse.” — “A diamond necklace, my dear?” replies the mill-owner to a lovely Lancashire witch, whose smile is on other occasions law — “What? two hundred pounds for a bauble, while calico is only three farthings a yard, and cotton-spinning on the brink of bankruptcy. Impossible!” Should these gentlemen ever meet it is ten to one that on comparing notes they resolve unanimously that the whole country is going to the dogs; but it is also ten to one

that this resolution is passed at a public dinner to which they have each cheerfully contributed one-pound-one: besides another guinea to the occasion of the feast: — some plethoric, bloated, routine charity.

Considering their patriotic despondency in regard to the utterly hopeless condition of the nation, it is wonderful to observe the contented complacency with which these gentlemen eat their filberts and sip their claret. Neither is this stoic philosophy confined to them alone. All sorts of predicted want and impending misery are borne with exemplary fortitude by all sorts of Englishmen. The skilful artisan seldom allows a week to pass without deploring the inadequacy of wages; but, although he manages to get a good Sunday's dinner some fifty times a year, and once or twice in the twelvemonth indulges his family with a healthful pleasure trip in the country, he is able to scrape up a few pounds in the savings' bank. Yet if you ask him touching the state of things in his particular line, he will tell you that "Times never were so bad." So universally is the propensity to depreciate things as they are, that if a commission were appointed to inquire into the state of the nation, their report, if derived solely from the evidence of well-to-do witnesses, would be lugubrious in the extreme. It is only the very poor who gaze cheerfully into the future; for their existence is a condition of hope. They apprehend

nothing, for they have nothing to lose; whatever change fortune may bring, must be, they believe, for the better.

Happily, better testimony to the real condition of the industrious classes is producible than that dark cloud of witnesses who speak out of the fulness of an Englishman's privilege—grumbling. That testimony has been lucidly sifted, and was adduced by Mr. G. R. Porter at the recent meeting of the British Association in Edinburgh. It consisted — in proof of the well-being and continued progress of our country — of a comparison between the income tax returns in respect of incomes derived from trades and professions in 1812, and the like returns in 1848, excluding from the former period the incomes below one hundred and fifty pounds; which, under the existing law, are allowed to pass untaxed. The total amount thus assessed, after deducting exemptions, was, in 1812, about twenty-one millions and a quarter; while, in 1848, the amount was nearly fifty-seven millions; showing an increase, in thirty-six years, of about thirty-five millions and three-quarters, or one hundred and sixty-eight per cent.; being at the rate of upwards of four and-a-half per cent., yearly: — an increase very nearly three-fold greater than the increase during the same period of the population of Great Britain; where, alone, the income tax flourishes in full bloom.

But how has this three-fold

prosperity been distributed? Have the rich grown richer, and the poor, poorer; or has Fortune taken off her bandage and rewarded honest industry, with a discriminating hand? Have the bulk of the people shared in the productive wealth which thirty-six years have accumulated? In order to answer these questions, Mr. Porter entered into a series of elaborate and interesting calculations, which prove the pleasing fact that the great progressive wealth *has* been shared among the middle and working classes.

He found that the returns of 1812 as well as those of 1848 gave the sums assessed to Income Tax in various classes; and, for the purpose of his examination, he distinguished the incomes thus given: — those between one hundred and fifty pounds and five hundred pounds; those between five hundred pounds and one thousand pounds; incomes between one thousand pounds and two thousand pounds; incomes between two thousand pounds and five thousand pounds; and those above five thousand pounds. Adhering strictly to these distinctions, Mr. Porter perceived, in 1848, a positive increase in incomes between one hundred and fifty and five hundred pounds per annum, of thirteen millions seven hundred thousand pounds, over the incomes assessed in 1812. Between five hundred pounds and one thousand pounds per annum, the increase since 1812 has been five millions. On incomes between one thousand pounds and two thousand pounds, and incomes between two thousand pounds and five thousand pounds, there is an increase of upwards of four millions respectively; while in the highest class, which includes all incomes above five thousand pounds per annum, the increase is found to be no more than eight millions and three-quarters. Comparing the highest with the lowest class, the increase has been greater in the lowest by nearly five millions — or fifty-six per cent.

This improvement in circumstances, however, descends to no lower a class of society than persons in the receipt of at least one hundred and fifty pounds per annum. It was necessary to dig a little lower in the strata of private circumstances, in order to show the progress of wealth among the working classes; and Mr. Porter had recourse to the returns from savings' banks; these being chiefly used by the humbler orders. From data thus derived it was ascertained, that, while the deposits in England, Wales, and Ireland, proportioned to the whole population, amounted in 1831 to twelve shillings and eightpence per head; in 1848 they had risen to twenty shillings and eleven-pence per individual. The largest amount of these savings occurred in 1846; when they reached, in England alone, to more than twenty-six millions and three-quarters, and in the three Kingdoms, to more than thirty-one millions seven hundred thousand pounds, being

equal to twenty-four shillings per head on the population of England, Wales, and Ireland, and ten shillings and one penny per head on that of Scotland.*

The exceeding moderation of this estimate will be observed when we mention another description of savings' banks which Mr. Porter has taken no account of—we mean Friendly Societies. Of these, there are fourteen thousand in Great Britain, regularly enrolled according to Act of Parliament, consisting of one million six hundred thousand members, with a gross annual revenue of two millions eight hundred thousand, and accumulated capital amounting to six millions four hundred thousand pounds sterling. To this must be added the capital belonging to unenrolled benefit societies (exclusive of those in Ireland), which has been estimated at a greater amount than those which exist “as the Act directs;” namely, at nine millions sterling, belonging to two millions and a half of members. It is indeed a most gratifying proof of the prudential, and therefore moral, as well as pecuniary advance which this country has made during the past thirty years, that half our labouring

* The comparative smallness of the deposits in Scotland arises from two causes: first, the system of allowing interest upon very small sums deposited in private and joint-stock banks; and, secondly, the more recent connexion of savings' banks with the Government in that division of the kingdom. Hence, there is no reason for supposing that the labouring-classes of Scotland are less saving than those of England or Ireland.

male population belong to Friendly Societies. The operative classes of Great Britain alone possess, at this moment, capital in savings' banks and friendly societies, the total of which reaches the enormous sum of forty-two millions of money. How very like national ruin *this* looks!

In further proof of the greater distribution of means among the humbler than the higher orders, we can turn once more to Mr. Porter, who assures us that in proportion as the savings of the industrious poor have augmented, the dividends received at the Bank by the “comfortable” and the rich have decreased.

The test of the dividend-books of the Bank of England, to which Mr. Porter next brought his calculations, varies essentially from that afforded by the progress of savings' banks; inasmuch as it excludes all evidence of actual saving or accumulation, while it offers a strictly comparative view of such saving as between different classes of the community. The accounts furnished to Parliament by the Bank of the number of persons entitled to dividends upon portions of the public debt, divide the fund-holders into ten classes, according to the amount of which they are so entitled. Mr. Porter contrasted the numbers in each class as they stood on the 5th of April and 5th of July of the years 1831 and 1848, respectively. He then went on to show, that there has been a very large addition between 1831 and 1848 to the number

of persons receiving under five pounds at each payment of dividends, and a small increase upon the number receiving between five pounds and ten pounds, while, with the exception of the largest holders — those whose dividends exceed two thousand pounds at each payment, and of whom there has been an increase of five — every other class has experienced a considerable decrease in its numbers. There has been a diminution of more than Eight per cent. in the numbers receiving between three hundred pounds and five hundred pounds; of Twelve and-a-half per cent. of those receiving between five hundred pounds and one thousand pounds; and of more than Twenty per cent. among holders of stock yielding dividends between one thousand pounds and two thousand pounds; this would seem conclusively to prove that, at least as respects this mode of disposing of accumulations, there is not any reason to believe that the already rich are acquiring greater wealth at the expense of the rest of the community.

All evidence proves, then, that the great accession of wealth which has been accumulated in this country during the past thirty years, has been most distributed amongst the middle classes. The natural effect of a change from agricultural to manufacturing industry — a change which has come over this country during the roll of a single century — is to increase the wealth of the manufacturing and trading elements of the com-

munity, in proportion as these are called into activity. The “great fortunes” of the old time were nobles and land-holders; the millionaires of to-day are merchants, bankers, and mill-owners. Forty years ago a rich retail tradesman was a rarity; his dealings with the wholesale trade were chiefly carried on by means of bills at long dates, in which large sums were included for risk and interest; charges which decreased his profits, and increased the price of all articles to the consumer. Now the more frequent rule amongst retailers is prompt payment, discounts in their own favour, and affluence. In our “nation of shopkeepers,” it is industry which has prospered and had its reward.

Turning from the British Association to the Poor-Law Board — from Mr. Porter to Mr. Baines — we shall see that in the scramble for wealth, pauperism itself has benefited; that, in fact, the highest grades in the scale of society have benefited as little as the very lowest. It is true that in the progress of accumulation by manufactures, the necessity of bringing large masses of operatives into confined *foci*, and of providing work for them at all times and seasons, has caused temporary spasms of poverty, that have occasionally almost defied relief; but despite the rapid increase of the population, the ranks of what may be called permanent pauperism have not been augmented. Consequently the increased wealth of the country has descended even

to the lowest ranks of the people. In the year 1813, when the population of England and Wales was only ten millions, the sum expended for the relief of the poor amounted to six millions and a half sterling. From the return of the Poor-Law Board, now before us, it appears that during the year which ended on Lady Day, 1849, and with a population in England and Wales of one-third more — or nearly fifteen millions — the exactions for poors'-rates amounted to no more than five millions, seven hundred and ninety-two thousand, nine hundred and sixty-three pounds — three-quarters of a million less than was drawn for the pauperism of 1813. The poor have ceased to regard the rich, as a class, as their natural enemies. We hear no more, now, of a "grinding oligarchy."

Besides the decrease of poor rates, other taxes have diminished. Let the three grumblers with whom we started be pleased to remember that, no longer ago than 1815, when war had done its worst on the lives and fortunes of our fathers, they were taxed at the enormous rate of five pounds four shillings and ten pence a head to each individual of the population, from the centegenarian to the latest born baby; while we, in this day and generation of "ruin," pay per head, only fifty shillings and eleven-pence, or scarcely one-half.

It is the strength and safeguard of the English nation, that its most prominent elements are industry

and commerce; for, tending as they do, to the general dissemination, as well as to the general accumulation of wealth, they effect a fusion of interests — a union of classes, and a dependence of each upon the others — which is true national power. At the moment at which we write, we learn from local sources of information, the accuracy of which we have never had occasion to question, that skilled labour of nearly every kind is in demand in the manufacturing districts; and that all sorts of capable "hands" can have work. Everything indicates improvement. If, indeed, our friends the Croakers will only look their phantom "Ruin" boldly in the face, his gaunt form will soon assume the smiling semblance of Prosperity.

AN EMIGRANT AFLOAT.

I KNEW very little of the sea when I determined to emigrate. Like most emigrants, I thought beforehand more of the dangers than of the disagreeables of this voyage; but found, when actually at sea, that its disagreeables seemed more formidable than its dangers. I shall describe the voyage, in order that those who follow me may know precisely what it is that they have to encounter, satisfied as I am, that nothing will tend more to conduce to the comforts of the emigrant at sea, than his being able to take a full and accurate measure of its disagreeable as well as its agree-

able accompaniments, before stepping on board.

It was late in the afternoon of a bright May day, when the *Seagull*, 480 tons register, and bound for Quebec, spread her wings to the wind, after having been towed out of the harbour of Greenock. A gentle breeze carried her smoothly by the point of Gourock, the Holy Loch, Dunoon, and other places familiar to the tourist on the noble Frith of Clyde. We were off the neat little town of Largs, when the shadows of evening thickened around us. I was one of more than a hundred steerage passengers, most of whom soon afterwards went below for the night, many with heavy hearts, thinking that they had seen the last glimpses of their native land.

I remained long enough on deck to perceive the approach of a marked change in the weather. We were still landlocked, when the wind veered round to the west, directly ahead of us. It increased so rapidly in violence, that by the time we were off Brodick, in the Island of Arran, it was blowing more than half a gale. As we tacked to and fro to gain the open sea, the vessel laboured heavily, and I soon felt sufficiently squeamish to descend and seek refuge in my berth. Here a scene awaited me for which I was but little prepared. With very few exceptions, all below were far advanced in sea-sickness. Some were groaning in their berths; others were lying upon the floor, in a semi-torpid state; and others, again, were

retching incessantly. What a contrast was the *Seagull* then, to the neat, tempting picture she presented when lying quietly in dock, and when, as I paced her white, dry, warm, sunny decks, visions filled my mind of the pleasant days at sea before me, when, reclining on the cordage, beneath the shelter of the bulwarks, I could read the live-long day, whilst the stout ship sped merrily on her voyage. Delightful anticipations! Let no one be extravagant in forming them, unless he has a preference for disappointment. My faith in the romance of the sea was greatly shaken by my first night's experiences on board, and it soon received a fatal blow from the commotion which was being gradually engendered within my own frame, and which, at length, resulted in a catastrophe. I could not sleep, for as the gale increased, so did the noises within and without. I could hear the heavy wind whistling mournfully through the damp, tight-drawn cordage, and the waves breaking in successive showers on the deck overhead. It made my flesh creep, too, to hear the water trickling by my very ear, as it rushed along outside the two-inch plank which (pleasing thought) was all that separated me from destruction. As the storm gained upon us, the ship laboured more and more heavily, until, at length, with each lurch which she made, everything moveable in the steerage rolled about from side to side on the floor. Pots and pans, trunks, boxes, and pieces of croc-

kery kept up a most noisy dance for the entire night, their respective owners being so ill as to be utterly indifferent to the fate of their property. In the midst of the horrid din, I could distinguish the distressing groan of the strong man prostrated by sea-sickness, the long-drawn sigh and scarcely audible complaint of the woman, and the sickly wail of the neglected child; and, that nothing might be wanting to heighten the horrors of the scene, we were all this time in perfect darkness, every light on board having been extinguished for hours.

Morning was far advanced as I fell into a fitful and feverish sleep. On awaking, I found all as still as before leaving port. My fellow-passengers were all on deck; and I hurried up after them to ascertain the cause of the change. It was soon explained. The gale had, at length, become so violent, that the ship had put back for shelter, and was now lying quietly at anchor in the beautiful bay of Rothsay.

But what a change had, in the meantime, taken place in the appearance of my fellow-passengers. The buoyant air of yesterday had disappeared; and those who were then in ruddy health, now looked pale and woe-begone. Such was the effect of our night's prostration.

For my own part, I began to feel that I had already had enough of the sea, and heartily wished myself safe ashore on the banks of the St. Lawrence. I had formerly ex-

perienced a sort of enthusiasm in listening to such songs, as "The sea, the sea, the open sea!" "A life on the ocean wave!" &c., &c. But had anyone on board now struck up either of them, I should assuredly have set him down for a maniac. We remained for two days in Rothsay Bay, waiting for a change of wind, during which time we recruited our spirits — and water, a fresh stock of which we shipped. It was not, therefore, without some of the lightness of heart, which had characterised our first start, that, on the morning of the third day, we made way again for the New World. But it seemed as if we were never to get rid of the coast, for we were overtaken by a dead calm off Ailsa, causing delay for ten days more sweltering under a hot sun, within half a mile of that lonely and stupendous rock. On the evening of the second day a gentle breeze from the northeast carried us out of the Channel, and next morning found us with all sail set, speeding westward, with the Irish coast on our lee.

We were a very mixed company in the steerage. Some had been farmers, and were going out to try their hands at agriculture in the wilds of Canada. Others had been servants, predial and domestic, and were on their way in search of better fortunes in the New World, although they had not yet made up their minds as to the precise manner in which they were to woo the fickle dame. We had a brace of wives on board who were proceed-

ing to join their husbands in Canada, who had prudently preceded their families, and prepared for their advent, by constructing a home for them in the woods. There was an old man with a slender capital, who was emigrating at an advanced period of life, that he might make a better provision for his grandson, a lusty youth of about seventeen, of whom he seemed doatingly fond. We had also amongst us a large family from Edinburgh, of that class of people who have "seen better days," who were hurrying across the Atlantic in the hope of at least catching a glimpse of them again. Besides the father and mother, there were several sons and two daughters, the eldest son having duly qualified himself for the honour of writing W. S. after his name — a nominal appendage which he would find of far less value to him than a good axe in the woods. We had a clergyman, too, of the poorer class, in worldly circumstances, who had been accredited as a missionary to the Canadian wilds. I must not overlook four or five infants, the precise ownership of which I never thoroughly traced, they were so tumbled about from one to another; and which generally of nights favoured us with prolonged choruses of the most enlivening description.

Thus mixed and assorted, the first few days passed off agreeably enough to such as were proof against a relapse of seasickness. When it was not blow-

ing too strong, the deck was a pleasant place for exercise, which is necessary to comfort, as it is generally cold and disagreeable at sea, except when calm, and then one is annoyed, whilst being braced, at the thought of making no progress. The chief occupation on board, seemed to be that of cooking and eating. The cooking apparatus for the steerage was on deck; each family, and each individual who had no family was continually cooking for themselves. As the accommodation for cooking was not very ample for upwards of a hundred passengers, there was scarcely an hour of the day between sunrise and sunset, that was not witness to the progress of some culinary operations — men, women, and children were constantly appearing and disappearing at the hatchways with pots, saucepans, kettles, and other utensils; and it was not long ere some began to fear, having made but little account of the voracity of appetite engendered by convalescence after sea-sickness, that their stock of provisions would prove rather scanty for the voyage.

Perhaps the greatest privation to which the poor steerage passenger is subjected, is in connection with the water which he uses for drinking and in some of his cooking processes. As the voyage may be protracted beyond reasonable calculation, an extra supply of fresh water is or should be laid in to meet such an emergency. To preserve this extra stock from becoming impure, dif-

ferent devices are resorted to, — such as impregnating it with lime, large quantities of which are thrown into each cask. Were this the case only with the extra stock, the comfort of the passenger might, for a time at least, be unimpaired in this respect; but the misfortune is, that all the water for steerage consumption, immediate and contingent, is treated in the same way; so that the emigrant is scarcely out of harbour, when he finds the water of which he makes use not only extremely unpalatable to drink, but in such a state as to spoil every decoction into which it enters. Fancy a cup of tea without cream, but with sugar and coarse lime, in about equal proportions, to flavour it. The most unquestionable sloe leaves might, under such circumstances, pass for young hyson, and the worst of chicory for the best of coffee. This sorely discomfited the more elderly of the females on board, whose cup of life was poisoned by very thin mortar.

On the fifth day out, after gaining the open sea, we were overtaken by a tremendous gale, which did us considerable damage. I was standing near the fore-castle, when a heavy block dropped from aloft with terrific force at my feet. I had scarcely recovered from my fright, when crash after crash over head, making me run under the jolly boat in terror. For a moment afterwards all was still, and then arose a tremendous uproar on board, officers giving all sorts of directions at once, and sailors

running about, and jumping over each other to obey them. When I ventured to peep out from my place of safety, a sad spectacle of wreck and ruin presented itself to me. On our lee, masts, ropes, spars, and sails were floating alongside on the uneasy waters. Our fore-top-mast had given way, and in falling overboard, had dragged the maintop-gallant mast and the greater part of our bowsprit along with it. Sails and rigging went of course with the wreck, which was provoking, as the wind was a-beam and so far favourable. We soon hauled the wreck on board, however, and in the course of two or three days, with the aid of the carpenter, the dismantled ship was re-rigged in a very creditable manner.

We had scarcely yet put to rights, when a vessel made up to us bound westward like ourselves. What a sight to the lonely wanderers on the ocean is a ship at sea! — it seems like a herald coming to you from the world, from which you are seemingly cut off for ever. It is a sight which must be seen to be appreciated. She was labouring heavily on our lee, and every now and then her whole keel became visible to us. To this, one of the passengers very innocently directed attention, much to the horror of the second mate, who smartly rebuked the offender; it being, he said, not only indelicate, but perilous to own having seen the keel of any ship under canvas. We all, of course, admitted the reasonable-

ness of this caution, and strictly observed it.

The ship was no sooner repaired, than the wind, which had abated a little, seemed to redouble its fury. We were now in the midst of a terrible storm, and great was the commotion in the steerage. Some moaned in pain — others screamed occasionally in terror — whilst one old lady was constantly inquiring in a most piteous voice, if there was not one good man on board, for whose sake the rest might be saved. On making the inquiry of a rough, but good-natured tar, he rebuked her scepticism, and referred her to the minister. We had two sailors on board, named Peter. One was an ordinary looking mortal, from whom the other was distinguished by the appellation of Peter the Leerer, a name having reference to the extraordinary facial phenomena which he exhibited. On the point of his nose was an enormous wart, the counterpart of which had taken possession of his chin. He had likewise one, but of smaller dimensions, on either cheek, only wanting one on his forehead, to complete the diagram; a wart, which, for most of the voyage, was providentially made up by a large pimple, which underlay his bump of benevolence. Add to this an enormous quantity of wiry red hair, and a portentous squint, and you may form some conception of the goblin in question. He was the terror of all the children on board, and came regularly into the steerage in the morning, beg-

ging a "toothful" from the passengers. We never saw his tooth, but it must have been very large, as what he meant by the term was a glass of raw spirits, to the strength of which he was stoically indifferent, so that it was above proof. It appeared that he now thought that the time had come for making some sort of return for sundry gifts of this nature. He appeared amongst us, as the storm was at its height, and confidentially informed us that, unless some of the "canvas" were immediately taken down, the ship "had not another hour's life in her." To describe the confusion and dismay occasioned by this announcement is impossible. Nobody questioned Peter's judgment, who stood looking at us as if he thought that one good turn deserved another. But every one was too much frightened to think of rewarding him for his kindness. Some ran at once upon deck to take immediate advantage of the boats — the women all screamed together — and we had a pretty tolerable taste of the horrors to be witnessed on the eve of a shipwreck. The hubbub at length ended in the appointment of a deputation to wait upon the captain, and solicit him to shorten sail. The deputation went upon its mission, but soon afterwards returned from the cabin to their constituents with the report that they had been politely requested by the functionary in question to mind their own business. The storm, however, gradually abated, and things and

persons resumed their ordinary aspect.

Great was the anxiety evinced every time the log was thrown, to ascertain our rate of sailing, and at noon of each day, to know our daily run, and our precise locality on the terraqueous globe. It is difficult for an emigrant to reconcile himself to less than eight or nine knots an hour. He may put up with seven, or even six, provided the ship is in her direct course, but he regards everything below that as a justifiable ground of murmuring and complaint. Sometimes it is the ship that is wrong, and sometimes the captain, sometimes the rigging, and at other times, all is wrong together. But to do the emigrant justice, if he is in the surly mood when he is making but little progress, he makes amends for his ill-humour when the vessel is making a good run. We, one day, made but about twenty miles, and I apprehended a mutiny. On another we made two hundred, and nothing could exceed the hilarity and good-humour of those on board. At one time, the *Seagull* was the merest tub, a disgrace to her owners, and to the mercantile navy of the kingdom. At another, she was one of the best vessels afloat; the captain one of the best sailors on the sea; and the crew the cleverest set of fellows in the world. But all this time it was the same ship, the same captain, and the same crew. The diversity of opinion was the result of extraneous circumstances which

caused us at different times to take different points of view. If the weather was favourable, and we made good way, the ship, captain, and crew, got all the honour and glory; if it was adverse and our progress was retarded, the ship, captain, and crew, had to bear all our sinister glances and ill-humours. One morning, after we had been about ten days out, our minds were all made up that we were pretty near the banks of Newfoundland, when a fellow-passenger, evidently not very deeply versed in human nature, had the hardihood to inform us that he had, but the day before, seen the mate's log book, from which it appeared that we were as yet but five hundred miles to the westward of the Irish coast. I can scarcely understand to this day, how it was that he escaped being thrown overboard.

We had two men on board, the very antipodes of each other. The one was a colossal bachelor, who was never ill; the other a diminutive member of a large family, who was never well. They resembled each other only in one point — that they both ate prodigiously. The only account the bachelor could give of himself was that he was going out to Canada to saw the big trees. He had, in fact, been engaged as a sawyer to proceed to the banks of the Ottawa, there to prosecute his avocation in connection with some of the large timber establishments, which are situated far up that noble river. He was so powerful a fellow, that

a Yankee passenger declared "he would have only to look at a tree to bring it down." He lived, whilst on board, on nothing but oatmeal porridge, a large goblet-full of which, after first making it himself, he devoured regularly on deck four times a day. As to the little man, he lived, as regularly, on mashed potatoes, enriched with butter and melted cheese; and his meals were invariably followed by fits of sea-sickness which he considered quite unaccountable. His habits became at length such a scandal to all on board, that the doctor was compelled, by the force of public opinion, to order him to eat less. He had remained below from our time of starting, until the day we made land, when he appeared on deck for the first time, and was for the first time seen without his nightcap.

When we had been about three weeks at sea an incident occurred which appalled us all, and elicited the sympathies of everyone for one of the unfortunate sufferers. I have already alluded to the old man, who was emigrating with his only grandson, whom he wished to see comfortably settled in life, ere his eyes were sealed in death. The youth was one of several on board who were fond, after having been a few days at sea, of climbing the rigging, and exposing themselves to a variety of unnecessary risks. He had been frequently warned, with the rest, against the consequences which might ensue, but disregarded the advice. One

day, whilst out upon the bowsprit, he missed his hold and dropped into the water. The alarm of "man over-board" was instantly raised, and, to save him, the ship was immediately hove to; but he had disappeared, and although we remained for an hour upon the spot, we never caught a glimpse of him again. One of the men near him at the time said that, on reaching the water, he was struck on the head by the cut-water of the ship, which was then running about eight knots an hour. The blow stunned him, and he sank like a stone. The poor old man was inconsolable, and gradually sank into a state of vacant imbecility; and, on landing, found a home in the Lunatic Asylum at Quebec.

Let no one dream that the sea, particularly on board an emigrant ship, is the place for reading or study. It is either too cold, when there is the slightest breeze, or too hot when it is calm: it is too noisy at all times. Happy is he who, under such circumstances, has a resource against *ennui* in his own reflections. Having a clergyman on board, we had divine service regularly on the Sundays. When it was rough, the assemblage took place between decks in the steerage; but when fine we were convened upon deck. Sailors have a dread, not exactly of clergymen in the abstract, but of clergymen on board. A blackbird on the rigging as the ship is about to start, or a clergyman on board, is equally, in their estimation, a token of ill luck; and some of the

crew pitied us for anticipating anything else, under the circumstances.

If there is one thing more disagreeable than a storm at sea, it is a calm. It is all very well for a steamer, which can then make her way nobly over the waters; but, the annoyance and tedium on board a sailing vessel are indescribable. In all our calms we were surrounded by sea-gulls and other marine birds. Some of them ventured so close as to be shot; others we endeavoured to catch by means of baited hooks tied to a stick, which was attached to a long cord; but they were too wary for us, for, after closely examining it, they fought shy of the temptation.

On nearing the banks of Newfoundland we were constantly immersed in fogs. One morning, whilst thus situated, the temperature of the sea suddenly lowered, which the captain interpreted into an indication of icebergs not being far off, and a sharp look out was ordered to be kept. It was scarcely noon ere we were in imminent peril of running at full speed against one. We owed our escape to a passenger, who was on the lookout, and who called the attention of one of the sailors to something a-head of us. "Starboard—starboard hard!"—cried he at once to the man at the wheel. The helm was scarcely turned ere we glided rapidly by the frozen mass, which gleamed like a huge emerald in the faint and struggling sunlight. We

passed so close to it that I could have leaped upon it with ease. We might as well have run against a whinstone rock as encountered this floating peril, at the rate at which we were then gliding through the water.

Whilst crossing the banks the ship was frequently hove to for soundings. We took advantage of such occasions to fish for cod; nor were we unsuccessful, for we, altogether, hauled on board several dozen fish of a large size. The delight with which we feasted upon our prey, after some weeks' experience of nothing but salt meat, I leave the reader to imagine. It was during one of our angling attempts that an incident occurred, which would have seemed as incredible to me as it may now do the reader, had I not been an eye-witness of it. One of the crew, whilst fishing for a few minutes, with a line belonging to a passenger, hooked a very large fish, which dropped into the water in the act of being hauled on board. The man, determined on securing his prize, without a moment's hesitation, leaped overboard after it; and, seizing the half insensible fish in his arms, held it there until he was hauled on board, with his extraordinary booty. In explanation of this, it should be known that the gills of a cod-fish, when out of the water, swell considerably, so as so prevent it from properly performing their functions when restored, even alive, to its native element. It was whilst the fish in question

was in the act of thus "coming to" that the man seized and secured it.

On the banks, when the night was clear, we witnessed magnificent exhibitions of the aurora-borealis. It was generally between midnight and ten in the morning that the phenomenon attained the greatest splendour. When the whole northern sky was enveloped in a trellis-work of flashing wavy light, of a mingled golden, silvery pink, and blood-red hue.

The first land we made, was Cape Breton, an island off the northern extremity of Nova Scotia; and between which and Newfoundland, is the entrance to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The bold shore of the island was more picturesque than inviting; but for the live-long day every passenger strained his eyes upon this, the first positive revelation of the New World to him. The delight imparted by the first sight of land, can only be appreciated by those who have been for weeks at sea, with nothing to meet the eye, day after day, but the same monotonous and dreary circle of waters, in the midst of which the ship seems to rest immoveable. From Cape Breton we stood up the Gulf, and being favoured by the wind, soon made the Island of Anticosti, not far from the mouth of the St. Lawrence. It looked like a mass of petrified guano; an illusion which was not disturbed by the myriads of water-fowl which hovered about its precipices.

The Gulf of St. Lawrence has

not been inaptly designated, the "vilest of seas." It was our lot to have ample experience of its capricious humours. When almost at the mouth of the river, which expands into a magnificent estuary of from seventy to ninety miles in width, we were becalmed for two whole days. Between us and the rocky shore on our left, to which we were very close, lay a vessel from Belfast, crowded with emigrants. There was music and dancing on board; and so near were we to each other, that we, too, sometimes danced to the sound of her solitary violin. On the evening of the second day, we were suddenly overtaken by a furious squall, which descending the river, came upon us so unprepared, that much of our canvas was cut to pieces ere it could be taken in. In about half an hour all was comparatively tranquil again, but on looking for our comrade, not a vestige of her was to be seen. It was not for three weeks afterwards, when we heard of her total loss, with upwards of three hundred and fifty souls on board, that our dreadful suspicions respecting her, were confirmed. Next morning it blew very fresh; and although it was the 3rd of June, we had several heavy falls of snow.

After beating about for two days longer in the mouth of the river, we were boarded by a pilot, and made way for Quebec, about four hundred miles up. The ascent of the stream is sometimes exceedingly tedious; as, when the

wind is adverse, it is necessary to come to anchor at every turn of the tide. Thus as much time is sometimes consumed in ascending the river, as in crossing the Atlantic. We were more fortunate, for we made the quarantine ground, thirty miles below the city, in ten days. Under such circumstances, the sail up the river is interesting and agreeable. For the first hundred miles or so, it is so wide, that land on either side is but dimly visible. But, as the estuary narrows, objects on either side become more distinct. The northern shore, which is bold and mountainous, is replete with scenes of the most romantic grandeur. The southern bank being much tamer in its character, and more adapted for human habitations. The channel too, some distance up, is occasionally studded with islands, which add greatly to the interest of the sail.

The quarantine ground of Canada is Gros Isle, between which and Quebec stretches the long Island of Orleans. We had scarcely dropped anchor when we were boarded by an officer of the Board of Health. Whilst ascending the river, the ship had been thoroughly cleaned, and the berths in the steerage white-washed. We were all passed in review before the functionary in question, and could have been at once permitted to proceed to our destination, but for one old lady, who was not exactly ill, but ailing; on her account we were detained until every piece of clothing on

board had undergone a thorough ablution. We landed immediately in boats, and, after having been for about six weeks at sea, it was with inexpressible joy that I sprang ashore, for the first time, in the New World.

Gros Isle! With what melancholy associations have the events of 1847 encircled the name of the Canadian lazaretto! On our arrival, in a year when the tide of emigration was not strong, there was a little fleet anchored along side of it. Some of the vessels (they were all from Ireland), with their overloaded cargoes of human beings, had been already there for a month, nor was there any prospect of their being relieved for some weeks to come. There was an hospital for the sick; the accommodation ashore for such as were well, consisted of several large open sheds, tolerably well covered and floored. In these, meals were taken during the day, and beds were made for the night. Outside, the scene presented was picturesque, and even gay; there were nearly three thousand people ashore, and a universal washing of clothes of all kinds was going on; the water being heated by hundreds of wood fires, which were blazing and smoking amongst the rocks in the open air. When there were families, the families belonging to them washed for them; such as were alone had to hire the services of professional washerwomen. The appliances of washing are rather peculiar. Between high and low water-mark the is-

land was very rocky, and the action of the water had here and there scooped out bowls of various sizes from the rock. Into them, for the most part, the hot water was poured, and in them, between tides, the clothes were washed. They were then spread upon the rocks, or hung upon the trees to dry, which gave the island a holiday look. It was anything, however, but a holiday time for hundreds, who were forced to tenant it.

To our great satisfaction, we were permitted, after but one day's detention, to resume our course. With wind and tide in our favour, we soon dropped up to the city. It was a clear and brilliant morning in June when we left Gros Isle, and as we made our way up the narrow channel between the Island of Orleans and the southern bank of the river, nothing could exceed the beauty of the scene, the great basin, into which the city juts, being visible in the distance, directly ahead of us, whilst the precipitous bank on either side, particularly that on our left, was covered with the most luxuriant vegetation, in the shade of which we could, every here and there, discover foaming torrents, dashing headlong from the country above into the river, like those which, after heavy rains, rush with such fury down the western bank of Loch Ness. On opening one of the points of the Isle Orleans, the cataract of Montmorency burst suddenly upon our view, looking in the distance like a long streak of snow

amid the rich green foliage which imbedded it. Considerably higher up, Point Levy still projected between us and the city, but long before we turned it, we could see over it the British flag floating in the distance from the lofty battlements of Cape Diamond. On turning the point, the change of scene was as sudden and complete as any ever effected by the scenic contrivances of the stage. The city was at once disclosed to view, skirting the fort and crowning the summit of the bold rocky promontory on which it stands, its tinned roofs and steeples gleaming in the sunlight, as if they were cased in silver. Very few vessels were at the wharves, but abreast of the city hundreds were anchored in the middle of the stream, some getting rid of their ballast, and others surrounded by islands of timber, with which they were being loaded. The clearness of the air, the brightness of the sky, the merry tumble of the water, slightly ruffled by a fresh easterly breeze, the singular position and quaint appearance of the town, with its massive battlements, its glistening turrets, and its break-neck looking streets, zigzagging up the precipice, with the rich greenery of the Heights of Abraham beyond, and that of Point Levy right opposite, and with hundreds of vessels lying quietly at anchor on the broad expanse of the river, whilst the echoes reverberated to the merry choruses of their busy crews,—all conspired to form a picture cal-

culated to make an impression upon the imagination too deep to be ever effaced.

The anchor had scarcely dropped, terminating our long and weary voyage, when we were boarded by a Custom-House officer, and by an officer of the Board of Health. After another inspection, we were permitted to land; and it was not without many anxious reflections upon the novelty of my situation, that I found myself retiring that night to rest within a stone's throw of the monument raised to the joint memories of Wolf and Montcalm.

Such were the incidents of my voyage. I have set them down simply, and exactly as they occurred, for the purpose of presenting a true picture of the emigrant's life afloat. I have since learned that, in all respects, ours was an average journey across the wide waste. Intending emigrants, therefore, who picture to themselves in bright colours the glories of a sea voyage, will, by reading these pages, have their dreams modified by some touches of reality and truth, if not entirely dispelled. If, however, they are adapted for success in the other hemisphere, they will not be daunted by the trials and inconveniences I have pictured.

THE SISTER'S FAREWELL.

DEAR Sister, sit beside my bed,
And let me see your gentle smile,
And let me lay my aching head
Upon your kindly arm awhile;
I shall not long be with you now,
My time is drawing to an end:
May we our spirits meekly bow,
And He release from suffering send.

The longed-for summer 's drawing near;
The wind is softer, and the sun
Streams down so brightly on me here,
It almost seems already come.
But now — I never more shall see
The fields and lanes, all gay with flowers,
Nor hear the murmur of the bee,
Nor song of birds among the bowers.

For here, no beauteous change we see
In nature, as the year rolls on;
No green bursts forth on bush and tree
When winter's chilling frosts are gone.
No gentle flowers or odours sweet,
In summer cheer us as we go;
Nought see we but th' unchanging street,
And weary passing to and fro.

The summer, though 'tis summer still,
Seems not the same while we are here.
How sweet the thought of that clear rill,
That trembled from the hillock near
To our old house! I sometimes think,
With my eyes closed, and half-asleep,
That I am lying on the brink
Of the old fish-pond, still, and deep.

Methinks in one of those sweet nooks,
Beneath the hanging willow-trees,
I listen to the cawing rooks
And busy humming of the bees.
And, moodily, I watch the trout
Make circles in the tranquil pool;
And watch the swallows skim about
And feel the breeze so fresh and cool.

Let me awake — the dream was brief —
Be thankful for my sufferings here;
Be thankful, too, for Heaven's relief,
E'en though I leave thee, sister dear.
Yet let me once more see you smile;
A Vision opens on me bright!
Lay your hand by me for a while —
And now, God bless you, love — Good
Night!

THE HOME OF WOODRUFFE THE GARDENER.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER IV.

FLEMING did what he could to find fair play for his father-in-law. He spoke to one and another — to the officers of the railway, and to the owners of neighbouring plots of ground, about the bad drainage, which was injuring everybody; but he could not learn that anything was likely to be done. The ditch — the great evil of all — had always been there, he was told, and people never used to complain of it. When Fleming pointed out that it was at first a comparatively deep ditch, and that it grew shallower every year, from the accumulations formed by its uneven bottom, there were some who admitted that it might be as well to clean it out; yet nobody set about it. And it was truly a more difficult affair now than it would have been at an earlier time. If the ditch was shallower, it was much wider. It had once been twelve feet wide, and it was now eighteen. When any drain had been flowing into it, or after a rainy day, the contents spread through and over the soil on each side, and softened it, and then the next time any horse or cow came to drink, the whole bank was made a perfect bog; for the poor animals, however thirsty, tried twenty places to find water that they could drink, before going away in despair. Such was the bar in the way of poor Wood-

ruffe's success with his ground. Before the end of summer, his patience was nearly worn out. During a showery and gleamy May and a pleasant June, he had gone on as prosperously as he could expect under the circumstances; and he confidently anticipated that a seasonable July and August would quite set him up. But he had had no previous experience of the peculiarities of ill-drained land; and the hot July and August from which he hoped so much did him terrible mischief. The drought which would have merely dried and pulverised a well-drained soil, leaving it free to profit much by small waterings, baked the overcharged soil of Woodruffe's garden into hard hot masses of clay, amidst which his produce died off faster and faster every day, even though he and all his family wore out their strength with constant watering. He did hope, he said, that he should have been spared drought at least; but it seemed as if he was to have every plague in turn; and the drought seemed, at the time, to be the worst of all.

One day, Fleming saw a welcome face in one of the carriages; Mr. Nelson, a Director of the railway, who was looking along the line to see how matters went. Though Mr. Nelson was not exactly the one, of all the Directors, whom Fleming would have chosen to appeal to, he saw that the opportunity must not be lost; and he entreated him to alight, and stay for the next train.

"Eh! what?" said Mr. Nelson; "what can you want with us here? A station like this! Why, one has to put on spectacles to see it!"

"If you would come down, Sir, I should be glad to show you..."

"Well: I suppose I must."

As they were standing on the little platform, and the train was growing smaller in the distance, Fleming proceeded to business. He told of the serious complaints that were made for a distance of a few miles on either hand, of the clay pits, left by the railway brick-makers, to fill with stagnant waters.

"Pho! pho! Is that what you want to say?" replied Mr. Nelson. "You need not have stopped me just to tell me that. We hear of those pits all along the line. We are sick of hearing of them."

"That does not mend the matter in this place," observed Fleming. "I speak freely, Sir, but I think it my duty to say that something must be done. I heard, a few days ago, more than the people hereabouts know, — much more than I shall tell them — of the fever that has settled on particular points of our line; and I now assure you, Sir, that if the fever once gets a hold in this place, I believe it may carry us all off, before anything can be done. Sir, there is not one of us, within half a mile of the Station, that has a wholesome dwelling."

"Pho! pho! you are a croaker," declared Mr. Nelson. "Never saw such a dismal fellow! Why,

you will die of fright, if ever you die of anything."

"Then, Sir, will you have the goodness to walk round with me, and see for yourself what you think of things. It is not only for myself and my family that I speak. In an evil day, I induced my wife's family to settle here, and..."

"Ay! that is a nice garden," observed Mr. Nelson, as Fleming pointed to Woodruffe's land. "You are a croaker, Fleming. I declare I think the place is much improved since I saw it last. People would not come and settle here if the place was like what you say."

Instead of arguing the matter, Fleming led the way down the long flight of steps. He was aware that leading the gentleman among bad smells and over shoes in a foul bog would have more effect than any argument was ever known to have on his contradictory spirit.

"You should have seen worse things than these, and then you would not be so discontented," observed Mr. Nelson, striking his stick upon the hard-baked soil, all intersected with cracks. "I have seen such a soil as this in Spain, some days after a battle, when there were scores of fingers and toes sticking up out of the cracks. What would you say to that? — eh?"

"We may have a chance of seeing that here," replied Fleming; "if the plague comes, — and comes too fast for the coffin-ma-

kers,— a thing which has happened more than once in England, I believe.”

Mr. Nelson stopped to laugh; but he certainly attended more to business as he went on; and Fleming, who knew something of his ways, had hopes that if he could only keep his own temper, this visit of the Director might not be without good results.

In passing through Woodruffe's garden, very nice management was necessary. Woodruffe was at work there, charged with ire against railway directors and landed proprietors, whom, amidst the pangs of his rheumatism, he regarded as the poisoners of his land and the bane of his fortunes; while, on the other hand; Mr. Nelson, who had certainly never been a market-gardener, criticised and ridiculed everything that met his eye. What was the use of such a tool-house as that? — big enough for a house for them all. What was the use of such low fences? — of such high screens? — of making the walks so wide? — sheer waste! — of making the beds so long one way, and so narrow another? — of planting or sowing this and that? — things that nobody wanted. Woodruffe had pushed back his hat, in preparation for a defiant reply, when Fleming caught his eye, and, by a good-tempered smile, conveyed to him that they had an oddity to deal with. Allan, who had begun by listening reverently, was now looking from one to another, in great perplexity.

“What is that boy here for, staring like a dunce? Why don't you send him to school? You neglect a parent's duty if you don't send him to school.”

Woodruffe answered by a smile of contempt, walked away, and went to work at a distance.

“That boy is very well taught,” Fleming said, quietly. “He is a great reader, and will soon be fit to keep his father's accounts.”

“What does he stare in that manner for, then? I took him for a dunce.”

“He is not accustomed to hear his father called in question, either as a gardener or a parent.”

“Pho! pho! I might as well have waited, though, till he was out of hearing. Well, is this all you have to show me? I think you make a great fuss about nothing.”

“Will you walk this way?” said Fleming, turning down towards the osier beds, without any compassion for the gentleman's boots or olfactory nerves. For a long while Mr. Nelson affected to admire the reeds, and waterflags, and marsh-blossoms, declared the decayed vegetation to be peat soil, very fine peat, which the ladies would be glad of for their heaths in the flower-garden,— and thought there must be good fowling here in winter. Fleming quietly turned over the so-called peat with a stick, letting it be seen that it was a mere dung-heap of decayed rushes, and wished Mr. Nelson would come in the fowling

season, and see what the place was like.

"The children are merry enough, however," observed the gentleman. "They can laugh here, much as in other places. I advise you to take a lesson from them, Fleming. Now, don't you teach them to croak."

The laughter sounded from the direction of the old brick-ground; and thither they now turned. Two little boys were on the brink of a pit, so intent on watching a rat in the water and on pelting it with stones, that they did not see that anybody was coming to disturb them. In answer to Mr. Nelson's question, whether they were vagrants, and why vagrants were permitted there, Fleming answered that the younger one — the pale-faced one — was his little brother-in-law; the other —

"Ay, now, you will be telling me next that the pale face is the fault of this place."

"It certainly is," said Fleming. "That child was chubby enough when he came."

"Pho, pho! a puny little wretch as ever I saw — puny from its birth, I have no doubt of it. And who is the other — a gipsy?"

"He looks like it," replied Fleming. On being questioned, Moss told that the boy lived near, and he had often played with him lately. Yes, he lived near, just beyond those trees; not in a house, only a sort of house the people had made for themselves. Mr. Nelson liked to lecture vagrants, even more than other

people; so Moss was required to show the way, and his dark-skinned play-fellow was not allowed to skulk behind.

Moss led his party on, over the tufty hay-coloured grass, skipping from bunch to bunch of rushes, round the osier-beds, and at last straight through a clump of alders, behind whose screen now appeared the house, as Moss had called it, which the gipsies had made for themselves. It was the tilt of a waggon, serving as a tent. Nobody was visible but a woman, crouching under the shadow of the tent, to screen from the sun that which was lying across her lap.

"What is that that she's nursing? Lord bless me! Can that be a child?" exclaimed Mr. Nelson.

"A child in the fever," replied Fleming.

"Lord bless me! — to see legs and arms hang down like that!" exclaimed the gentleman: and he forthwith gave the woman a lecture on her method of nursing — scolded her for letting the child get a fever — for not putting it to bed — for not getting a doctor to it — for being a gipsy, and living under an alder clump. He then proceeded to inquire whether she had anybody else in the tent, where her husband was, whether he lived by thieving, how they would all like being transported, whether she did not think her children would all be hanged, and so on. At first, the woman tried a facetious and wheedling tone,

then a whimpering one, and, finally, scolding one. The last answered well. Mr. Nelson found that a man, to say nothing of a gentleman, has no chance with a woman with a sore heart in her breast, and a sick child in her lap, when once he has driven her to her weapon of the tongue. He said afterwards, that he had once gone to Billingsgate, on purpose to set two fishwomen quarrelling, that he might see what it was like. The scene had fulfilled all his expectations; but he now declared that it could not compare with this exhibition behind the alders. He stood a long while, first trying to overpower the woman's voice; and, when that seemed hopeless, poking about among the rushes with his stick, and finally, staring in the woman's face, in a mood between consternation and amusement: — thus he stood, waiting till the torrent should intermit; but there was no sign of intermission; and when the sick child began to move and rouse itself, and look at the strangers, as if braced by the vigour of its mother's tongue, the prospect of an end seemed further off than ever. Mr. Nelson shrugged his shoulders, signed to his companions, and walked away through the alders. The woman was not silent because they were out of sight. Her voice waxed shriller as it followed them, and died away only in the distance. Moss was grasping Fleming's hand with all his might when Mr. Nelson spoke to him, and shook his stick at him, asking

him how he came to play with such people, and saying that if ever he heard him learning to scold like that woman, he would beat him with that stick: so Moss vowed he never would.

When the train was in sight by which Mr. Nelson was to depart, he turned to Fleming, with the most careless air imaginable, saying,

"Have you any medicine in your house? — any bark?"

"Not any. But I will send for some."

"Ay, do. Or, — no — I will send you some. See if you can't get these people housed somewhere, so that they may not sleep in the swamp. I don't mean in any of your houses, but in a barn, or some such place. If the physic comes before the doctor, get somebody to dose the child. And don't fancy you are all going to die of the fever. That is the way to make yourselves ill: and it is all nonsense, too, I dare say."

"Do you like that gentleman?" asked Moss, sapiently, when the train was whirling Mr. Nelson out of sight. "Because I don't — not at all."

"I believe he is kinder than he seems, Moss. He need not be so rough: but I know he does kind things sometimes."

"But, do you like him?"

"No, I can't say I do."

Before many hours were over, Fleming was sorry that he had admitted this, even to himself; and for many days after he was occasionally heard telling Moss what

a good gentleman Mr. Nelson was, for all his roughness of manners. With the utmost speed, before it would have been thought possible, arrived a surgeon from the next town, with medicines, and the news that he was to come every day while there was any fear of fever. The gipsies were to have been cared for; but they were gone. The marks of their fire and a few stray feathers which showed that a fowl had been plucked, alone told where they had encamped. A neighbour, who loved her poultry yard, was heard to say that the sick child would not die for want of chicken broth, she would be bound; and the nearest farmer asked if they had left any potato-peels and turnip tops for his pig. He thought that was the least they could do after making their famous gipsy stew (a capital dish, it was said), from his vegetables. They were gone; and if they had not left fever behind, they might be forgiven, for the sake of the benefit of taking themselves off. After the search for the gipsies was over, there was still an unusual stir about the place. One and another stranger appeared and examined the low grounds, and sent for one and another of the neighbouring proprietors, whether farmer, or builder, or gardener, or labourer; for every one who owned or rented a yard of land on the borders of the great ditch, or anywhere near the clay-pits or osier-beds. It was the opinion of the few residents near the Station that something

would be done to improve the place before another year; and everybody said that it must be Mr. Nelson's doings, and that it was a thousand pities that he did not come earlier, before the fever had crept thus far along the line.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

FOR some months past, Becky had believed without a doubt, that the day of her return home would be the very happiest day of her life. She was too young to know yet that it is not for us to settle which of our days shall be happy ones, nor what events shall yield us joy. The promise had not been kept that she should return when her father and mother removed into the new cottage. She had been told that there really was not, even now, decent room for them all; and that they must at least wait till the hot weather was completely over before they crowded the chamber, as they had hitherto done. And then, when autumn came on, and the creeping mists from the low grounds hung round the place from sunset till after breakfast the next day, the mother delayed sending for her daughter, unwilling that she should lose the look of health which she alone now, of all the family, exhibited. Fleming and his wife and babe prospered better than the others. The young man's business lay on the high ground, at the top of the embankment. He was there all day while Mr. Woodruffe and Allan were below, among the ditches and the late and early

fogs. Mrs. Fleming was young and strong, full of spirit and happiness; and so far fortified against the attacks of disease, as a merry heart strengthens nerve and bone and muscle, and invigorates all the vital powers. In regard to her family, her father's hopeful spirit seemed to have passed into her. While he was becoming permanently discouraged, she was always assured that everything would come right next year. The time had arrived for her power of hope to be tested to the utmost. One day this autumn, she admitted that Becky must be sent for. She did not forget, however, to charge Allan to be cheerful, and make the best of things, and not frighten Becky by the way.

It was now the end of October. Some of the days were balmy elsewhere — the afternoons ruddy; the leaves crisp beneath the tread; the squirrel busy after the nuts in the wood; the pheasants splendid among the dry ferns in the brake, the sportsman warm and thirsty in his exploring among the stubble. In the evenings the dwellers in country houses called one another out upon the grass, to see how bright the stars were, and how softly the moonlight slept upon the woods. While it was thus in one place, in another, and not far off, all was dank, dim, dreary and unwholesome; with but little sun, and no moon or stars; all chill, and no glow; no stray perfumes, the last of the year, but sickly scents coming on the steam from below. Thus it was about Fle-

ming's house, this latter end of October, when he saw but little of his wife, because she was nursing her mother in the fever, and when he tried to amuse himself with his young baby at meal-times (awkward nurse as he was) to relieve his wife of the charge for the little time he could be at home. When the baby cried, and when he saw his Abby look wearied, he did wish, now and then, that Becky was at home: but he was patient, and helpful, and as cheerful as he could, till the day which settled the matter. On that morning he felt strangely weak, barely able to mount the steps to the station. During the morning, several people told him he looked ill; and one person did more. The porter sent a message to the next large Station that somebody must be sent immediately to fill Fleming's place, in case of his being too ill to work. Somebody came; and before that, Fleming was in bed — certainly down in the fever. His wife was now wanted at home; and Becky must come to her mother.

Though Becky asked questions all the way home, and Allan answered them as truthfully as he knew how, she was not prepared for what she found — her father aged and bent, always in pain, more or less, and far less furnished with plans and hopes than she had ever known him; Moss, fretful and sickly, and her mother unable to turn herself in her bed. Nobody mentioned death. The surgeon who came daily, and told Becky exactly what to do, said

nothing of anybody dying of the fever, while Woodruffe was continually talking of things that were to be done when his wife got well again. It was sad, and sometimes alarming, to hear the strange things that Mrs. Woodruffe said in the evenings when she was delirious; but if Abby stepped in at such times, she did not think much of it, did not look upon it as any sign of danger; and was only thankful that her husband had no delirium. His head was always clear, she said, though he was very weak. Becky never doubted, after this, that her mother was the most severely ill of the two; and she was thunderstruck when she heard one morning the surgeon's answers to her father's questions about Fleming. He certainly considered it a bad case; he would not say that he could not get through; but he must say it was contrary to his expectation. When Becky saw her father's face as he turned away and went out, she believed his heart was broken.

"But I thought," said she to the surgeon, "I thought my mother was most ill of the two."

"I don't know that," was the reply, "but she is very ill. We are doing the best we can. — You are, I am sure," he said, kindly; "and we must hope on, and do our best till a change comes. The wisest of us do not know what changes may come. But I could not keep your father in ignorance of what may happen in the other house."

No appearances alarmed Abby.

Because there was no delirium, she apprehended no danger. Even when the fatal twitchings came, the arm twitching as it lay upon the coverlid, she did not know it was a symptom of anything. As she nursed her husband perfectly well, and could not have been made more prudent and watchful by any warning, she had no warning. Her cheerfulness was encouraged, for her infant's sake, as well as for her husband's and her own. Some thought that her husband knew his own case. A word or two, — now a gesture, and now a look, — persuaded the surgeon and Woodruffe that he was aware that he was going. His small affairs were always kept settled; he had probably no directions to give; and his tenderness for his wife showed itself in his enjoying her cheerfulness to the last. When, as soon as it was light, one December morning, Moss was sent to ask if Abby could possibly come for a few minutes, because mother was worse, he found his sister alone, looking at the floor, her hands on her lap, though the baby was fidgetting in its cradle. Fleming's face was covered, and he lay so still that Moss, who had never seen death, felt sure that all was over. The boy hardly knew what to do; and his sister seemed not to hear what he said. The thought of his mother, — that Abby's going might help or save her, — moved him to act. He kissed Abby, and said she must please go to mother; and he took the baby out of the cradle, and wrapped it up, and put

it into its mother's arms; and fetched Abby's bonnet, and took her cloak down from its peg, and opened the door for her, saying, that he would stay and take care of everything. His sister went without a word; and, as soon as he had closed the door behind her, Moss sank down on his knees before the chair where she had been sitting, and hid his face there till some one came for him, — to see his mother once more before she died.

As the two coffins were carried out, to be conveyed to the churchyard together, Mr. Nelson, who had often been backward and forward during the last six weeks, observed to the surgeon that the death of such a man as Fleming was a dreadful loss.

"It is that sort of men that the fever cuts off," said the surgeon. "The strong man, in the prime of life, at his best period, one may say, for himself and for society, is taken away, — leaving wife and child helpless and forlorn. That is the ravage that the fever makes."

"Well: would not people tell you that it is our duty to submit?" asked Mr. Nelson, who could not help showing some emotion by voice and countenance.

"Submit!" said the surgeon. "That depends on what the people mean who use the word. If you or I were ill of the fever, we must resign ourselves, as cheerfully as we could. But if you ask me whether we should submit to see more of our neighbours cut off by fever as these have been, I can

only ask in return, whose doing it is that they are living in a swamp, and whether that is to go on? Who dug the clay pits? Who let that ditch run abroad, and make a filthy bog? Are you going to charge that upon Providence, and talk of submitting to the consequences? If so, that is not my religion."

"No, no. There is no religion in that," replied Mr. Nelson, for once agreeing in what was said to him. "It must be looked to."

"It must," said the surgeon, as decidedly as if he had been a railway director, or king and parliament in one.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

"I wonder whether there is a more forlorn family in England than we are now," said Woodruffe, as he sat among his children, a few hours after the funeral.

His children were glad to hear him speak, however gloomy might be his tone. His silence had been so terrible that nothing that he could say could so weigh upon their hearts. His words, however, brought out his widowed daughter's tears again. She was sewing — her infant lying in her lap. As her tears fell upon its face, it moved and cried. Becky came and took it up, and spoke cheerfully to it. The cheerfulness seemed to be the worst of all. Poor Abby laid her forehead to the back of her chair, and sobbed as if her heart would break.

"Ay, Abby," said her father, "your heart is breaking, and mine

too. You and I can go to our rest, like those that have gone before us: but I have to think what will become of these young things."

"Yes, father," said Becky gently, but with a tone of remonstrance, "you must endeavour to live, and not make up your mind to dying, because life has grown heavy and sad."

"My dear, I am ill — very ill. It is not merely that life is grown intolerable to me. I am sure I could not live long in such misery of mind: but I am breaking up fast."

The young people looked at each other in dismay. There was something worse than the grief conveyed by their father's words in the hopeless daring — the despair — of his tone when he ventured to say that life was unendurable.

Becky had the child on one arm; with the other hand she took down her father's plaid from its peg, and put it round his rheumatic shoulders, whispering in his ear a few words about desiring that God's will should be done.

"My dear," he replied, "it was I who taught you that lesson when you were a child on my knee, and it would be strange if I forgot it when I want so much any comfort that I can get. But I don't believe (and if you ask the clergyman, he will tell you that he does not believe), that it is God's will that we, or any other people, should be thrust into a swamp like this, scarcely fit for the rats and the frogs to live in. It is man's

doing, not God's, that the fever makes such havoc as it has made with us. The fever does not lay waste healthy places."

"Then why are we here?" Allan ventured to say. "Father, let us go."

"Go! I wonder how or where! I can't go, or let any of you go. I have not a pound in the world to spend in moving, or in finding new employment. And if I had, who would employ me? Who would not laugh at a crippled old man asking for work and wages?"

"Then, father, we must see what we can do here, and you must not forbid us to say 'God's will be done!' If we cannot go away, it must be His will that we should stay and have as much hope and courage as we can."

Woodruffe threw himself back in his chair. It was too much to expect that he would immediately rally; but he let the young people confer, and plan, and cheer each other.

The first thing to be done, they agreed, was to move hither, whenever the dismal rain would permit it, all Abby's furniture that could not be disposed of to her husband's successors. It would fit up the lower room. And Allan and Becky settled how the things could stand so as to make it at once a bed-room and sitting-room. If, as Abby had said, she meant to try to get some scholars, and keep a little school, room must be left to seat the children.

"Keep a school?" exclaimed

Woodruffe, looking round at Abby.

"Yes, father," said Abby, raising her head. "That seems to be a thing that I can do; and it will be good for me to have something to do. Becky is the stoutest of us all, and . . ."

"I wonder how long that will last," groaned the father.

"I am quite stout now," said Becky; "and I am the one to help Allan with the garden. Allan and I will work under your direction, father, while your rheumatism lasts; and . . ."

"And what am I to do?" asked Moss, pushing himself in.

"You shall fetch and carry the tools," said Becky; "that is, when the weather is fine, and when your chilblains are not very bad. And you shall be bird-boy when the sowing season comes on."

"And we are going to put up a pent-house for you, in one corner, you know, Moss," said his brother. "And we will make it so that there shall be room for a fire in it, where father and you may warm yourselves, and always have dry shoes ready."

"I wonder what our shoe leather will have cost us by the time the spring comes," observed Woodruffe. "There is not a place where we ever have to take the cart or the barrow that is not all mire and ruts: not a path in the whole garden that I call a decent one. Our shoes are all pulled to pieces; while the frost, or the fog, or something or other, prevents our getting any real work done. The

waste is dreadful. Nothing should have made me take a garden where none but summer crops are to be had, if I could have foreseen such a thing. I never saw such a thing before, — never — as market-gardening without winter and spring crops. Never heard of such a thing!"

Becky glanced towards Allan, to see if he had nothing to propose. If they could neither mend the place nor leave it, it did seem a hard case. Allan was looking into the fire, musing. When Moss announced that the rain was over, Allan started, and said he must be fetching some of Abby's things down if it was fair. Becky really meant to help him: but she also wanted opportunity for consultation, as to whether it could really be God's will that they should neither be able to mend their condition nor to escape from it. As they mounted the long flight of steps, they saw Mr. Nelson issue from the Station, looking about him to ascertain if the rain was over, and take his stand on the embankment, followed by a gentleman who had a roll of paper in his hand. As they stood, the one was seen to point with his stick, and the other with his roll of paper, this way and that. Allan set off in that direction, saying to his sister, as he went,

"Don't you come. That gentleman is so rude, he will make you cry. Yes, I must go; and I won't get angry; I won't indeed. He may find as much fault as he pleases; I must show him how

the water is standing in our furrows."

"Hallo! what do you want here?" was Mr. Nelson's greeting, when, after a minute or two, he saw Allan looking and listening. "What business have you here, hearkening to what we are saying?"

"I wanted to know whether anything is going to be done below there. I thought, if you wished it, I could tell you something about it."

"You! what, a dainty little fellow like you? — a fellow that wears his Sunday clothes on a Tuesday, and a rainy Tuesday too! You must get working clothes and work."

"I shall work to-morrow, Sir. My mother and my brother-in-law were buried to-day."

"Lord bless me! You should have told me that. How should I know that unless you told me?" He proceeded in a much gentler tone, however, merely remonstrating with Allan for letting the wet stand in the furrows, in such a way as would spoil any garden. Allan had a good ally, all the while, in the stranger, who seemed to understand everything before it was explained. The gentleman was, in fact, an agricultural surveyor — one who could tell, when looking abroad from a height, what was swamp and what meadow; where there was a clean drain, and where an uneven ditch; where the soil was likely to be watered, and where flooded by the winter rains; where genially warmed, and where fatally baked by the

summer's sun. He had seen, before Allan pointed it out, how the great ditch cut across between the cultivated grounds and the little river into which those grounds should be drained: but he could not know, till told by Allan, who were the proprietors and occupiers of the parcels of land lying on either side the ditch. Mr. Nelson knew little or nothing under this head, though he contradicted the lad every minute; was sure such an one did not live here, nor another there: told him he was confusing Mr. Smith and Mr. Brown: did not believe a word of Mr. Taylor having bought yonder meadow, or Mrs. Scott now renting that field. All the while, the surveyor went on setting down the names as Allan told them; and then observed that they were not so many but that they might combine, if they would, to drain their properties, if they could be relieved of the obstruction of the ditch — if the surveyor of highways would see that the ditch were taken in hand. Mr. Nelson pronounced that there should be no difficulty about the ditch, if the rest could be managed: and then, after a few whispered words between the gentlemen, Allan was asked first, whether he was sure that he knew where every person lived whose name was down in the surveyor's book; and next, whether he would act as guide to-morrow. For a moment he thought he should be wanted to move Abby's things: but, remembering the vast importance of the plan which seemed

now to be fairly growing under his eye, he replied that he would go: he should be happy to make it his day's work to help, ever so little, towards what he wished above everything in the world.

"What makes you in such a hurry to suppose we want to get a day's work out of you for nothing?" asked Mr. Nelson. He thrust half-a-crown into the lad's waistcoat pocket, saying that he must give it back again, if he led the gentleman wrong. The gentleman had no time to go running about the country on a fool's errand; Allan must mind that. As Allan touched his hat, and ran down the steps, Mr. Nelson observed that boys with good hearts did not fly about in that way, as if they were merry, on the day of their mother's funeral.

"Perhaps he is rather thinking of saving his father," observed the surveyor.

"Well; save as many of them as you can. They seem all going to pot as it is."

When Allan burst in, carrying nothing of Abby's, but having a little colour in his cheeks for once, his father sat up in his chair, the baby suddenly stopped crying, and Moss asked where he had been. At first, his father disappointed him by being listless — first refusing to believe anything good, and then saying that any good that could happen now was too late; and Abby could not help crying all the more because this was not thought about a year sooner. It was her poor husband

that had made the stir; and now they were going to take his advice the very day that he was laid in his grave. They all tried to comfort her, and said how natural it was that she should feel it so; yet, amidst all their sympathy, they could not help being cheered that something was to be done at last.

By degrees, and not slow degrees, Woodruffe became animated. It was surprising how many things he desired Allan to be sure not to forget to point out to the surveyor, and to urge upon those he was to visit. At last he said he would go himself. It was a very serious business, and he ought to make an effort to have it done properly. It was a great effort, but he would make it. Not rheumatism, nor anything else, should keep him at home. Allan was glad at heart to see such signs of energy in his father, though he might feel some natural disappointment at being left at home, and some perplexity as to what, in that case, he ought to do about the half-crown, if Mr. Nelson should be gone home. The morning settled this, however. The surveyor was in his gig. If Allan could hang on, or keep up with it, it would be very well, as he would be wanted to open the gates, and to lead the way in places too wet for his father, who was not worth such a pair of patent waterproof tall boots as the surveyor had on.

The circuit was not a very wide one; yet it was dark before they got home. There are always difficulties in arrangements which

require combined action. Here there were different levels in the land, and different tempers and views among the occupiers. Mr. Brown had heard nothing about the matter, and could not be hurried till he saw occasion. Mr. Taylor liked his field best, wet — would not have it drier on any account, for fear of the summer sun. When assured that drought took no hold on well-dried land in comparison with wet land, he shook with laughter, and asked if they expected him to believe that. Mrs. Scott, whose combination with two others was essential to the drainage of three portions, would wait another year. They must go on without her; and after another year, she would see what she would do. Another had drained his land in his own way long ago, and did not expect that anybody would ask him to put his spade into another man's land, or to let any other man put his spade into his. These were all the obstructions. Everybody else was willing or at least, not obstructive. By clever management, it was thought that the parties concerned could make an island of Mrs. Scott and her field, and win over Mr. Brown by the time he was wanted, and show Mr. Taylor that, as his field could no longer be as wet as it had been, he might as well try the opposite condition — they promising to flood his field as often and as thoroughly as he pleased, if he found it the worse for being drained. They could not obtain all they wished, where every body

was not as wise as could be wished; but so much was agreed upon as made the experienced surveyor think that the rest would follow; enough, already, to set more labourers to work than the place could furnish. Two or three stout men were sent from a distance; and when they had once cut a clear descent from the ditch to the river, and had sunk the ditch to seven feet deep, and made the bottom even, and narrowed it to three feet, it was a curious thing to see how ready the neighbours became to unite their drains with it. It used to be said, that here — however it might be elsewhere — the winter was no time for digging: but that must have meant that no winter-digging would bring a spring crop; and that therefore it was useless. Now, the sound of the spade never ceased for the rest of the winter; and the labourers thought it the best winter they had ever known for constant work. Those who employed the labour hoped it would answer — found it expensive — must trust it was all right, and would yield a profit by and by. As for the Woodruffes, they were too poor to employ labourers. But some little hope had entered their hearts again, and brought strength, not only to their hearts, but to their very limbs. They worked like people beginning the world. As poor Abby could keep the house and sew, while attending to her little school, Becky did the lighter parts (and some which were far from light) of the garden work, finding easy

tasks for Moss; and Allan worked like a man at the drains. They had been called good drains before; but now, there was an outfall for deeper ones; and deeper they must be made. Moreover, a strong rivalry arose among the neighbours about their respective portions of the combined drainage; and under the stimulus of ambition, Woodruffe recovered his spirits and the use of his limbs wonderfully. He suffered cruelly from his rheumatism; and in the evenings felt as if he could never more lift a spade; yet, not the less was he at work again in the morning, and so sanguine as to the improvement of his ground, that it was necessary to remind him, when calculating his gains, that it would take two years, at least, to prove the effects of his present labours.

LINES TO A DEAD LINNET.

BY A SOLITARY STUDENT.

SWEET little friend in hours of lonely thought,
And studious toil thro' the unresting day,
Why hast thou left me to the sullen hours,
So dull and changeless now? Thy light-heart song,
And fluttering plume of joy, beguile no more
My weary mind, happy when so estranged,
From books, which are the bane of all repose.

The secret bustle of thy frequent meal,
Like elfin working mischief, all unseen
At bottom of thy cage; thy dipping bill,
Oft splashing sportive o'er the learned tome,
And rousing my 'rapt soul to homelier themes;
The tuning twitter, snatch'd and interrupt —

The timorous essay, low and querulous —
The strain symphonious — and the full burst of song,
That made my study-walls re-echo sweet
The harmonious peal, while all its tatter'd maps
And prints unframed, responsive tremblings gave; —
All these are past, and joy takes wing with thee.

Nor less, when in the dreary night, far spent,
Still was I pondering o'er the murky page,
Hast thou attracted notice by thy bill
Rattling along the wires; and in the twinkle —
The clos'd — and then, bright little eye, half-oped,
Well have I read thy meaning, and full soon,
Thus warned of needful slumber, borne away
The wasted lamp, and sought my lonely couch.

Thy empty cage now hangs against the wall!
No one inhabits it — nothing is there —
Thy seed-box is half full of dust and film;
A spider weaves within thy water-glass:
The wretchedness of silence — no response
To calls and questionings of the heart — the mind —
All show me thou art dead — for ever gone!
I stand and gaze on thy perplexing cage —
Like a friend's house — deserted! — one we have loved —
And before which, returning after years,
We pause, and think of hours enjoyed within;
And gaze upon the dusty shutters — closed!

THE GOOD GOVERNOR.

IN a region where favourable latitude and tempering sea-breezes combine to produce perpetual summer, lie "the still vexed Bermoothes," the Bermuda of modern navigators, where one-half of the year is the fitting seed-time for plants of the tropical,

and the other half of the temperate zones. These islands, discovered to us by a shipwreck, with one exception, our oldest colony, offer a miniature copy of the institutions of the parent state.

About twenty square miles of surface, consisting of one island thirty miles long by two broad, and a half-dozen *aide-de-camp* sort of islets, support a population rather less numerous, and considerably less wealthy, than that of the City of Canterbury; and enjoy the dignity of a capital, with two thousand inhabitants; of a Governor and Commander-in-Chief, who takes his seat on "the throne" when opening the Bermoothean Parliament; of a Council, or miniature House of Lords, and a Representative Assembly of thirty-six members, forming a miniature House of Commons. They had formerly an Archdeacon, but, by one of those extraordinary decisions that occasionally originate in high quarters, the Archdeacon has been metamorphosed into a Bishop of Newfoundland, whom the Bermudians never see, although they still have the honour of paying the salary of the late Archdeacon.

Formerly Bermuda, like Virginia, from which it was an offshoot, was a slave colony, and grew tobacco. But tobacco would not pay, and every Bermudian, being born within a mile of the water, was bred amphibious. Capital cedar for ship-building grows on the hills, and harbours

are all around to receive the craft when built. So it came to pass, that the "'Mudian" clippers became plentiful all over the neighbouring seas, and took a large share of the carrying trade between our American colonies and the West Indies. Even when a large slice of these said colonies had struggled into the Republic of the United States, the 'Mudians continued to do a good stroke of sea-faring business.

Then whales abounded in the neighbouring seas, and every 'Mudian took to handling the oar, the lance, or the harpoon, at a time of life when other children were driving hoops, or riding rocking-horses.

It was the natural result of these handy occupations in so limited a space, that the whole population, with the exception of that supported by the expenditure of the garrison, was occupied in building, or rigging, or manning, or loading, vessels of some kind, if not whaling or fishing. White or black, they were all sailors and sea-faring to a man, almost to a woman. The real mermaid still lingers round Bermuda's coast. Breechless babies swaggered along with a mixture of long and short steps in true jack-tar style. Bermudian young ladies directed their maids to let out a reef in a petticoat, and officers driving tandem were bid "put yer helm down," by native guides.

There are no records to show when first in Bermuda sea-faring arts began to devour all others;

certain it is that just as the manufacture of glass and porcelain, purple dye, and other signal utilities and ornaments have been more than once discovered, lost, and re-discovered, so were agriculture and horticulture in the year 1839 of the islands of perpetual spring, among the lost arts. If in that year some convulsion had for ever separated them from external communications, the process of food-growing among a British race would have been left as rude in theory, more imperfect in practice, than among the New Zealanders or South Sea Islanders.

There were in that year two persons in the islands who could plough, but they did not. Hay-making and mowing was a theory learned in books, just as curious inquirers in Lancashire may have read of cotton cultivation. As for the state of gardening, it was about parallel with British gardening in the time of Queen Bess, who used to send to Holland for a salad.

So there was neither corn nor hay, and very little fruit, of the worst quality. A sort of bitter orange-tree abounded through the islands. Inquisitive strangers asked "Why not graft or bud sweet oranges on these luxuriant stocks, or why not sow sweet seeds?" But the natives were positive that buds would not take, and seeds would not grow.

Such was Bermuda in 1839; somewhat depressed in its fishing, whaling, ship-building, sea-carrying commerce, by the competition

of New Brunswick and the United States. Although less affected than the sugar-growing islands by negro emancipation, still whites, who had lived easily although barely by hiring out a few black artisans, were reduced to sore straits.

It was in this year there arrived a new Governor. He travelled the length and breadth of his islands, and found all green and all barren; a light, but fertile soil, bearing fine timber, and luxuriant weeds. Round the government-house was a waste of eight acres, within sight a great swamp. According to popular opinion, Colonial Governors are gentlemen of broken fortunes, and strong political connections, who endure temporary evils for the sake of future ease and dignity.

At any rate, among military martinet Governors; naval bashaw Governors; didactic despatch-writing Governors; Governors landing with crotchets all ready-cut and dry; Governors who support the Royal Prerogative by quarrelling with all their subjects, and Governors whose whole soul is in quiet and domestic economy, the popular Governor, the wise, conciliating Governor, is indeed a rare bird. According to stereotyped precedent, our Bermoothean Governor ought to have first sat down and written a flaming despatch home, painting the misery of the island, detailing his plans, and asking for money. Next he should have filled up a scheme on a scale large enough to

satisfy the ideas of a Paxton in horticulture, or a Smith of Deanston in agriculture, and applied to his little parliament for a vote, in order to make a garden for himself, and a model farm for his own amusement and the benefit of the islanders.

But it happened that our "good" Governor as he was afterwards called with good reason, was not a stereotyped Governor, so that the people he was sent to rule became happy and prosperous. He cared not to become either rich or famous. Therefore, all his proceedings were on a humble, commonplace scale. Seeing that the climate was admirably adapted for oranges; which, if of good quality, would afford a valuable export, he sent for slips and seeds of the best kinds.

In front of Government House stands a bitter citron-tree: on this, with his own hands, he budded a sweet orange. The bud, contrary to all Bermudian opinions, sprouted, and grew, and flourished. After the living example of the Governor's tree, it became a fashion — a rage — to bud sweet oranges; so by this simple and short cut an horticultural revolution was effected. Still working out the maxim that example is better than precept, our good Governor beat up for gardener recruits, accepting those who knew a little as well as those who knew nothing, but were willing to learn. With their aid, and at his own expense, the eight acres of waste round his residence,

Mount Langton, were converted into a pleasure-ground, adorned with plants and shrubs of the tropical and temperate zones, which he threw open freely to the inhabitants without distinction of colour.

The next step was to drain the great marsh, the Langton Marsh, and grow hay upon it, so as to give the Bermudians a hint on the oddness of importing hay, while fine grass land lay waste. Two men who could plough were discovered, and pupils put under their hands, at the same time ploughs were imported. Having, out of his own pocket, offered prizes for garden flowers and vegetables, for corn and hay, for the best ploughman, and the best scythe-man, the performances of these two being as wonderful to the islanders as skating to an Indian prince, or wine-making to a Yorkshireman, the Local Parliament willingly voted other prizes for the same purpose.

It would take up too much time to detail all the good Governor's efforts — by example, by instruction, by rewards, by distribution of books, and by the promotion of industrial schools, to educate the rising generation of Bermuda in useful, civilising arts.

A grand holiday, held in May, 1846, showed that these efforts had not been without pleasant and practical results.

Mount Langton and all the pleasure-grounds created under the personal inspection and at the expense of the good Governor, were crowded with a noisy happy popu-

lation, of all ranks, all ages, and all colours, black, white, and brown, assembled to enjoy and celebrate the taking stock of the revived Industry of the islands. Not equal in variety to the great Parisian Exposition, or in quality to the Royal Agricultural Shows, it was still an era in the history of the colony.

The Queen's representative did not grudge to give up for the occasion his private domain, as that was the best site in the Island. Amid the luxuriant shrubs and gorgeous tropical flowers, the gay groups wandered; sweetly the sounds of the regimental band intermingled with the shouts and whip-crackings of the contending ploughmen as they turned up the brown furrows of long neglected soil, and with the switching of twenty-five scythemen exhibiting their newly acquired skill on the drained pasture of Langton Marsh. Below lay the shipping in harbour, and far beyond the golden purple ocean was dotted over with the cloud-like canvas of the famous 'Mudian craft. Almost at once — one glance — it was possible to take in a view of the pursuits of old and young Bermuda. Government House was closed; — to have entertained the thousands who had assembled (beyond the needful supply of cold water found in huge jars and tubs in every shady place, a provision so grateful under a tropical sun,) was impossible; to have entertained a part — an exclusive few — on such an occasion, would have been con-

trary to the Governor's principles; so for that day all personal attendants were enabled to share in the universal holiday.

In due time after the ploughing and mowing matches, came the competition in turnips, strawberries, potatoes, dahlias, barley, pot-herbs, flax, and cabbages, and the parading and comparison of horse-colts, ass-colts, calves, heifers, bulls, sows, and boars.

Now, before the advent of this reforming Governor, the Bermudians had been accustomed to no other competition than that of sailing or cricket matches or steeple-chases; to no other exhibitions than military reviews; all excellent in their way, but now usefully varied by a kind of competition that brought new comforts to every cottager.

Years have elapsed since the day of this well-remembered *fête*. But the good Governor is still affectionately remembered. The Bermudians love to show passing strangers the sweet orange-tree on Mount Langton which still blooms a green and golden monument of plain, practical, kind-hearted common sense. And this sketch of a remote and insignificant dependency has been thought worth telling for the benefit, not only of colonial Governors, but of well-meaning reformers in all parts of the world. If we would do good we must not be content with mere talk; we must not disdain to commence at our own doors by budding — a sweet orange on a bitter citron.

LONDON PAUPER CHILDREN.

HIGH and dry upon a pleasant breezy hill-top about seven miles south of London stands a house worthy of a visit. Far enough away to be quite free from the cloud of smoke, yet near enough for easy access from London; it is a large house in the country, in and out of which a large family of essentially London tenants are perpetually going. Walk round the hill it stands upon, and a succession of charming views present themselves for admiration. A far distant horizon bounds a country made up of purple woods, rich golden brown stripes of corn-fields, and bright green meadows. Here young plantations; there stately single timber trees; with villas nestling under fringes of woods on pleasant slopes, whilst in the valley below runs the Croydon Railway, linking this charming, quiet country round Norwood, to the smoky, busy, useful London.

The place we speak of is the Pauper-School at Norwood, which may be called a factory for making harmless, if not useful subjects, of the very worst of human material — a place for converting those who would otherwise certainly be miserable, and most likely vicious, into rational, reasonable, and often very useful members of society; — in short, a house for training a large and wretched class in habits of decency, regularity, and order, and leading a

pitiable section of the great two-million-strong family of London from the road to crime into that of honest industry and self-respect.

The exterior of the building has no trace of the architectural display that won for the school near Manchester the title of a Pauper Palace. The exterior of the Norwood house is as dingy and ugly as a small brewhouse. In shape it reminds one of the old cities, built upon no definite plan, but enlarged from time to time as the population found it most convenient. It is neither square, nor round, nor triangular; but then, when we go over it, we shall find that the lack of straight lines and right angles does not prevent the presence of much good, and of a fair amount of comfort and happiness within its confines.

The irregularity of its construction is explained by the fact that the place was established twenty-seven years ago, not by a public body, but by a private individual, Mr. Aubin, the present superintendant. The commencement of such a place was an epoch in the history of pauperism in this country. Before the time of the benevolent Jonas Hanway, no regard was paid to the destitute children of the poor, and those young children, whose ill-fate it was to be born of pauper parents, in town, were condemned to a life that began in the gutters of back lanes, and usually ended in the goal, by fever, or more suddenly, on the gallows. Hanway secured the passing of a law empowering

the parishes to collect the juvenile paupers and send them into the country for nurture and maintenance. It was a step in advance to get the children away from the dens in which they had previously been confined, but the nurture was of a very unsatisfactory kind. When an old woman applied for parish relief, she had two or three children given to her to keep, and out of their allowance she was to help to keep herself. She usually set them to collect firewood for her; or to watch sheep, or to scare crows; and, in their search for fuel, they were often taught to rob hedges, or fences, or trespass on plantations. At seven years' old they were sent back to finish their education in the work-houses, and frequently remained there for six or seven years without even learning their letters. Indeed, to teach them at all was regarded as a kind of small treason. "Teach paupers to read! What next?" was a common exclamation. Reading was, by a great many people, considered to be a mere premium for laziness — whilst writing was thought to be a temptation to forgery, and its then certain result — the gallows. To collect the pauper children, and "farm them out" to persons who would teach as well as feed them, was the next step in advance. The fruit of this plan was the growth of various places where large numbers of the pauper rising generation were gathered together in houses, the proprietors of which often realised large profits

upon the moneys allowed for maintaining this class of the population.

Taking advantage of the generally and loudly expressed public opinion, that "something must be done," the Poor-Law Board succeeded in establishing some school districts near the metropolis. The first step taken was to purchase Mr. Aubin's place at Norwood, and thus take it into their own hands. This school had long been regarded as the best of its class, and as one where many steps of great practical value had been taken for the improved treatment of youthful paupers. The purchase-money of this school is said to have been about eleven thousand pounds, and the authorities wisely retained the aid of the man who had originated it, to carry out still further into effect their improved plans. This step was soon followed by others. In the publication of the Poor-Law Board, just issued — the promoters of our present poor-law system long ago saw the mischiefs of this plan, and after some years' consideration, and many difficulties, succeeded in procuring an Act of Parliament for the establishment of district pauper Industrial Schools. But though the law was made, it was found impossible to overcome the objections raised by parish authorities, and it was not carried out to any extent, until the terrible calamity of Tooting startled all England with the spectacle of hundreds of deaths by cholera, in

an establishment where the little unfortunates were "farmed out."

In the Second Annual Report of the Poor-Law Board, Mr. Baines, its President, says, that three very important school districts have, within the year, been formed in and near the metropolis. These are:—

"1st. The Central London School District, comprising the City of London Union, the East London Union, and the St. Saviour's Union. The Board of Management of this district have completed all their arrangements and hold their regular meetings. They have purchased of Mr. Aubin his premises at Norwood for the district school, retaining him in the capacity of steward or superintendant of the establishment, and have appointed an efficient staff of teachers in every department. The school is now in full activity, upon an improved footing, and nearly eight hundred children (nine hundred) are maintained and educated in it.

"2nd. The South Metropolitan School District comprised, as originally formed, the Union of St. Olave's, and the large parishes, not in Union, of Bermondsey, Camberwell, and Rotherhithe.

"3rd. The North Surrey School District includes the Unions of Wandsworth and Clapham, Kingston, Croydon, Richmond, and Lewisham. The managers have purchased fifty acres of land near Norwood, and have commenced the erection of a building capable of accommodating six hundred children.

"It will thus be seen that provision has been made in and around London for the proper education and training of more than two thousand poor children. We have, moreover, sanctioned arrangements whereby, when completed, the state of the children of other metropolitan parishes will be very materially improved."

About nine hundred children are congregated at Norwood, and out of the whole number there is not perhaps a dozen the offspring of decent parents. Many are foundlings, picked up at the

corners of streets, or at the doors of parish officers. The names of some of them suggest an idea of how they began life. Thus, one owned the name of Olive Jewry, whilst another was called Alfred City. Others have lost both parents by death, and been left pining living legacies to the parish, but the majority are the children of parents living in workhouses. When able-bodied paupers claim relief, they are "offered the house." They are received into the Union, and their children are sent up to this out-of-town school, that fresh air, cleanliness, good food and the schoolmaster, may try what can be done to lift them up from the slough of pauperism. Let us examine the process through which they go.

The children, on their first appearance at this Norwood School, are usually in the most lamentable plight. Ignorance and dirt, rags and vermin, laziness and ill health, diseased scalps, and skins tortured by itch, are their characteristics. They are the very dregs of the population of the largest city in the world — the human waifs and strays of the modern Babylon; the children of poverty, and misery, and crime; in very many cases labouring under physical defects, such as bad sight or hearing; almost always stunted in their growth, and bearing the stamp of ugliness and suffering on their features. Generally born in dark alleys and back courts, their playground has been the streets, where the wits of many have been

prematurely sharpened at the expense of any morals they might have. With minds and bodies destitute of proper nutriment, they are caught, as it were, by the parish officers, like half-wild creatures, roaming poverty-stricken amidst the wealth of our greatest city; and half-starved in a land where the law says no one shall be destitute of food and shelter. When their lucky fate sends them to Norwood, they are generally little personifications of genuine poverty — compounds, as somebody says, of ignorance, gin, and sprats.

A number of pauper children having been owned as chargeable upon the Central London District, to whom the Norwood School now belongs, and the requisite papers having been filled up, they are sent to Weston Hill. Arrived there, and their clothes having been steamed, if worth preservation, or burned if mere rags, — the newcomers are well washed, have their hair cut, and are newly clad in clean and wholesome, but homely, garments. According to their ages, they are then drafted into a class; those between two and six years pass to the infant school; those of greater age are enrolled on the industrial side of the establishment. Now the training begins. They are all sent before the doctor, who usually finds them sallow and sickly; but by aid of Nature's physic, — fresh air, — and Nature's rule of exercise and regularity, assisted by extra diet, and with the occasional aid of some good Lon-

don beef and porter, very few drugs are wanted, and their looks change for the better. Early in August, this year, — the period of our visit, — there were but two children confined to bed out of more than nine hundred; and those two were poor little scrofulous shadows of humanity, such as may be found in the top wards of hospitals, labouring under disease of the hip and spine, — paying the penalty of sins committed by their parents before them. There had recently been an epidemic of measles in the place, when that disease destroyed eight of the sickliest out of ninety cases. But for this, the mortality would not have gone beyond one in a hundred through the year. The summer is their healthiest season; for winter brings chilblains, a disease of poor blood, and ophthalmia, to which pauper children seem to be especially liable.

After their introduction to the doctor, the bath, the wardrobe, and the pantry, they are handed over to the school-master or mistress, as the case may be. On the day of our visit, two hundred and forty boys were receiving instruction in one large new school-room; two hundred (infants between two and six years old) were being taught in another room; two hundred girls were reading, writing, and sewing in a third apartment; the rest of the occupants being at work, or at drill, or at play, in other parts of the establishment. The boys are kept four days a week at school, and two days at

work in shops which we shall presently see and describe: the girls have three days' schooling and three days' training in household occupations, — such as cleaning the house, washing, ironing, mangling, and needlework. The way these portions of the establishment are arranged may possibly furnish materials for a future article.

The school for the eldest boys is a long room newly built, with an enormous dormitory above it. The ventilation has been provided for in a way that seems very satisfactory. By day the boys are divided into six classes, ranged on forms with desks before them, each class being separated from the others by a curtain which hangs from the ceiling, and is sufficiently wide to separate the sections of scholars from each other, and to deaden the sounds of so large a seminary, but yet not wide enough to prevent the master as he stands on the side opposite his pupils, from getting a view of the entire school. Black boards and large slates are amongst the tools employed for conveying instruction, but the more advanced pupils are supplied with paper copy-books for writing lessons. The school is under the charge of a chief-master, far more competent than those usually found in schools beyond the pale of Government inspection. He is a B. A. of the University of London, is author of a small English grammar; and enjoys, as he deserves, a liberal salary. Under his hands the pu-

pils appear to make excellent progress. The upper classes write well to dictation, are ready at figures, and are practised in the grammatical construction of English words and sentences. Twelve of the boys are in training as teachers, and six of these are now what is called "pupil-teachers," and are entitled to an allowance of money by way of reward from Privy Council. This allowance is set aside for them till they display, on examination, a sufficient proficiency to entitle them to admission to the training-school at Knellar Hall or Battersea. Whilst in these higher schools they receive the money set aside for them in the earlier stages of their school progress, and when, by successive examinations, their efficiency is sufficiently tested, they pass from the grade of pupil to that of master: the boys from Knellar Hall being appointed school-masters to Workhouses; the boys from Battersea to be masters of National Schools in various parts of the country. A boy gets this promotion in life by his own merits. For instance, at the Norwood Pauper-School, the most apt pupil becomes, as elsewhere, the monitor of his form or class. When the day of examination arrives, he distinguishes himself before the Government Inspector of Schools. This official is empowered thereupon to select him as a "pupil-teacher," &c.; he becomes an apprentice to the art of instruction. To encourage the chief-master of the school to help on his boys to this reward, an allow-

ance of three pounds a year is made to the master for each boy who thus distinguishes himself, and thus gains promotion. Thus, there being twelve boys at Norwood so in training, Mr. Imeson, their instructor, gains thirty-six pounds a year for his success in bringing forward that number of his scholars.

In appearance, the boys have little to recommend them, and it is tolerably evident, that if not raised a little in the social scale — if not taught to do something and know something — they would inevitably belong to the class of incurable paupers, who burden poor's-rates and hang about work-houses all their lives. Society must educate such boys, if only in self-defence. Some of them are at first most turbulent, but by patient management they gradually subside into the orderly arrangements of the place, and often those at first most unruly become the quickest boys in the school. The energy that would make them nuisances, when rightly directed makes them most useful.

When the hours of teaching are over, the boys are assembled in one of the large open yards belonging to the establishment, and are there exercised by the drill-master. This official is an ex-non-commissioned officer of Guards, who in a short time makes the metamorphosis seen on parade. The ungainly, slouching, slow lout, is taught to march, wheel right or left, in concert with others, punctually and accurately. They an-

swer the command, "left wheel," "right form, four deep," and so on, like little soldiers, and seem to like the fun. This gives them at once exercise in the fresh air, notions of regularity and prompt attention, and a habit of obedience to discipline.

There is also a naval class. Behind the school is a play-ground, two acres in extent, and in the centre of this stands a ship. True, its deck is of earth, but there are bulwarks, real bulwarks all round, and rising up above are genuine lofty masts, with rigging complete. Up these ropes the boys swarm with great delight. At a given signal they "man the yards," give three miniature cheers, and then, all in chorus, sing God save the Queen. They evidently like the fun, pride themselves, boy-like, upon their feline power of climbing, and one or two of them show their expertness and bravery by disdaining the rope-ladder — pardon us, the shrouds — and slide down the main-stay from the top of the foremast to the bowsprit. All these things are evident sources of enjoyment; for running, and climbing, and shouting in the open air, are natural to the human animal in a normal state of existence. Of the climbing, there is a story told which illustrates the character of a very worthy man now passed away. Dr. Stanley, the late Bishop of Norwich, paid many visits to this school, and always looked on with evident pleasure whilst the lads were enjoying themselves with their ship. One

day the good-natured dignitary was looking on, when he began to rub his hands together, and presently turning to an officer of the place who stood by, said in a genial, half confidential tone, "If I were not a bishop I'd join in and climb that pole myself!"

Besides this drill, or parade, and this exercise aloft, the boys, on two days of the week, are employed in the Industrial training of the place. The smaller boys, in classes of about thirty-five, are ranged on benches round a large tailor's shop. Patterns decorate the walls, and "corduroys" in all stages, from the huge bale to the perfect breeches, are seen all round the room. The boys stitch and sew, and make and mend, under the instruction of a master tailor, a large part of the clothes worn in the place. When each boy grows bigger he is drafted into a neighbouring shop, where, also, under a competent master, he learns the craft of St. Crispin. It is curious to see thirty or forty little cobblers, all in rows, waxing and stitching, and hammering on lap-stones, and entering *con amore* into the mysteries of sole and upper leathers, brads, pegs, and spar-rowbills. When they have learned all these things, some of the lads pass into a third shop, where they are made acquainted with the forge, and anvil, and sledge hammer, and where they help to shoe horses, construct iron bedsteads, and make and mend all the iron-work (and there is a great deal of it) required by this family party of

nearly a thousand souls — pauper children, masters, and servants, together. After going through all these stages of training, with the incidental knowledge picked up in the stables with the horses, in the play-ground with the dogs, when helping to feed the pigs, and whilst aiding the operation of milking the twenty-five cows which supply milk for the house, the boys have acquired a great amount of useful knowledge. The place is indeed a little colony in itself, and if its inmates had not often to pass from it back to the sinkholes of London, they might leave Norwood almost with the certainty of becoming good and prosperous citizens.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF CHEAPNESS.

THE STEEL-PEN.

WE remember (early remembrances are more durable than recent) an epithet employed by Mary Wolstonecroft, which then seemed as happy as it was original:—"The iron pen of Time." Had the vindicatrix of the "Rights of Women" lived in these days (fifty years later), when the iron pen is the almost universal instrument of writing, she would have bestowed upon Time a less common material for recording his doings.

Whilst we are remembering, let us look back for a moment upon our earliest school-days—the days of large text and round hand. Twenty urchins sit at a long desk,

each intent upon making his *copy*. A nicely mended pen has been given to each. Our own labour goes on successfully, till, in school-boy phrase, the pen begins to splutter. A bold effort must be made. We leave the form, and timidly address the writing-master with — "Please, Sir, mend my pen." A slight frown subsides as he sees that the quill is very bad — too soft or too hard — used to the stump. He dashes it away, and snatching a feather from a bundle — a poor thin feather, such as green geese drop on a common — shapes it into a pen. This mending and making process occupies all his leisure — occupies, indeed, many of the minutes that ought to be devoted to instruction. He has a perpetual battle to wage with his bad quills. They are the meanest produce of the plucked goose.

And is this process still going on in the many thousand schools of our land, where, with all drawbacks of imperfect education, both as to numbers educated and gifts imparted, there are about two millions and a half of children under daily instruction? In remote rural districts, probably; in the towns certainly not. The steam-engine is now the pen-maker. Hecatombs of geese are consumed at Michaelmas and Christmas; but not all the geese in the world would meet the demand of England for pens. The supply of *pâtés de foie gras* will be kept up — that of quills, whether known as *primes*, *seconds*, or *pinions*, must be wholly inadequate to the wants of a writing

people. Wherever geese are bred in these islands, so assuredly, in each succeeding March, will every full-fledged victim be robbed of his quills; and then turned forth on the common, a very waddling and impotent goose, quite unworthy of the name of bird. The country school-master, at the same springtime, will continue to buy the smallest quills, at a low price, clarify them after his own rude fashion, make them into pens, and sorely spite the boy who splits them up too rapidly. The better quills will still be collected, and find their way to the quill dealer, who will exercise his empirical arts before they pass to the stationer. He will plunge them into heated sand, to make the external skin peel off, and the external membrane shrivel up; or he will saturate them with water, and alternately contract and swell them before a charcoal fire; or he will dip them in nitric acid, and make them of a gaudy brilliancy but a treacherous endurance. They will be sorted according to the quality of the barrels, with the utmost nicety. The experienced buyer will know their value by looking at their feathery ends, tapering to a point; the uninitiated will regard only the quill portion. There is no article of commerce in which the market value is so difficult to be determined with exactness. For the finest and largest quills no price seems unreasonable; for those of the second quality too exorbitant a charge is often made. The foreign supply is large, and pro-

bably exceeds the home supply of the superior article. What the exact amount is we know not. There is no duty now on quills. The tariff of 1845 — one of the most lasting monuments of the wisdom of our great commercial minister — abolished the duty of half-a-crown a thousand. In 1832 the duty amounted to four thousand two hundred pounds, which would show an annual importation of thirty-three millions one hundred thousand quills; enough, perhaps, for the commercial clerks of England, together with the quills of home growth; — but how to serve a letter-writing population?

The ancient reign of the quill-pen was first seriously disturbed about twenty-five years ago. An abortive imitation of the *form* of a pen was produced before that time; a clumsy, inelastic, metal tube fastened in a bone or ivory handle, and sold for half-a-crown. A man might make his mark with one — but as to writing, it was a mere delusion. In due course came more carefully finished inventions for the luxurious, under the tempting names of ruby pen, or diamond pen — with the plain gold pen, and the rhodium pen, for those who were sceptical as to the jewellery of the inkstand. The economical use of the quill received also the attention of science. A machine was invented to divide the barrel lengthwise into two halves; and, by the same mechanical means, these halves were subdivided into small pieces, cut pen-shape, slit, and nibbed. But the pressure upon the quill supply grew more and more intense. A new power had risen up in our world — a new seed sown — the source of all good, or the dragon's teeth of Cadmus. In 1818 there were only one-hundred and sixty-five thousand scholars in the monitorial schools — the new schools, which were being established under the auspices of the National Society, and the British and Foreign School Society. Fifteen years afterwards, in 1833, there were three-hundred and ninety thousand. Ten years later, the numbers exceeded a million. Even a quarter of a century ago two-thirds of the male population of England, and one-half of the female, were learning to write; for in the Report of the Registrar-General for 1846, we find this passage: — "Persons when they are married are required to sign the marriage-register; if they cannot write their names, they sign with a mark: the result has hitherto been, that nearly one man in three, and one woman in two, married, sign with marks." This remark applies to the period between 1839 and 1845. Taking the average age of men at marriage as twenty-seven years, and the average age of boys during their education as ten years, the marriage-register is an educational test of male instruction for the years 1824 — 28. But the gross number of the population of England and Wales was rapidly advancing. In 1821 it was twelve millions; in 1831, four-

teen millions; in 1841, sixteen millions; in 1851, taking the rate of increase at fourteen per cent., it will be eighteen millions and a half. The extension of education was proceeding in a much quicker ratio; and we may therefore fairly assume that the proportion of those who make their marks in the marriage-register has greatly diminished since 1844.

But, during the last ten years, the natural desire to learn to write, of that part of the youthful population which education can reach, has received a great moral impulse by a wondrous development of the most useful and pleasurable exercise of that power. The uniform penny postage has been established. In the year 1838, the whole number of letters delivered in the United Kingdom was seventy-six millions; in this year that annual delivery has reached the prodigious number of three hundred and thirty-seven millions. In 1838, a Committee of the House of Commons thus denounced, amongst the great commercial evils of the high rates of postage, their injurious effects upon the great bulk of the people: — "They either act as a grievous tax on the poor, causing them to sacrifice their little earnings to the pleasure and advantage of corresponding with their distant friends, or compel them to forego such intercourse altogether; thus subtracting from the small amount of their enjoyments, and obstructing the growth and maintenance of their best affections." Honoured be the man

who broke down these barriers! Praised be the Government that, *for once*, stepping out of its fiscal tram-way, dared boldly to legislate for the domestic happiness, the educational progress, and the moral elevation of the masses! The steel-pen, sold at the rate of a penny a dozen, is the creation, in a considerable degree, of the Penny Postage stamp; as the Penny Postage stamp was a representative, if not a creation, of the new educational power. Without the steel-pen, it may reasonably be doubted whether there were mechanical means within the reach of the great bulk of the population for writing the three hundred and thirty-seven millions of letters that now annually pass through the Post Office.

Othello's sword had "the ice-brook's temper;" but not all the real or imaginary virtues of the stream that gave its value to the true Spanish blade could create the elasticity of a steel-pen. Flexible, indeed, is the Toledo. If thrust against a wall, it will bend into an arc that describes three-fourths of a circle. The problem to be solved in the steel-pen, is to convert the iron of Dannemora into a substance as thin as the quill of a dove's pinion, but as strong as the proudest feather of an eagle's wing. The furnaces and hammers of the old armourers could never have solved this problem. The steel-pen belongs to our age of mighty machinery. It could not have existed in any other age. The demand for the instrument,

and the means of supplying it, came together.

The commercial importance of the steel-pen was first manifested to our senses a year or two ago at Sheffield. We had witnessed all the curious processes of *converting* iron into steel, by saturating it with carbon in the converting furnace; — of *tilting* the bars so converted into a harder substance, under the thousand hammers that shake the waters of the Sheaf and the Don; of *casting* the steel thus converted and tilted into ingots of higher purity; and, finally, of *milling*, by which the most perfect development of the material is acquired under enormous rollers. About two miles from the metropolis of steel, over whose head hangs a canopy of smoke through which the broad moors of the distance sometimes reveal themselves, there is a solitary mill where the tilting and rolling processes are carried to great perfection. The din of the large tilts is heard half a mile off. Our ears tingle, our legs tremble, when we stand close to their operation of beating bars of steel into the greatest possible density; for the whole building vibrates as the workmen swing before them in suspended baskets, and shift the bar at every movement of these hammers of the Titans. We pass onward to the more quiet *rolling* department. The bar that has been tilted into the most perfect compactness has now to acquire the utmost possible tenuity. A large area is occupied by furnaces and rollers. The bar

of steel is dragged out of the furnace at almost a white heat. There are two men at each roller. It is passed through the first pair, and its squareness is instantly elongated and widened into flatness; — rapidly through a second pair, — and a third, — and a fourth, — and a fifth. — The bar is becoming a sheet of steel. Thinner and thinner it becomes, until it would seem that the workmen can scarcely manage the fragile substance. It has spread out, like a morsel of gold under the beater's hammer, into an enormous leaf. The least attenuated sheet is only the hundredth part of an inch in thickness; some sheets are made as thin as the two-hundredth part of an inch. And for what purpose is this result of the labours of so many workmen, of such vast and complicated machinery, destined? — what the final application of a material employing so much capital in every step, from the Swedish mine to its transport by railroad to some other seat of British industry? *The whole is prepared for one Steel-pen Manufactory at Birmingham.*

There is nothing very remarkable in a steel-pen manufactory, as regards ingenuity of contrivance or factory organisation. Upon a large scale of production the extent of labour engaged in producing so minute an article is necessarily striking. But the process is just as curious and interesting, if conducted in a small shop as in a large. The pure steel, as it comes from the rolling mill, is

cut up into strips about two inches and a half in width. These are further cut into the proper size for the pen. The pieces are then annealed and cleansed. The maker's name is neatly impressed on the metal; and a cutting-tool forms the slit, although imperfectly in this stage. The pen shape is given by a convex punch pressing the plate into a concave die. The pen is formed when the slit is perfected. It has now to be hardened, and finally cleansed and polished, by the simple agency of friction in a cylinder. All the varieties of form of the steel-pen are produced by the punch; all the contrivances of slits and apertures above the nib, by the cutting-tool. Every improvement has had for its object to overcome the rigidity of the steel, — to imitate the elasticity of the quill, whilst bestowing upon the pen a superior durability.

The perfection that may reasonably be demanded in a steel-pen has yet to be reached. But the improvement in the manufacture is most decided. Twenty years ago, to one who might choose, regardless of expense, between the quill-pen and the steel, the best Birmingham and London production was an abomination. But we can trace the gradual acquiescence of most men in the writing implement of the multitude. Few of us, in an age when the small economies are carefully observed, and even paraded, desire to use quill-pens at ten or twelve shillings a hundred, as Treasury Clerks once luxuriated in their use — an hour's

work, and then a new one. To mend a pen, is troublesome to the old and even the middle-aged man who once acquired the art; the young, for the most part, have not learnt it. The most painstaking and penurious author would never dream of imitating the wondrous man who translated Pliny with "one grey goose quill." Steel-pens are so cheap, that if one scratches or splutters, it may be thrown away, and another may be tried. But when a really good one is found, we cling to it, as worldly men cling to their friends; we use it till it breaks down, or grows rusty. We can do no more; we handle it as Isaak Walton handled the frog upon his hook, "as if we loved him." We could almost fancy some analogy between the gradual and decided improvement of the steel-pen — one of the new instruments of education — and the effects of education itself upon the mass of the people. An instructed nation ought to present the same gradually perfecting combination of strength with elasticity. The favourites of fortune are like the quill, ready made for social purposes, with a little scraping and polishing. The bulk of the community have to be formed out of ruder and tougher materials — to be converted, welded, and tempered into pliancy. The *manners* of the great British family have decidedly improved under culture — "*emollit mores*:" may the sturdy self-respect of the race never be impaired!

TWO CHAPTERS ON BANK NOTE FORGERIES.

CHAPTER I.

VIOTTI's division of violin-playing into two great classes — good playing and bad playing — is applicable to Bank note making. The processes employed in manufacturing good Bank notes we have already described; we shall now cover a few pages with a faint outline of the various arts, stratagems, and contrivances employed in concocting bad Bank notes. The picture cannot be drawn with very distinct or strong markings. The tableaux from which it is copied are so intertwined and complicated with clever, slippery, ingenious scoundrelism, that a finished chart of it would be worse than morally displeasing: — it would be tedious.

All arts require time and experience for their development. When anything great is to be done, first attempts are nearly always failures. The first Bank note forgery was no exception to this rule, and its story has a spice of romance in it. The affair has never been circumstantially told; but some research enables us to detail it: —

In the month of August, 1757, a gentleman living in the neighbourhood of Lincoln's Inn Fields named Bliss, advertised for a clerk. There were, as was usual even at that time, many applicants; but the successful one was a young man of twenty-six, named Richard William Vaughan. His manners

were so winning and his demeanour so much that of a gentleman (he belonged indeed to a good county family in Staffordshire, and had been a student at Pembroke Hall, Oxford), that Mr. Bliss at once engaged him. Nor had he occasion, during the time the new clerk served him, to repent the step. Vaughan was so diligent, intelligent, and steady, that not even when it transpired that he was, commercially speaking, "under a cloud," did his master lessen confidence in him. Some enquiry into his antecedents showed that he had, while at College, been extravagant; that his friends had removed him thence; set him up in Stafford as a wholesale linen draper, with a branch establishment in Aldersgate Street, London; that he had failed, and that there was some difficulty about his certificate. But so well did he excuse his early failings and account for his misfortunes, that his employer did not check the regard he felt growing towards him. Their intercourse was not merely that of master and servant. Vaughan was a frequent guest at Bliss's table; by-and-by a daily visitor to his wife, and — to his ward.

Miss Bliss was a young lady of some attractions, not the smallest of which was a handsome fortune. Young Vaughan made the most of his opportunities. He was well-looking, well-informed, dressed well, and evidently made love well, for he won the young lady's heart. The guardian was not flinty heart-

ed, and acted like a sensible man of the world. "It was not," he said on a subsequent and painful occasion, "till I learned from the servants and observed by the girl's behaviour that she greatly approved Richard Vaughan, that I consented; but on condition that he should make it appear that he could maintain her. I had no doubt of his character as a servant, and I knew his family were respectable. His brother is an eminent attorney." Vaughan boasted that his mother (his father was dead), was willing to re-instate him in business with a thousand pounds; five hundred of which was to be settled upon Miss Bliss for her separate use.

So far all went on prosperously. Providing Richard Vaughan could attain a position satisfactory to the Blisses, the marriage was to take place on the Easter Monday following, which the Calendar tells us happened early in April, 1758. With this understanding, he left Mr. Bliss's service, to push his fortune.

Months passed on, and Vaughan appears to have made no way in the world. He had not even obtained his bankrupt's certificate. His visits to his affianced were frequent, and his protestations passionate; but he had effected nothing substantial towards a happy union. Miss Bliss's guardian grew impatient; and, although there is no evidence to prove that the young lady's affection for Vaughan was otherwise than deep and sincere, yet even she began to lose

confidence in him. His excuses were evidently evasive, and not always true. The time fixed for the wedding was fast approaching; and Vaughan saw that something must be done to restore the young lady's confidence.

About three weeks before the appointed Easter Tuesday, Vaughan went to his mistress in high spirits. All was right: his certificate was to be granted in a day or two; his family had come forward with the money, and he was to continue the Aldersgate business he had previously carried on as a branch of the Stafford trade. The capital he had waited so long for, was at length forthcoming. In fact, here were two hundred and forty pounds of the five hundred he was to settle on his beloved. Vaughan then produced twelve twenty-pound notes; Miss Bliss could scarcely believe her eyes. She examined them. The paper she remarked seemed rather thicker than usual. "Oh," said Vaughan, "all Bank bills are not alike." The girl was naturally much pleased. She would hasten to apprise Mistress Bliss of the good news.

Not for the world! So far from letting any living soul know he had placed so much money in her hands, Vaughan exacted an oath of secrecy from her, and sealed the notes up in a parcel with his own seal; making her swear that she would on no account open it till after their marriage.

Some days after, that is, "on the twenty-second of March," (1758)

we are describing the scene in Mr. Bliss's own words—"I was sitting with my wife by the fireside. The prisoner and the girl were sitting in the same room — which was a small one — and although they whispered, I could distinguish that Vaughan was very urgent to have something returned which he had previously given to her. She refused, and Vaughan went away in an angry mood. I then studied the girl's face, and saw that it expressed much dissatisfaction. Presently a tear broke out. I then spoke, and insisted on knowing the dispute. She refused to tell, and I told her that until she did, I would not see her. The next day I asked the same question of Vaughan; he hesitated. 'Oh!' I said, 'I dare say it is some ten or twelve pound matter — something to buy a wedding bauble with.' He answered that it was much more than that, it was near three hundred pounds! 'But why all this secresy,' I said; and he answered it was not proper for people to know he had so much money till his certificate was signed. I then asked him to what intent he had left the notes with the young lady? He said, as I had of late suspected him, he designed to give her a proof of his affection and truth. I said, 'You have demanded them in such a way that it must be construed as an abatement of your affection towards her.'” Vaughan was again exceedingly urgent in asking back the packet; but Bliss remembering his many evasions, and supposing that this was a trick, de-

clined advising his niece to restore the parcel without proper consideration. The very next day it was discovered that the notes were counterfeits.

This occasioned stricter enquiries into Vaughan's previous career. It turned out that he bore the character in his native place of a dissipated and not very scrupulous person. The intention of his mother to assist him was an entire fabrication, and he had given Miss Bliss the forged notes solely for the purpose of deceiving her on that matter. Meanwhile the forgeries became known to the authorities, and he was arrested. By what means, does not clearly appear. The "Annual Register" says that one of the engravers gave information; but we find nothing in the newspapers of the time to support that statement; neither was it corroborated at Vaughan's trial.

When Vaughan was arrested he thrust a piece of paper into his mouth, and began to chew it violently. It was, however, rescued, and proved to be one of the forged notes; fourteen of them were found on his person, and when his lodgings were searched twenty more were discovered.

Vaughan was tried at the Old Bailey on the seventh of April, before Lord Mansfield. The manner of the forgery was detailed minutely at the trial: — On the first of March (about a week before he gave the twelve notes to the young lady) Vaughan called on Mr. John Corbould, an engraver,

and gave an order for a promissory note to be engraved with these words: —

“No. —.

“I promise to pay to —, or Bearer, —, London —.”

There was to be a Britannia in the corner. When it was done, Mr. Sneed (for that was the *alias* Vaughan adopted) came again, but objected to the execution of the work. The Britannia was not good, and the words “I promise” were too near the edge of the plate. Another was in consequence engraved, and on the fourth of March Vaughan took it away. He immediately repaired to a printer, and had forty-eight impressions taken on thin paper, provided by himself. Meanwhile, he had ordered, on the same morning, of Mr. Charles Fourdrinier, another engraver, a second plate, with what he called “a direction,” in the words, “For the Governor and Company of the Bank of England.” This was done, and about a week later he brought some paper, each sheet “folded up,” said the witness, “very curiously, so that I could not see what was in them. I was going to take the papers from him, but he said he must go upstairs with me, and see them worked off himself. I took him upstairs; he would not let me have them out of his hands. I took a sponge and wetted them, and put them one by one on the plate in order for printing them. After my boy had done two or three of them, I went downstairs, and my

boy worked the rest off, and the prisoner came down and paid me.”

Here the Court pertinently asked, “What imagination had you when a man thus came to you to print on secret paper, ‘the Governor and Company of the Bank of England?’”

The engraver’s reply was: — “I then did not suspect anything. But I shall take care for the future.” As this was the first Bank of England note forgery that was ever perpetrated, the engraver was held excused.

It may be mentioned as an evidence of the delicacy of the reporters that, in their account of the trial, Miss Bliss’s name is not mentioned. Her designation is “a young lady.” We subjoin the notes of her evidence: —

“A young lady (sworn). The prisoner delivered me some bills; these are the same (producing twelve counterfeit Bank notes sealed up in a cover, for twenty pounds each), said they were Bank bills. I said they were thicker paper — he said all bills are not alike. I was to keep them till after we were married. He put them into my hands to show he put confidence in me, and desired me not to show them to any body; sealed them up with his own seal, and obliged me by an oath not to discover them to any body. And I did not till he had discovered them himself. He was to settle so much in Stock on me.”

Vaughan urged in his defence that his sole object was to deceive his affianced, and that he intended

to destroy all the notes after his marriage. But it had been proved that the prisoner had asked one John Ballingar to change first one, and then twenty of the notes; but which that person was unable to do. Besides, had his sole object been to dazzle Miss Bliss with his fictitious wealth, he would most probably have entrusted more, if not all the notes, to her keeping.

He was found guilty, and passed the day that had been fixed for his wedding, as a condemned criminal.

On the 11th May, 1758, Richard William Vaughan was executed at Tyburn. By his side, on the same gallows, there was another forger: William Boodgere, a military officer, who had forged a draught on an army agent named Calcroft, and expiated the offence with the first forger of Bank of England notes.

The gallows may seem hard measure to have meted out to Vaughan, when it is considered that none of his notes were negotiated and no person suffered by his fraud. Not one of the forty-eight notes, except the twelve delivered to Miss Bliss, had been out of his possession; indeed the imitation must have been very clumsily executed, and detection would have instantly followed any attempt to pass the counterfeits. There was no endeavour to copy the style of engraving on a real Bank note. That was left to the engraver; and as each sheet passed through the press twice, the words added at the second printing, "For

the Governor and Company of the Bank of England," could have fallen into their proper place on any one of the sheets, only by a miracle. But what would have made the forgery clear to even a superficial observer was the singular omission of the second "n" in the word England.*

The criticism on Vaughan's note of a Bank clerk examined on the trial was: — "There is some resemblance, to be sure; but this note" (that upon which the prisoner was tried) "is numbered thirteen thousand eight hundred and forty, and we never reach so high a number." Besides there was no water-mark in the paper. The note of which a fac-simile appeared on page 44 of this volume, and dated so early as 1699, has a regular design in the texture of the paper; showing that the water-mark is as old as the Bank notes themselves.

Vaughan was greatly commiserated. But despite the unskillfulness of the forgery, and the insignificant consequences which followed it, the crime was considered of too dangerous a character not to be marked, from its very novelty, with exemplary punishment. Hanging created at that time no remorse in the public mind, and it was thought necessary to set up Vaughan as a warning to all future Bank note forgers. The

* Bad orthography was by no means uncommon in the most important documents at that period; the days of the week, in the day-books of the Bank of England itself, are spelt in a variety of ways.

crime was too dangerous not to be marked with the severest penalties. Forgery differs from other crimes not less in the magnitude of the spoil it may obtain, and of the injury it inflicts, than in the facilities attending its accomplishment. The common thief finds a limit to his depredations in the bulkiness of his booty, which is generally confined to such property as he can carry about his person; the swindler raises insuperable and defeating obstacles to his frauds if the amount he seeks to obtain is so considerable as to awaken close vigilance or enquiry. To carry their projects to any very profitable extent, these criminals are reduced to the hazardous necessity of acting in concert, and thus infinitely increasing the risks of detection. But the forger need have no accomplice; he is burdened with no bulky and suspicious property; he needs no receiver to assist his contrivances. The skill of his own individual right hand can command thousands; often with the certainty of not being detected, and oftener with such rapidity as to enable him to baffle the pursuit of justice.

It was a long time before Vaughan's rude attempt was improved upon: but in the same year, (1758), another department of the crime was commenced with perfect success; — namely, an ingenious alteration, for fraudulent purposes, of real Bank notes. A few months after Vaughan's execution, one of the northern mails was stopped and robbed by a highwayman;

several Bank notes were comprised in the spoil, and the robber, setting up with these as a gentleman, went boldly to the Hatfield Post-office, ordered a chaise and four, rattled away down the road, and changed a note at every change of horses. The robbery was, of course, soon made known, and the numbers and dates of the stolen notes were advertised as having been stopped at the Bank. To the genius of a highwayman this offered but a small obstacle, and the gentleman-thief changed all the figures "1" he could find into "4's." These notes passed currently enough; but, on reaching the Bank, the alteration was detected, and the last holder was refused payment. As that person had given a valuable consideration for the note, he brought an action for the recovery of the amount; and at the trial it was ruled by the Lord Chief Justice, that "any person paying a valuable consideration for a Bank note, payable to bearer, in a fair course of business, has an understood right to receive the money of the Bank."

It took a quarter of a century to bring the art of forging Bank notes to perfection. In 1779, this was nearly attained by an ingenious gentleman named Mathison, a watchmaker, from the matrimonial village of Gretna Green. Having learnt the arts of engraving and of simulating signatures, he tried his hand at the notes of the Darlington Bank; but, with the confidence of skill, was not cautious in passing

them, was suspected, and absconded to Edinburgh. Scorning to let his talent be wasted, he favoured the Scottish public with many spurious Royal Bank of Scotland notes, and regularly forged his way by their aid to London. At the end of February he took handsome lodgings in the Strand, opposite Arundel Street. His industry was remarkable; for, by the 12th of March, he had planed and polished rough pieces of copper, engraved them, forged the water-mark, printed and negotiated several impressions. His plan was to travel and to purchase articles in shops. He bought a pair of shoe-buckles at Coventry with a forged note, which was eventually detected at the Bank of England. He had got so bold that he paid such frequent visits in Threadneedle Street that the Bank clerks became familiar with his person. He was continually changing notes of one, for another denomination. These were his originals, which he procured to make spurious copies of. One day seven thousand pounds came in from the Stamp Office. There was a dispute about one of the notes. Mathison, who was present, though at some distance, declared, oracularly, that the note was a good one. How could he know so well? A dawn of suspicion arose in the minds of the clerks; one trail led into another, and Mathison was finally apprehended. So well were his notes forged that, on the trial, an experienced Bank clerk declared he could not tell whether

the note handed him to examine was forged or not. Mathison offered to reveal his secret of forging the water-mark, if mercy were shown to him; this was refused, and he suffered the penalty of his crime.

Mathison was a genius in his criminal way, but a greater than he appeared in 1786. In that year perfection seemed to have been reached. So considerable was the circulation of spurious paper-money that it appeared as if some unknown power had set up a bank of its own. Notes were issued from it, and readily passed current, in hundreds and thousands. They were not to be distinguished from the genuine paper of Threadneedle Street. Indeed, when one was presented there, in due course, so complete were all its parts; so masterly the engraving; so correct the signatures; so skilful the water-mark, that it was promptly paid; and only discovered to be a forgery when it reached a particular department. From that period forged paper continued to be presented, especially at the time of lottery drawing. Consultations were held with the police. Plans were laid to help detection. Every effort was made to trace the forger. Clarke, the best detective of his day, went, like a sluth-hound, on the track; for in those days the expressive word "blood-money" was known. Up to a certain point there was little difficulty; but beyond that, consummate art defied the ingenuity of the officer. In whatever way the notes came,

the train of discovery always paused at the lottery-offices. Advertisements offering large rewards were circulated; but the unknown forger baffled detection.

While this base paper was in full currency, there appeared an advertisement in the Daily Advertiser for a servant. The successful applicant was a young man, in the employment of a musical-instrument maker; who, sometime after, was called upon by a coachman, and informed that the advertiser was waiting in a coach to see him. The young man was desired to enter the conveyance, where he beheld a person with something of the appearance of a foreigner, sixty or seventy years old, apparently troubled with the gout. A camlet surtout was buttoned round his mouth; a large patch was placed over his left eye; and nearly every part of his face was concealed. He affected much infirmity. He had a faint hectic cough; and invariably presented the patched side to the view of the servant. After some conversation — in the course of which he represented himself as guardian to a young nobleman of great fortune — the interview concluded with the engagement of the applicant; and the new servant was directed to call on Mr. Brank, at 29, Titchfield Street, Oxford Street. At this interview Brank inveighed against his whimsical ward for his love of speculating in lottery-tickets; and told the servant that his principal duty would be to purchase them. After one or two meetings, at each

of which Brank kept his face muffled, he handed a forty and twenty pound Bank note; told the servant to be very careful not to lose them; and directed him to buy lottery-tickets at separate offices. The young man fulfilled his instructions, and at the moment he was returning, was suddenly called by his employer from the other side of the street, congratulated on his rapidity, and then told to go to various other offices in the neighbourhood of the Royal Exchange, and to purchase more shares. Four hundred pounds in Bank of England Notes were handed him, and the wishes of the mysterious Mr. Brank were satisfactorily effected. These scenes were continually enacted. Notes to a large amount were thus circulated; lottery-tickets purchased; and Mr. Brank — always in a coach, with his face studiously concealed — was ever ready on the spot to receive them. The surprise of the servant was somewhat excited; but had he known that from the period he left his master to purchase the tickets, one female figure accompanied all his movements; that when he entered the offices, it waited at the door, peered cautiously in at the window, hovered around him like a second shadow, watched him carefully, and never left him until once more he was in the company of his employer — that surprise would have been greatly increased.* Again and again were these extraordinary

* Francis's History of the Bank of England.

scenes rehearsed. At last the Bank obtained a clue, and the servant was taken into custody. The directors imagined that they had secured the actor of so many parts; that the flood of forged notes which had inundated that establishment would at length be dammed up at his source. Their hopes proved fallacious, and it was found that "Old Patch," (as the mysterious forger was, from the servant's description, nick-named) had been sufficiently clever to baffle the Bank directors. The house in Titchfield Street was searched; but Mr. Brank had deserted it, and not a trace of a single implement of forgery was to be seen.

All that could be obtained was some little knowledge of "Old Patch's" proceedings. It appeared that he carried on his paper coining entirely by himself. His only confidant was his mistress. He was his own engraver. He even made his own ink. He manufactured his own paper. With a private press he worked his own notes; and counterfeited the signatures of the cashiers, completely. But these discoveries had no effect; for it became evident that Mr. Patch had set up a press elsewhere. Although his secret continued as impenetrable, his notes became as plentiful as ever. Five years of unbounded prosperity ought to have satisfied him; but it did not. Success seemed to pall him. His genius was of that insatiable order which demands new excitements, and a constant succession of new flights. The following paragraph

from a newspaper of 1786 relates to the same individual: —

"On the 17th of December, ten pounds was paid into the Bank, for which the clerk, as usual, gave a ticket to receive a Bank note of equal value. This ticket ought to have been carried immediately to the cashier, instead of which the bearer took it home, and curiously added an 0 to the original sum, and returning, presented it so altered to the cashier, for which he received a note of one hundred pounds. In the evening, the clerks found a deficiency in the accounts; and on examining the tickets of the day, not only that but two others were discovered to have been obtained in the same manner. In the one, the figure 1 was altered to 4, and in another to 5, by which the artist received, upon the whole, nearly one thousand pounds."

To that princely felony, Old Patch, as will be seen in the sequel, added smaller misdemeanors which one would think were far beneath his notice; except to convince himself and his mistress of the unbounded facility of his genius for fraud.

At that period the affluent public were saddled with a tax on plate; and many experiments were made to evade it. Among others, one was invented by Mr. Charles Price, a stock-jobber and lottery-office keeper, which, for a time, puzzled the tax-gatherer. Mr. Charles Price lived in great style, gave splendid dinners, and did everything on the grandest scale. Yet Mr. Charles Price had no plate!

The authorities could not find so much as a silver tooth-pick on his magnificent premises. In truth, what he was too cunning to possess, he borrowed. For one of his sumptuous entertainments, he hired the plate of a silversmith in Cornhill, and left the value in bank-notes as security for its safe return. One of these notes having proved a forgery, was traced to Mr. Charles Price; and Mr. Charles Price was not to be found at that particular juncture. Although this excited no surprise — for he was often an absentee from his office for short periods — yet in due course and as a formal matter of business, an officer was set to find him, and to ask his explanation regarding the false notes. After tracing a man whom he had a strong notion was Mr. Charles Price through countless lodgings and innumerable disguises, the officer (to use his own expression) “nabbed” Mr. Charles Price. But, as Mr. Clarke observed, his prisoner and his prisoner’s lady were even then “too many” for him; for although he lost not a moment in trying to secure the forging implements, after he had discovered that Mr. Charles Price, and Mr. Brank, and Old Patch, were all concentrated in the person of his prisoner, he found the lady had destroyed every trace of evidence. Not a vestige of the forging factory was left. Not the point of a graver, nor a single spot of ink, nor a shred of silver paper, nor a scrap of anybody’s handwriting, was to be met with. Despite, however, this paucity of evi-

dence to convict him, Mr. Charles Price had not the courage to face a jury, and eventually he saved the judicature and the Tyburn executive much trouble and expense, by hanging himself in Bridewell.

The success of Mr. Charles Price has never been surpassed; and even after the darkest era in the history of Bank forgeries — which dates from the suspension of cash payments, in February, 1797, and which will be treated of in a succeeding article — “Old Patch” was still remembered as the Cæsar of Forgers.

THE TWO GUIDES OF THE CHILD.

A SPIRIT near me said, “Look forth upon the Land of Life. What do you see?”

“Steep mountains, covered by a mighty plain, a table-land of many-coloured beauty. Beauty, nay, it seems all beautiful at first, but now I see that there are some parts barren.”

“Are they quite barren? — look more closely still!”

“No, in the wildest deserts, now, I see some gum-dropping acacias, and the crimson blossom of the cactus. But there are regions that rejoice abundantly in flower and fruit; and now, O Spirit, I see men and women moving to and fro.”

“Observe them, mortal.”

“I behold a world of love; the men have women’s arms entwined about them; some upon the verge

of precipices — friends are running to the rescue. There are many wandering like strangers, who know not their road, and they look upward. Spirit, how many, many eyes are looking up as if to God! Ah, now I see some strike their neighbours down into the dust; I see some wallowing like swine; I see that there are men and women brutal.”

“Are they quite brutal? — look more closely still.”

“No, I see prickly sorrow growing out of crime, and penitence awakened by a look of love. I see good gifts bestowed out of the hand of murder, and see truth issue out of lying lips. But in this plain, O Spirit, I see regions — wide, bright regions, — yielding fruit and flower, while others seem perpetually veiled with fogs, and in them no fruit ripens. I see pleasant regions where the rock is full of clefts, and people fall into them. The men who dwell beneath the fog deal lovingly, and yet they have small enjoyment in the world around them, which they scarcely see. But whither are these women going?”

“Follow them.”

“I have followed down the mountains to a haven in the vale below. All that is lovely in the world of flowers makes a fragrant bed for the dear children; birds singing, they breathe upon the pleasant air; the butterflies play with them. Their limbs shine white among the blossoms, and their mothers come down full of joy to share their innocent delight. They

pelt each other with the lilies of the valley. They call up at will fantastic masques, grim giants play to make them merry, a thousand grotesque loving phantoms kiss them; to each the mother is the one thing real, the highest bliss — the next bliss is the dream of all the world beside. Some that are motherless, all mother's love. Every gesture, every look, every odour, every song, adds to the charm of love which fills the valley. Some little figures fall and die, and on the valley's soil they crumble into violets and lilies, with love-tears to hang in them like dew.

“Who dares to come down with a frown into this happy valley? A severe man seizes an unhappy, shrieking child, and leads it to the roughest ascent of the mountain. He will lead it over steep rocks to the plain of the mature. On ugly needle-points he makes the child sit down, and teaches it its duty in the world above.”

“Its duty, mortal! do you listen to the teacher?”

“Spirit, I hear now. The child is informed about two languages spoken by nations extinct centuries ago, and something also, O Spirit, about the base of a hypothenuse.”

“Does the child attend?”

“Not much; but it is beaten sorely, and its knees are bruised against the rocks, till it is hauled up, woe-begone and weary, to the upper plain. It looks about bewildered; all is strange, — it knows not how to act. Fogs crown the

barren mountain paths. Spirit, I am unhappy: there are many children thus hauled up, and as young men upon the plain; they walk in fog, or among brambles; some fall into pits; and many, getting into flower-paths, lie down and learn. Some become active, seeking right, but ignorant of what right is; they wander among men out of their fog-land, preaching folly. Let me go back among the children."

"Have they no better guide?"

"Yes, now there comes one with a smiling face, and rolls upon the flowers with the little ones, and they are drawn to him. And he has magic spells to conjure up glorious spectacles of fairy land. He frolics with them and might be first cousin to the butterflies. He wreathes their little heads with flower garlands, and with his fairy land upon his lips he walks toward the mountains; eagerly they follow. He seeks the smoothest upward path, and that is but a rough one, yet they run up merrily, guide and children, butterflies pursuing still the flowers as they nod over a host of laughing faces. They talk of the delightful fairy world, and resting in the shady places learn of the yet more delightful world of God. They learn to love the Maker of the Flowers, to know how great the Father of the Stars must be, how good must be the Father of the Beetle. They listen to the story of the race they go to labour with upon the plain, and love it for the labour it has done. They learn old languages of men, to

understand the past — more eagerly they learn the voices of the men of their own day, that they may take part with the present. And in their study when they flag, they fall back upon thoughts of the Child Valley they are leaving. Sports and fancies are the rod and spur that bring them with new vigour to the lessons. When they reach the plain they cry, "We know you, men and women; we know to what you have aspired for centuries; we know the love there is in you; we know the love there is in God; we come prepared to labour with you, dear, good friends. We will not call you clumsy when we see you tumble, we will try to pick you up; when we fall, you shall pick us up. We have been trained to love, and therefore we can aid you heartily, for love is labour!"

The Spirit whispered, "You have seen and you have heard. Go now, and speak unto your fellow-men: ask justice for the child."

To-day should love To-morrow, for it is a thing of hope; let the young Future not be nursed by Care. God gave not fancy to the child that men should stamp its blossoms down into the loose soil of intellect. The child's heart was not made full to the brim of love, that men should pour its love away, and bruise instead of kiss the trusting innocent. Love and fancy are the stems on which we may graft knowledge readily. What is called by some dry folks a solid foundation may be a thing

not desirable. To cut down all the trees and root up all the flowers in a garden, to cover walks and flower-beds alike with a hard crust of well-rolled gravel, that would be to lay down your solid foundation after a plan which some think good in a child's mind, though not quite worth adopting in a garden. O, teacher, love the child and learn of it; so let it love and learn of you.

CHIPS.

EASY SPELLING AND HARD READING.

AN interesting case of educational destitution presents itself in the following letter. It is written by the son of a poor, but honest, brickmaker of Hammersmith, who emigrated to Sidney, and is now a shepherd at Bathurst. While the facts it contains are clearly stated, and the sentiments expressed are highly creditable to the writer — showing that his moral training had not been neglected by his parents — the orthography is such as, we may safely affirm, would not have emanated from any human being with similar abilities, and in a similar station, than an Englishman.

England stands pre-eminent in this respect. The parents of this letter-writer were too poor to *pay* to have their child taught, and consequently with the best will in the world to be an ordinary scholar, he is unable to spell. The clever manner in which such letters are

selected as represent the sounds he is in the habit of giving to each word, shows an aptitude which would assuredly have made with the commonest cultivation a literate and useful citizen. More amusing orthography we have nowhere met; but the information it conveys is of the most useful kind. The reader will perceive that the points touched upon are precisely those respecting which he would wish to be informed, were he about to emigrate.

The epistle not only gives a truthful picture of an Australian shepherd's condition, but is in itself a lesson and a censure on that want of national means of education from which at least one-third of the adult population of England suffer, and of which the writer is an especial victim and example: —

"Deer mother and father and sisters i root thes few lines hoping to find you All well for I arr in gudd halth my self and i wood root befor onley i wos very un setled and now i have root i houp you will rite back as soon as you can and send how you all arr and likewise our frends and i am hired my self for a sheeprd 12 munts for 19 pound and my keep too for it wos to soun for our work when i arive in the cuntry it is a plesent and a helthay cuntry and most peple dows well in it as likes onley it is a grait cuntry for durnkerds and you do note Xpket for them to do well no weer i have not got any folt to find of the cuntry for after few theres man can bee is own master if hee likes for the wagers is higher then tha arr at hom and the pre-vishen is seeper and peple do not work so hard as thay do at tom and if any wne wish to com com at wonce and don with it same as i did and take no feer oof the see whot ever for i did not see any danger whot ever and it is a cuntry that puur peapole can get a gud living in hoostlue wich thay can not at tom i arr vrey well plesed off

the cuntry and i should bee very happy if i had som relishon overwith mee and i am 230 miles up the cuntry and wee had a very plesent voyge over in deed and likewise luckey and vrey litle sickenss and no deths deer mother and father i houp you will lett our frends no how i am geeting on and der frends you take no heed what pepole says about horstler take and past your own thouths about it and if any body wishes to com i wood swade them to com cos pepole can geet a gud living there wer tha cant at tome and pepole beter com and geet a belly full then to stop at tome and work day and night then onely get haf a bely ful and i am shuur that no body can not find any falt off the cuntry eXcep tis pepole do not now when tha arr doing well [price of pervison] tee lb 1s to 3s suuger lb 2d to 6d coofe lb 8d to 1s bred lb 1d to 2d beef lb 1d to 2d mutten ditto baken lb 6d to 1s. pork lb 2d to 4d butter lb 6d to 1s chees lb 4d to 8d pertos price as tome sope lb 4d to 6d starch and blue and sooder home price candles lb 4d to 6d rice lb 2d to 4d hags hom price trekle lb 4d to 5d solt lb 1d peper nounc 2d tabaker lb 1s to 6s beer 4d pot at sednay and up in the pool 1s spirts hom price frut happles pars horengs lemns peshes gusbryes curneth cheerys cokelnut storbyes rasberys nuts of all sorts vegt- bles of all sorts price of cloths much the same as tome stok very resneble sheep 2s 6d heed wait about 80 pounds fat bull- ket about 1000 wit 3l pour hors from 2l to 10l ther is wonderful grait many black in the cuntry but tha will not hurt any one if you will let them aolne.

traitment on bord ship,

wee arive in the 7 febery and sailed to graveshend then wee stop ther 2 days then wee sailed from ther to plymeth and wee stop ther 9 days and took in loot more emigrant then wee sailed from ther to seednay we arive to seednay 8 of June wee had it vry ruf in the bay of biskey and three mor places beside but i did not see any dainger of sinking not the lest for wee had a vry plesent voyges over in deed the pervison on bord ship Monday pork haf pound pea haf pint butter 6 ounces weekly tea 1 ounce per week 9 ounces daily bis- cuit Tusday beef haf pound rice 4 ounces flour 1 pound per week Wendesday pork haf pound peas haf pint raisins haf pound per week cooffee 1 ounce and haf per week Thursday preserved meet haf pound Fri-

day pork haf pound peas haf pint Sadur- day beef haf pound rice 4 ounces sugar three Quarter pound per week Sunday pre- served meat haf pound fresh woter three Quarrts daily vinegar haf pint per week Mustard haf ounce per week salt tow ounces per week lime Juse haf pint per week my der sisters i houp you will keep your selvs from all bad company for it is a disgrace to all frends and likewise worse for you own sellvs o rember that opinted day to com at last tis behoups that wee shal bee free from all dets o whot a glo- rious tirm it will bee then wee shal feel no more pains nor gref nor sorows nor sickness nor truble of any cind o whot a glorious term it will bee then o seeners kip your selvs out off the mire for feer you shuld sink to the bootem the sarvents wagars of houstler tha geets ges haf as much mour as tha gets at tome and my sister Maryaan shee kood geet 16 pounds a year and Sarah get 20 pound and Marther get 8 or 9 pound and tha arr not so sharp to the servents as tha arr at tome i houp you will send word wot the yungest child name is and how it is geeting on and send the date when it wos born and i houp this will find you all weel and cumfortble to.

J. R."

A VERY OLD SOLDIER.

THE following is a chip from a block whence we have already taken a few shavings: — "Kohl's Travels in the Netherlands." It describes the National Hospital for the Aged at Brussels. Some of the inmates whom he found in it, though still alive, belong to his- tory. It must have been with a sort of archaic emotion that our inquisitive friend found himself speaking to a man who had escorted Marie Antoinette from Vienna to Paris, on the occasion of her marriage!

"The magnitude of the *Hospice des Vieillards* in Brussels," says

Mr. Kohl, "fully realises the idea of a National establishment. The building itself fulfils all the required conditions of extent, solidity, and convenience. The gardens, court-yards, and apartments are spacious and well arranged. The sleeping and eating rooms are large, and well furnished; and it is pleasing to observe, here and there, the walls adorned with pictures painted in oil-colours. The inmates of this *Hospice* pass their latter days in the enjoyment of a degree of happiness and comfort which would be unattainable in their own homes. The chapel is situated only at the distance of a few paces from the main building, and is connected with it by means of a roofed corridor; thus obviating the difficulties which prevent old people from attending places of public worship when, as it frequently happens, they are situated at long and inaccessible distances from their dwellings. In winter the Chapel of the *Hospice* is carefully warmed and secured against damp.

"At the time of my visit to the *Hospice des Vieillards* in Brussels, the establishment contained about seven hundred inmates, of both sexes, between the ages of seventy and eighty. Of this number six hundred and fifteen were maintained at the charge of the establishment, and seventy-five, being in competent circumstances, defrayed their own expenses. That the number of those able to maintain themselves should bear so considerable a relative proportion

to the rest, is a fact which bears strong testimony in favour of the merits of the establishment. Those who support themselves live in a style more or less costly, according to the amount of their respective payments. Some of the apartments into which I was conducted certainly presented such an air of comfort that persons, even of a superior condition of life, could scarcely have desired better.

"I learned from the Governor of the *Hospice* that the average cost of the maintenance of each individual was about seventy-five centimes per day, making a total diurnal expenditure of six hundred francs, or of two hundred thousand francs per annum. But as this estimate includes the wages of attendants and the expenses consequent on repairs of the building, it may fairly be calculated that each individual costs about three hundred francs per annum. The *Hospice* frequently receives liberal donations and bequests from opulent private persons.

"For such of the pensioners as are able to work, employment is provided: others are appointed to fill official posts in the veteran Republic. Now and then a little task-work is imposed; but the *Hospice* being rich, this duty is not exacted with the precision requisite in establishments for the young, where the inmates having a long worldly career before them, it is desirable that they should be trained in habits of regularity and

industry. The pensioners of the Brussels *Hospice des Vieillards*, enjoy much freedom; and they are even allowed some amusements and indulgences, which it might not be proper to concede to young persons. For example, they are permitted to play at cards; but it will scarcely be said there is anything objectionable in such an indulgence to old persons who have run out their worldly course; for even were they fated once more to enter into society, their example could neither be very useful nor very dangerous. Here and there I observed groups of the pensioners, male and female, seated at cards, staking their pocket-money of which each has a small allowance, on the hazard of the game. The penalties assigned for misdemeanours are very mild, consisting merely in the offending party being prohibited from going out, or, as it is called, *la privée de la sortie*. In extreme cases the delinquent is confined to his or her own apartment.

"It has seldom been my lot to visit a charitable institution, which created in my mind so many pleasing impressions as those I experienced in the Hospital for the Old in Brussels. It was gratifying to observe in the spacious courtyards the cheerful and happy groups of grey-haired men and women, sunning themselves in the open air. Some were playing at cards, whilst here and there the females were seated at work, and men sauntering about smoking their pipes and gossiping. Every

now and then I met an old man whistling or singing whilst he paced to and fro. More than one of these veterans had been eye-witnesses of interesting historical events, which now belong to a past age. Several of them had served as soldiers during the Austrian dominion in Belgium. Of these the porter of the Hospital was one.

"The most remarkable character in the whole establishment was an old Dutchman, named Jan Hermann Jankens, who was born at Leyden in the year 1735. At the time when I saw him, he was one hundred and nine years of age; or, to quote his own description of himself, he was "*leste, vaillant, et sain*."

"Il nous rapelle en vain
Après un siècle de séjour,
Ses plaisirs ainsi que ses amertumes."

"These lines were inscribed beneath his portrait, which hung in his own apartment. I remarked that the painter had not flattered him. 'You are right, Sir,' replied he; 'the fact is, I am much younger than my portrait,' and to prove that he was making no vain boast, he sprang up, and cut several capers, with surprising agility. His faculties were unimpaired, and he was a remarkable example of that vigorous organisation which sometimes manifests itself in the human frame; and which excites our wonder when we find that such delicate structures as the nerves of sight and hearing may be used for the space of a century without wearing out.

Until within two years of the time when I saw Jankens, he had been able to work well and actively. His hand was firm and steady, and he frequently wrote letters to his distant friends. When in his one hundred and seventh year, he thought, very reasonably, that he might give up work. 'And what do you do now?' I enquired. 'I enjoy my life,' replied he; 'I saunter about the whole day long, singing, smoking, and amusing myself. I spend my time very gaily!'

"Yes, Sir; he dances, drinks, and sings all day long!" exclaimed, in a half-jeering, half-envious tone, another veteran, named Watermans, who had joined us, and who, though *only* ninety years of age, was much more feeble than Jankens.

"I learned from the latter that he had had fifteen children; but that of all his large family, only one survived, though most of them had lived to a goodly age. His memory was stored with recollections of events connected with the marriage of Louis the Sixteenth; for, when a soldier in the Austrian service, he had formed one of the military escort which conducted Marie Antoinette into France. He sang me an old song, which had been composed in honour of the Royal nuptials, and which he said was very popular at the time. It was in the usual style of such effusions; a mere string of hyperbolic compliments, in praise of the 'beauteous Princess,' and the 'illustrious Prince.' It sounded

like an echo from the grave of old French loyalty. Jankens sang this song in a remarkably clear, strong voice; but nevertheless, the performance did not give satisfaction to old Watermans, who, thrusting his fingers into his ears, said peevishly, 'What a croaking noise!'

"Heedless of this discouraging remark, the venerable centenarian was preparing to favour me with another specimen of his vocal ability, when the great bell in the court-yard rang for supper. 'Pardon, Sir,' said Jankens, with an apologetic bow, 'but — supper.' Whereupon he hurried off in the direction of the refectory, with that sort of eager yearning with which it might be imagined he turned to his mother's breast one hundred and nine years before.

"It is amazing that that old fellow should have so sharp an appetite," observed the petulant Watermans, hobbling after him in a way which showed that he too was not altogether unprepared to do honour to the evening meal."

This Hospital for the Aged is a sort of National Almshouse not solely peculiar to Belgium. Private munificence does in England what is done abroad by Governments; but it is to be deplored that a more general provision for the superannuated does not exist in this country. Workhouses are indeed asylums for the old; but for those who are also decayed in worldly circumstances, they cannot afford those comforts which

old age requires. Except Greenwich Hospital for sailors, and Chelsea Hospital for soldiers, we have no national institution for old people.

THE HOUSEHOLD JEWELS.

A TRAVELLER, from journeying
In countries far away,
Re-passed his threshold at the close
Of one calm Sabbath day;
A voice of love, a comely face,
A kiss of chaste delight,
Were the first things to welcome him
On that blest Sabbath night.

He stretched his limbs upon the hearth,
Before its friendly blaze,
And conjured up mixed memories
Of gay and gloomy days;
And felt that none of gentle soul,
However far he roam,
Can e'er forego, can e'er forget,
The quiet joys of home.

"Bring me my children!" cried the sire,
With eager, earnest tone;
"I long to press them, and to mark
How lovely they have grown;
Twelve weary months have passed away
Since I went o'er the sea,
To feel how sad and lone I was
Without my babes and thee."

"Refresh thee, as 't is needful," said
The fair and faithful wife,
The while her pensive features paled,
And stirred with inward strife;
"Refresh thee, husband of my heart,
I ask it as a boon;
Our children are reposing, love;
Thou shalt behold them soon."

She spread the meal, she filled the cup,
She pressed him to partake;
He sat down blithely at the board,
And all for her sweet sake;
But when the frugal feast was done,
The thankful prayer preferred,
Again affection's fountain flowed;
Again its voice was heard.

"Bring me my children, darling wife,
I'm in an ardent mood;

My soul lacks purer aliment,
I long for other food;
Bring forth my children to my gaze,
Or ere I rage or weep,
I yearn to kiss their happy eyes
Before the hour of sleep."

"I have a question yet to ask;
Be patient, husband dear.
A stranger, one auspicious morn,
Did send some jewels here;
Until to take them from my care,
But yesterday he came,
And I restored them with a sigh:
— Dost thou approve, or blame?"

"I marvel much, sweet wife, that thou
Shouldst breathe such words to me;
Restore to man, resign to God,
Whate'er is lent to thee;
Restore it with a willing heart,
Be grateful for the trust;
Whate'er may tempt or try us, wife,
Let us be ever just."

She took him by the passive hand,
And up the moonlit stair,
She led him to their bridal bed,
With mute and mournful air;
She turned the cover down, and there,
In grave-like garments dressed,
Lay the twin children of their love,
In death's serenest rest.

"These were the jewels lent to me,
Which God has deigned to own;
The precious caskets still remain,
But, ah, the gems are flown;
But thou didst teach me to resign
What God alone can claim;
He giveth and he takes away,
Blest be His holy name!"

The father gazed upon his babes,
The mother drooped apart,
Whilst all the woman's sorrow gushed
From her o'erburdened heart;
And with the striving of her grief,
Which wrung the tears she shed,
Were mingled low and loving words
To the unconscious dead.

When the sad sire had looked his fill,
He veiled each breathless face,
And down in self-abasement bowed,
For comfort and for grace;
With the deep eloquence of woe,
Poured forth his secret soul,
Rose up, and stood erect and calm,
In spirit healed and whole.

"Restrain thy tears, poor wife," he said,
 "I learn this lesson still,
 God gives, and God can take away,
 Blest be His holy will!
 Blest are my children, for they *live*
 From sin and sorrow free,
 And I am not all joyless, wife,
 With faith, hope, love, and thee."

THE LABORATORY IN THE CHEST.

THE mind of Mr. Bagges was decidedly affected — beneficially — by the lecture on the Chemistry of a Candle, which, as set forth in a previous article of this work, had been delivered to him by his youthful nephew. That learned discourse inspired him with a new feeling; an interest in matters of science. He began to frequent the Polytechnic Institution, nearly as much as his club. He also took to lounging at the British Museum; where he was often to be seen, with his left arm under his coat-tails, examining the wonderful works of nature and antiquity, through his eye-glass. Moreover, he procured himself to be elected a member of the Royal Institution, which became a regular house of call to him, so that in a short time he grew to be one of the ordinary phenomena of the place.

Mr. Bagges likewise adopted a custom of giving *conversaziones*, which, however, were always very private and select — generally confined to his sister's family. Three courses were first discussed; then dessert; after which, surrounded by an apparatus of glasses

and decanters, Master Harry Wilkinson was called upon, as a sort of juvenile Davy, to amuse his uncle by the elucidation of some chemical or other physical mystery. Master Wilkinson had now attained to the ability of making experiments; most of which, involving combustion, were strongly deprecated by the young gentleman's mamma; but her opposition was overruled by Mr. Bagges, who argued that it was much better that a young dog should burn phosphorus before your face than let off gunpowder behind your back, to say nothing of occasionally pinning a cracker to your skirts. He maintained that playing with fire and water, throwing stones, and such like boys' tricks, as they are commonly called, are the first expressions of a scientific tendency — endeavours and efforts of the infant mind to acquaint itself with the powers of Nature.

His own favourite toys, he remembered, were squibs, suckers, squirts, and slings; and he was persuaded that, by his having been denied them at school, a natural philosopher had been nipped in the bud.

Blowing bubbles was an example — by-the-bye, a rather notable one — by which Mr. Bagges, on one of his scientific evenings, was instancing the affinity of child's play to philosophical experiments, when he bethought him Harry had said on a former occasion that the human breath consists chiefly of carbonic acid, which is heavier than common air. How

then, it occurred to his inquiring, though elderly mind, was it that soap-bladders, blown from a tobacco-pipe, rose instead of sinking? He asked his nephew this.

"Oh, uncle!" answered Harry, "in the first place, the air you blow bubbles with mostly comes in at the nose and goes out at the mouth, without having been breathed at all. Then it is warmed by the mouth, and warmth, you know, makes a measure of air get larger, and so lighter in proportion. A soap-bubble rises for the same reason that a fire-balloon rises — that is, because the air inside of it has been heated, and weighs less than the same sized bubbleful of cold air."

"What, hot breath does!" said Mr. Bagges. "Well, now, it's a curious thing, when you come to think of it, that the breath should be hot — indeed, the warmth of the body generally seems a puzzle. It is wonderful, too, how the bodily heat can be kept up so long as it is. Here, now, is this tumbler of hot grog — a mixture of boiling water, and what d'ye call it, you scientific geniuses?"

"Alcohol, uncle."

"Alcohol — well — or, as we used to say, brandy. Now, if I leave this tumbler of brandy-and-water alone —"

"If you do, uncle," interposed his nephew, archly.

"Get along, you idle rogue! If I let that tumbler stand there, in a few minutes the brandy-and-water — eh? — I beg pardon — the alcohol-and-water — gets cold.

Now, why — why the deuce — if the brand — the alcohol-and-water cools; why — how — how is it we don't cool in the same way, I want to know? eh?" demanded Mr. Bagges, with the air of a man who feels satisfied that he has propounded a "regular poser."

"Why," replied Harry, "for the same reason that the room keeps warm so long as there is a fire in the grate."

"You don't mean to say that I have a fire in my body?"

"I do, though."

"Eh, now? That's good," said Mr. Bagges. "That reminds me of the man in love crying, 'Fire! fire!' and the lady said, 'Where, where?' And he called out, 'Here! here!' with his hand upon his heart. Eh? — but now I think of it — you said, the other day, that breathing was a sort of burning. Do you mean to tell me that I — eh? — have fire, fire, as the lover said, here, here — in short, that my chest is a grate or an Arnott's stove?"

"Not exactly so, uncle. But I do mean to tell you that you have a sort of fire burning partly in your chest; but also, more or less, throughout your whole body."

"Oh, Henry!" exclaimed Mrs. Wilkinson, "How can you say such horrid things!"

"Because they're quite true, mamma — but you needn't be frightened. The fire of one's body is not hotter than from ninety degrees to one hundred and four degrees or so. Still it is fire, and will burn some things, as you would

find, uncle, if, in using phosphorus, you were to let a little bit of it get under your nail."

"I'll take your word for the fact, my boy," said Mr. Bagges. "But, if I have a fire burning throughout my person — which I was not aware of, the only inflammation I am ever troubled with being in the great toe — I say, if my body is burning continually — how is it I don't smoke — eh? Come, now!"

"Perhaps you consume your own smoke," suggested Mr. Wilkinson, senior, "like every well-regulated furnace."

"You smoke nothing but your pipe, uncle, because you burn all your carbon," said Harry. "But, if your body doesn't smoke, it steams. Breathe against a looking-glass, or look at your breath on a cold morning. Observe how a horse reeks when it perspires. Besides — as you just now said you recollected my telling you the other day — you breathe out carbonic acid, and that, and the steam of the breath together, are exactly the same things, you know, that a candle turns into in burning."

"But if I burn like a candle — why don't I burn out like a candle?" demanded Mr. Bagges. "How do you get over that?"

"Because," replied Harry, "your fuel is renewed as fast as burnt. So perhaps you resemble a lamp rather than a candle. A lamp requires to be fed; so does the body — as, possibly, uncle, you may be aware."

"Eh? — well — I have always

entertained an idea of that sort," answered Mr. Bagges, helping himself to some biscuits. "But the lamp feeds on train-oil."

"So does the Laplander. And you couldn't feed the lamp on turtle or mulligatawny, of course, uncle. But mulligatawny or turtle can be changed into fat — they are so, sometimes, I think — when they are eaten in large quantities, and fat will burn fast enough. And most of what you eat turns into something which burns at last, and is consumed in the fire that warms you all over."

"Wonderful, to be sure," exclaimed Mr. Bagges. "Well, now, and how does this extraordinary process take place?"

"First, you know, uncle, your food is digested —"

"Not always, I am sorry to say, my boy," Mr. Bagges observed, "but go on."

"Well; when it is digested, it becomes a sort of fluid, and mixes gradually with the blood, and turns into blood, and so goes over the whole body, to nourish it. Now, if the body is always being nourished, why doesn't it keep getting bigger and bigger, like the ghost in the Castle of Otranto?"

"Eh? Why, because it loses as well as gains, I suppose. By perspiration — eh — for instance?"

"Yes, and by breathing; in short, by the burning I mentioned just now. Respiration, or breathing, uncle, is a perpetual combustion."

"But if my system," said Mr. Bagges, "is burning throughout,

what keeps up the fire in my little finger — putting gout out of the question?"

"You burn all over, because you breathe all over, to the very tips of your fingers' ends," replied Harry.

"Oh, don't talk nonsense to your uncle!" exclaimed Mrs. Wilkinson.

"It isn't nonsense," said Harry. "The air that you draw into the lungs goes more or less over all the body, and penetrates into every fibre of it, which is breathing. Perhaps you would like to hear a little more about the chemistry of breathing, or respiration, uncle?"

"I should, certainly."

"Well, then; first you ought to have some idea of the breathing apparatus. The laboratory that contains this, is the chest, you know. The chest, you also know, has in it the heart and lungs, which, with other things in it, fill it quite out, so as to leave no hollow space between themselves and it. The lungs are a sort of air-sponges, and when you enlarge your chest to draw breath, they swell out with it and suck the air in. On the other hand you narrow your chest and squeeze the lungs and press the air from them; — that is breathing out. The lungs are made up of a lot of little cells. A small pipe — a little branch of the windpipe — opens into each cell. Two blood-vessels, a little tiny artery, and a vein to match, run into it also. The arteries bring into the little cells dark-coloured blood, which *has been* all over the body. The veins

carry out of the little cells bright scarlet-coloured blood, which *is to go* all over the body. So all the blood passes through the lungs, and in so doing, is changed from dark to bright scarlet."

"Black blood, didn't you say, in the arteries, and scarlet in the veins? I thought it was just the reverse," interrupted Mr. Bagges.

"So it is," replied Harry, "with all the other arteries and veins, except those that circulate the blood through the lung-cells. The heart has two sides, with a partition between them that keeps the blood on the right side separate from the blood on the left; both sides being hollow, mind. The blood on the right side of the heart comes there from all over the body, by a couple of large veins, dark, before it goes to the lungs. From the right side of the heart, it goes on to the lungs, dark still, through an artery. It comes back to the left side of the heart from the lungs, bright scarlet, through four veins. Then it goes all over the rest of the body from the left side of the heart, through an artery that branches into smaller arteries, all carrying bright scarlet blood. So the arteries and veins of the lungs on one hand, and of the rest of the body on the other, do exactly opposite work, you understand."

"I hope so."

"Now," continued Harry, "it requires a strong magnifying glass to see the lung-cells plainly, they are so small. But you can fancy them as big as you please. Picture any one of them to yourself of the

size of an orange, say, for convenience in thinking about it; that one cell, with whatever takes place in it, will be a specimen of the rest. Then you have to imagine an artery carrying blood of one colour into it, and a vein taking away blood of another colour from it, and the blood changing its colour in the cell."

"Aye, but what makes the blood change its colour?"

"Recollect, uncle, you have a little branch from the windpipe opening into the cell which lets in the air. Then the blood and the air are brought together, and the blood alters in colour. The reason, I suppose you would guess, is that it is somehow altered by the air."

"No very unreasonable conjecture, I should think," said Mr. Bagges.

"Well; if the air alters the blood, most likely, we should think, it gives something to the blood. So first let us see what is the difference between the air we breathe *in*, and the air we breathe *out*. You know that neither we nor animals can keep breathing the same air over and over again. You don't want me to remind you of the Black Hole of Calcutta, to convince you of that; and I dare say you will believe what I tell you, without waiting till I can catch a mouse and shut it up in an air-tight jar, and show you how soon the unlucky creature will get uncomfortable, and begin to gasp, and that it will by-and-by die.

But if we were to try this experiment — not having the fear of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, nor the fear of doing wrong, before our eyes — we should find that the poor mouse, before he died, had changed the air of his prison considerably. But it would be just as satisfactory, and much more humane, if you or I were to breathe in and out of a silk bag or a bladder till we could stand it no longer, and then collect the air which we had been breathing in and out. We should find that a jar of such air would put out a candle. If we shook some lime-water up with it, the lime-water would turn milky. In short, uncle, we should find that a great part of the air was carbonic acid, and the rest mostly nitrogen. The air we inhale is nitrogen and oxygen; the air we exhale has lost most of its oxygen, and consists of little more than nitrogen and carbonic acid. Together with this, we breathe out the vapour of water, as I said before. Therefore in breathing, we give off exactly what a candle does in burning, only not so fast, after the rate. The carbonic acid we breathe out, shows that carbon is consumed within our bodies. The watery vapour of the breath is a proof that hydrogen is so too. We take in oxygen with the air, and the oxygen unites with carbon, and makes carbonic acid, and with hydrogen, forms water."

"Then don't the hydrogen and carbon combine with the oxygen — that is, burn — in the lungs, and

isn't the chest the fireplace, after all?" asked Mr. Bagges.

"Not altogether, according to those who are supposed to know better. They are of opinion, that some of the oxygen unites with the carbon and hydrogen of the blood in the lungs; but that most of it is merely absorbed by the blood, and dissolved in it in the first instance."

"Oxygen absorbed by the blood? That seems odd," remarked Mr. Bagges. "How can that be?"

"We only know the fact that there are some things that will absorb gases—suck them in—make them disappear. Charcoal will, for instance. It is thought that the iron which the blood contains gives it the curious property of absorbing oxygen. Well; the oxygen going into the blood makes it change from dark to bright scarlet; and then this blood containing oxygen is conveyed all over the system by the arteries, and yields up the oxygen to combine with hydrogen and carbon as it goes along. The carbon and hydrogen are part of the substance of the body. The bright scarlet blood mixes oxygen with them, which burns them, in fact; that is, makes them into carbonic acid and water. Of course, the body would soon be consumed if this were all that the blood does. But while it mixes oxygen with the old substance of the body, to burn it up, it lays down fresh material to replace the loss. So our bodies are continually changing through-

out, though they seem to us always the same; but then, you know, a river appears the same from year's end to year's end, although the water in it is different every day."

"Eh, then," said Mr. Bagges, "if the body is always on the change in this way, we must have had several bodies in the course of our lives, by the time we are old."

"Yes, uncle; therefore, how foolish it is to spend money upon funerals. What becomes of all the bodies we use up during our life-times? If we are none the worse for their flying away in carbonic acid and other things without ceremony, what good can we expect from having a fuss made about the body we leave behind us, which is put into the earth? However, you are wanting to know what becomes of the water and carbonic acid which have been made by the oxygen of the blood burning up the old materials of our frame. The dark blood of the veins absorbs this carbonic acid and water, as the blood of the arteries does oxygen,—only, they say, it does so by means of a salt in it, called phosphate of soda. Then the dark blood goes back to the lungs, and in them it parts with its carbonic acid and water, which escapes as breath. As fast as we breathe out, carbonic acid and water leave the blood; as fast as we breathe in, oxygen enters it. The oxygen is sent out in the arteries to make the rubbish of the body into gas and vapour, so that

the veins may bring it back and get rid of it. The burning of rubbish by oxygen throughout our frames is the fire by which our animal heat is kept up. At least this is what most philosophers think; though doctors differ a little on this point, as on most others, I hear. Professor Liebig says, that our carbon is mostly prepared for burning by being first extracted from the blood sent to it — (which contains much of the rubbish of the system dissolved) — in the form of bile, and is then re-absorbed into the blood, and burnt. He reckons that a grown-up man consumes about fourteen ounces of carbon a-day. Fourteen ounces of charcoal a-day, or eight pounds two ounces a-week, would keep up a tolerable fire."

"I had no idea we were such extensive charcoal-burners," said Mr. Bagges. "They say we each eat our peck of dirt before we die — but we must burn bushels of charcoal."

"And so," continued Harry, "the Professor calculates that we burn quite enough fuel to account for our heat. I should rather think, myself, it had something to do with it — shouldn't you?"

"Eh?" said Mr. Bagges; "it makes one rather nervous to think that one is burning all over — throughout one's very blood — in this kind of way."

"It is very awful!" said Mrs. Wilkinson.

"If true. But in that case, shouldn't we be liable to inflame

occasionally?" objected her husband.

"It is said," answered Harry, "that spontaneous combustion does happen sometimes; particularly in great spirit drinkers. I don't see why it should not, if the system were to become too inflammable. Drinking alcohol would be likely to load the constitution with carbon, which would be fuel for the fire, at any rate."

"The deuce!" exclaimed Mr. Bagges, pushing his brandy-and-water from him. "We had better take care how we indulge in combustibles."

"At all events," said Harry, "it must be bad to have too much fuel in us. It must choke the fire I should think, if it did not cause inflammation; which Dr. Truepenny says it does, meaning, by inflammation, gout, and so on, you know, uncle."

"Ahem!" coughed Mr. Bagges.

"Taking in too much fuel, I dare say you know, uncle, means eating and drinking to excess," continued Harry. "The best remedy, the doctor says, for overstuffing is exercise. A person who uses great bodily exertion, can eat and drink more without suffering from it than one who leads an inactive life; a fox-hunter, for instance, in comparison with an alderman. Want of exercise and too much nourishment must make a man either fat or ill. If the extra hydrogen and carbon are not burnt out, or otherwise got rid of, they turn to blubber, or cause some disturbance in the system,

intended by Nature to throw them off, which is called a disease. Walking, riding, running, increase the breathing—as well as the perspiration—and make us burn away our carbon and hydrogen in proportion. Dr. Truepenny declares that if people would only take in as much fuel as is requisite to keep up a good fire, his profession would be ruined.”

“The good old advice—Baillie’s, eh?—or Abernethy’s—live upon sixpence a day, and earn it,” Mr. Bagges observed.

“Well, and then, uncle, in hot weather the appetite is naturally weaker than it is in cold—less heat is required, and therefore less food. So in hot climates; and the chief reason, says the doctor, why people ruin their health in India is their spurring and goading their stomachs to crave what is not good for them, by spices and the like. Fruits and vegetables are the proper things to eat in such countries, because they contain little carbon compared to flesh, and they are the diet of the natives of those parts of the world. Whereas food with much carbon in it, meat, or even mere fat or oil, which is hardly anything else than carbon and hydrogen, are proper in very cold regions, where heat from within is required to supply the want of it without. That is why the Laplander is able, as I said he does, to devour train-oil. And Dr. Truepenny says that it may be all very well for Mr. M’Gregor to drink raw whiskey at deer-stalking in the Highlands,

but if Major Campbell combines that beverage with the diversion of tiger-hunting in the East Indies, habitually, the chances are that the Major will come home with a diseased liver.”

“Upon my word, Sir, the whole art of preserving health appears to consist in keeping up a moderate fire within us,” observed Mr. Bagges.

“Just so, uncle, according to my friend the Doctor. ‘Adjust the fuel,’ he says, ‘to the draught—he means the oxygen; keep the bellows properly at work, by exercise, and your fire will seldom want poking.’ The Doctor’s pokers, you know, are pills, mixtures, leeches, blisters, lancets, and things of that sort.”

“Indeed? Well, then, my heartburn, I suppose, depends upon bad management of my fire?” surmised Mr. Bagges.

“I should say that was more than probable, uncle. Well, now, I think you see that animal heat can be accounted for, in very great part at least, by the combustion of the body. And then there are several facts that—as I remember Shakspeare says—

“‘help to thicken other proofs,
That do demonstrate thinly.’

“Birds that breathe a great deal are very hot creatures; snakes and lizards, and frogs and fishes, that breathe but little, are so cold that they are called cold-blooded animals. Bears and dormice, that sleep all the winter, are cold during their sleep, whilst their breathing and circulation almost entirely

stop. We increase our heat by walking fast, running, jumping, or working hard; which sets us breathing faster, and then we get warmer. By these means we blow up our own fire, if we have no other, to warm ourselves on a cold day. And how is it that we don't go on continually getting hotter and hotter?"

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Bagges, "I suppose that is one of Nature's mysteries."

"Why, what happens, uncle, when we take violent exercise? We break out into a perspiration; as you complain you always do, if you only run a few yards. Perspiration is mostly water, and the extra heat of the body goes into the water, and flies away with it in steam. Just for the same reason, you can't boil water so as to make it hotter than two hundred and twelve degrees; because all the heat that passes into it beyond that, unites with some of it and becomes steam, and so escapes. Hot weather causes you to perspire even when you sit still; and so your heat is cooled in summer. If you were to heat a man in an oven, the heat of his body generally wouldn't increase very much till he became exhausted and died. Stories are told of mountebanks sitting in ovens, and meat being cooked by the side of them. Philosophers have done much the same thing — Dr. Fordyce and others, who found they could bear a heat of two hundred and sixty degrees. Perspiration is our animal fire-escape. Heat goes out

from the lungs, as well as the skin, in water; so the lungs are concerned in cooling us as well as heating us, like a sort of regulating furnace. Ah, uncle, the body is a wonderful factory, and I wish I were man enough to take you over it. I have only tried to show you something of the contrivances for warming it, and I hope you understand a little about that!"

"Well," said Mr. Bagges, "breathing, I understand you to say, is the chief source of animal heat, by occasioning the combination of carbon and hydrogen with oxygen, in a sort of gentle combustion, throughout our frame. The lungs and heart are an apparatus for generating heat, and distributing it over the body by means of a kind of warming pipes, called blood-vessels. Eh? — and the carbon and hydrogen we have in our systems we get from our food. Now, you see, here is a slice of cake, and there is a glass of wine — Eh? — now see whether you can get any carbon and oxygen out of that."

The young philosopher, having finished his lecture, applied himself immediately to the performance of the proposed experiment, which he performed with cleverness and dispatch.

THE HOME OF WOODRUFFE THE GARDENER.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

IT was observed by Woodruffe's family, during one week of spring of the next year, that he was very absent. He was not in low spirits, but absorbed in thought, and much devoted to making calculations with pencil and paper. At last, out it came, one morning at breakfast.

"I wonder how we should all like to have Harry Hardiman to work with us again?"

Every one looked up. Harry! where was Harry? Was he here? Was he coming?

"Why, I will tell you what I have been thinking," said their father. "I have thought long and carefully, and I believe I have made up my mind to send for Harry, to come and work for us as he used to do. We have not labour enough on the ground. Two stout men to the acre is the smallest allowance for trying what could be made of the place."

"That is what Taylor and Brown are employing now on the best part of their land," said Allan; "that is, when they can get the labour. There is such difference between that and one man to four or five acres, as there was before, that they can't always get the labour."

"Just so; and therefore," continued Woodruffe, "I am thinking of sending for Harry. Our old neighbourhood was not prospe-

rous when we left it, and I fancy it cannot have improved since; and Harry might be glad to follow his master to a thriving neighbourhood; and he is such a careful fellow that I dare say he has money for the journey, — even if he has a wife by this time, as I suppose he has."

Moss looked most pleased, where all were pleased, at the idea of seeing Harry again. His remembrance of Harry was of a tall young man, who used to carry him on his shoulders, and wheel him in the empty water-barrel, and sometimes offer to dip him in it when it was full, and show him how to dig in the sand-heap with his little wooden spade.

"Your rent, to be sure, is much lower than in the old place," observed Abby.

"Why, we must not build upon that," replied the father; "rent is rising here, and will rise. My landlord was considerate in lowering mine to 3*l.* per acre, when he saw how impossible it was to make it answer; and he says he shall not ask more yet, on account of the labour I laid out at the time of the drainage. But when I have partly repaid myself, the rent will rise to 5*l.*; and, in fact, I have made my calculations, in regard to Harry's coming, at a higher rent than that."

"Higher than that?"

"Yes: I should not be surprised if I found myself paying, as market-gardeners near London do, ten pounds per acre, before I die."

"Or rather, to let the ground to me, for that, father," said Allan, "when it is your own property, and you are tired of work, and disposed to turn it over to me. I will pay you ten pounds per acre then, and let you have all the cabbages you can eat, besides. It is capital land, and that is the truth. Come—shall that be a bargain?"

Woodruffe smiled, and said he owed a duty to Allan. He did not like to see him so hard worked as to be unable to take due care of his own corner of the garden;—unable to enter fairly into the competition for the prizes at the Horticultural Show in the summer. Becky now, too, ought to be spared from all but occasional help in the garden. Above all, the ground was now in such an improving state that it would be waste not to bestow due labour upon it. Put in the spade where you would, the soil was loose and well-aired as needs be: the manure penetrated it thoroughly; the frost and heat pulverised, instead of binding it; and the crops were succeeding each other so fast, that the year would be a very profitable one.

"Where will Harry live, if he comes?" asked Abby.

"We must get another cottage added to the new row. Easily done! Cottages so healthy as these new ones pay well. Good rents are offered for them, — to save doctors' bills and loss of time from sickness; — and, when once a system of house-drainage is set agoing, it costs scarcely more, in adding a cottage to a group, to

make it all right, than to run it up upon solid clay as used to be the way here. Well, I have good mind to write to Harry to-day. What do you think, — all of you?"

Fortified by the opinion of all his children, Mr. Woodruffe wrote to Harry. Meantime, Allan and Becky went to cut the vegetables that were for sale that day; and Moss delighted himself in running after and catching the pony in the meadow below. The pony was not very easily caught, for it was full of spirit. Instead of the woolly insipid grass that it used to crop, and which seemed to give it only fever and no nourishment, it now fed on sweet fresh grass, which had no sour stagnant water soaking its roots. The pony was so full of play this morning that Moss could not get hold of it. Though much stronger than a year ago, he was not yet anything like so robust as a boy of his age should be; and he was growing heated, and perhaps a little angry, as the pony galloped off towards some distant trees, when a boy started up behind a bush, caught the halter, brought the pony round with a twitch, and led him to Moss. Moss fancied he had seen the boy before, and then his white teeth reminded Moss of one thing after another.

"I came for some marsh plants," said the boy. "You and I got plenty once, somewhere hereabouts: but I cannot find them now."

"You will not find any now. We have no marsh now."

The stranger said he dared not go back without them: mother wanted them badly. She would not believe him if he said he could not find any. There were plenty about two miles off, along the railway, among the clay-pits, he was told; but none nearer. The boy wanted to know where the clay-pits hereabouts were. He could not find one of them.

"I will show you one of them," said Moss; "the one where you and I used to hunt rats." And, leading the pony, he showed his old gipsy playfellow all the improvements, beginning with the great ditch, — now invisible from being covered in. While it was open, he said, it used to get choked, and the sides were plastered after rain, and soon became grass-grown, so that it was found worth while to cover it in; and now it would want little looking to for years to come. As for the clay-pit, where the rats used to pop in and out, — it was now a manure-pit, covered in. There was a drain into it from the pony's stable and from the pig-styes; and it was near enough to the garden to receive the refuse and sweepings. A heavy lid, with a ring in the middle, covered the pit, so that nobody could fall in, in the dark, and no smell could get out. Moss begged the boy to come a little further, and he would show him his own flower-bed; and when the boy was there, he was shown everything else: what a cartload of vegetables lay cut for sale; and what an arbour had been made of the pent-house

under which Moss used to take shelter, when he could do nothing better than keep off the birds; and how fine the ducks were, — the five ducks that were so serviceable in eating off the slugs; and what a comfortable nest had been made for them to lay their eggs in, beside the water-tank in the corner; and what a variety of scarecrows the family had invented, — each having one, to try which would frighten the sparrows most. While Moss was telling how difficult it was to deal with the sparrows, because they could not be frightened for more than three days by any kind of scarecrow, he heard Allan calling him, in a tone of vexation, at being kept waiting so long. In an instant the stranger boy was off, — leaping the gate, and flying along the meadow till he was hidden behind a hedge.

Two or three days after this one of the ducks was missing. The last time that the five had been seen together was when Moss was showing them to his visitor. The morning after Moss finally gave up hope, the glass of Allan's hot-bed was found broken, and in the midst of the bed itself was a deep foot-track, crushing the cucumber plants, and, with them, Allan's hopes of a cucumber prize at the Horticultural Exhibition in the summer. On more examination, more mischief was discovered, some cabbages had been stolen, and another duck was missing. In the midst of the general concern, Woodruffe burst out laughing. It struck him that the

chief of the scarecrows had changed his hat; and so he had. The old straw hat which used to flap in the wind so serviceably was gone, and in its stead appeared a helmet, — a saucepan full of holes, battered and split, but still fit to be a helmet to a scarecrow.

"I could swear to the old hat," observed Woodruffe, "if I should have the luck to see it on anybody's head."

"And so could I," said Becky, "for I mended it, — bound it with black behind, and green before, because I had not green ribbon enough. But nobody would wear it before our eyes."

"That is why I suspect there are strangers hovering about. We must watch."

Now Moss, for the first time, be-thought himself of the boy he had brought in from the meadow; and now, for the first time, he told his family of that encounter.

"I never saw such a simpleton," his father declared. "There, go along and work! Now, don't cry, but hold up like a man and work."

Moss did cry; he could not help it; but he worked too. He would fain have been one of the watchers, moreover; but his father said he was too young. For two nights he was ordered to bed, when Allan took his dark lantern, and went down to the pent-house; the first night accompanied by his father, and the next by Harry Hardiman, who had come on the first summons. By the third evening, Moss was so miserable that his sisters interceded for him, and he

was allowed to go down with his old friend Harry.

It was a starlight night, without a moon. The low country lay dim, but unobscured by mist. After a single remark on the fineness of the night, Harry was silent. Silence was their first business. They stole round the fence as if they had been thieves themselves, listened for some time before they let themselves in at the gate, passed quickly in, and locked the gate (the lock of which had been well oiled), went behind every screen, and along every path, to be sure that no one was there, and finally, perceiving that the remaining ducks were safe, settled themselves in the darkness of the pent-house.

There they sat, hour after hour, listening. If there had been no sound, perhaps they could not have borne the effort: but the sense was relieved by the bark of a dog at a distance; and then by the hoot of the owl that was known to have done them good service in mousing, many a time; and once, by the passage of a train on the railway above. When these were all over, poor Moss had much ado to keep awake, and at last his head sank on Harry's shoulder, and he forgot where he was, and everything else in the world. He was awakened by Harry's moving, and then whispering quite into his ear: —

"Sit you still. I hear somebody yonder. No — sit you still. I won't go far — not out of call: but

I must get between them and the gate."

With his lantern under his coat, Harry stole forth, and Moss stood up, all alone in the darkness and stillness. He could hear his heart beat, but nothing else, till footsteps on the path came nearer and nearer. They came quite up; they came in, actually into the arbour; and then the ducks were certainly fluttering. In an instant more, there was a gleam of light upon the white plumage of the ducks, and then light enough to show that this was the gipsy boy, with a dark lantern hung round his neck, and, at the same moment, to show the gipsy boy that Moss was there. The two boys stood, face to face, motionless from utter amazement, and the ducks had scuttled and waddled away before they recovered themselves. Then, Moss flew at him in a glorious passion, at once of rage and fear.

"Leave him to me, Moss," cried Harry, casting light upon the scene from his lantern, while he collared the thief with the other hand. "Let go, I say, Moss. There, now we'll go round and be sure whether there is any one else in the garden, and then we'll lodge this young rogue where he will be safe."

Nobody was there, and they went home in the dawn, locked up the thief in the shed, and slept through what remained of the night.

It was about Mr. Nelson's usual time for coming down the line;

and it was observed that he now always stopped at this station till the next train passed, — probably because it was a pleasure to him to look upon the improvement of the place. It was no surprise therefore to Woodruffe to see him standing on the embankment after breakfast; and it was natural that Mr. Nelson should be immediately told that the gipsies were here again, and how one of them was caught thieving.

"Thieving! So you found some of your property upon him, did you!"

"Why, no. I thought myself that it was a pity that Moss did not let him alone till he had laid hold of a duck or something."

"Pho! pho! don't tell me you can punish the boy for theft, when you can't prove that he stole anything. Give him a whipping, and let him go."

"With all my heart. It will save me much trouble to finish off the matter so."

Mr. Nelson seemed to have some curiosity about the business; for he accompanied Woodruffe to the shed. The boy seemed to feel no awe of the great man whom he supposed to be a magistrate, and when asked whether he felt none, he giggled and said "No;" he had seen the gentleman more afraid of his mother than anybody ever was of him, he fancied. On this, a thought struck Mr. Nelson. He would now have his advantage of the gipsy woman, and might enjoy, at the same time, an opportunity of studying human nature

under stress — a thing he liked, when the stress was not too severe. So he passed a decree on the spot that, it being now nine o'clock, the boy should remain shut up without food till noon, when he should be severely flogged, and driven from the neighbourhood: and with this pleasant prospect before him, the young rogue remained, whistling ostentatiously, while his enemies locked the door upon him.

"Did you hear him shoot the bolt?" asked Woodruffe. "If he holds to that, I don't know how I shall get at him at noon."

"There, now, what fools people are! Why did you not take out the bolt? A pretty constable you would make! Come — come this way. I am going to find the gipsy-tent again. You are wondering that I am not afraid of the woman, I see: but, you observe, I have a hold over her this time. What do you mean by allowing those children to gather about your door? You ought not to permit it."

"They are only the scholars. Don't you see them going in? My daughter keeps a little school, you know, since her husband's death."

"Ah, poor thing! poor thing!" said Mr. Nelson, as Abby appeared on the threshold, calling the children in.

Mr. Nelson always contrived to see some one or more of the family when he visited the station; but it so happened, that he had never entered the door of their dwelling. Perhaps he was not

himself fully conscious of the reason. It was, that he could not bear to see Abby's young face within the widow's cap, and to be thus reminded that hers was a case of cruel wrong; that if the most ordinary thought and care had been used in preparing the place for human habitation, her husband might be living now, and she the happy creature that she would never be again.

On his way to the gipsies, Mr. Nelson saw some things that pleased him in his heart, though he found fault with them all. What business had Woodruffe with an additional man in his garden? It could not possibly answer. If it did not, the fellow must be sent away again. He must not burden the parish. The occupiers here seemed all alike. Such a fancy for new labour! One, two, six men at work on the land within sight at that moment, over and above what there used to be! It must be looked to. Humph! he could get to the alders dryshod now; but that was owing solely to the warmth of the spring. It was nonsense to attribute everything to drainage. Drainage was a good thing; but fine weather was better.

The gipsy-tent was found behind the alders as before, but no longer in a swamp. The woman was sitting on the ground at the entrance as before, but not now with a fevered child laid across her knees. She was weaving a basket.

"Oh, I see," said Woodruffe, "This is the way our osiers go."

"You have not many to lose, now-a-days," said the woman.

"You are welcome to all the rushes you can find," said Woodruffe; "but where is your son?"

Some change of countenance was seen in the woman; but she answered carelessly that the children were playing yonder.

"The one I mean is not there," said Woodruffe. "We have him safe — caught him stealing my ducks."

She called the boy a villain — disowned him, and so forth; but when she found the case a hopeless one, she did not, and therefore, probably could not, scold — that is, anybody but herself and her husband. She cursed herself for coming into this silly place, where now no good was to be got. When she was brought to the right point of perplexity about what to do, seeing that it would not do to stay, and being unable to go while her boy was in durance, she was told that his punishment should be summary, though severe, if she would answer frankly certain questions. When she had once begun giving her confidence, she seemed to enjoy the license. When her husband came up, he looked as if he only waited for the departure of his visitors to give his wife the same amount of thrashing that her son was awaiting elsewhere. She vowed that they would never pitch their tent here again. It used to be the best station in their whole round —

the fogs were so thick! From sunset to long after sunrise, it had been as good as a winter night, for going where they pleased without fear of prying eyes. There was not a poultry-yard or pig-stye within a couple of miles round, where they could not creep up through the fog. And they escaped the blame, too; for the swamp and ditches used to harbour so much vermin, that the gipsies were not always suspected, as they were now. Till lately, people shut themselves into their homes, or the men went to the public-house in the chill evenings; and there was little fear of meeting any one. But now that the fogs were gone, people were out in their gardens, on these fine evenings, and there were men in the meadows, returning from fishing; for they could angle now, when their work was done, without the fear of catching an ague in the marsh as they went home.

Mr. Nelson used vigorously his last opportunity of lecturing these people. He had it all his own way, for the humility of the gipsies was edifying. Woodruffe fancied he saw some finger-talk passing, the while, though the gipsies never looked at each other, or raised their eyes from the ground. Woodruffe had to remind the Director that the whistle of the next train would soon be heard; and this brought the lecture to an abrupt conclusion. On his finishing off with, "I expect, therefore, that you will remember my advice, and never

show your faces here again, and that you will take to a proper course of life in future, and bring up your son to honest industry;" the woman, with a countenance of grief, seized one hand and covered it with kisses, and the husband took the other hand and pressed it to his breast.

"We must make haste," observed Mr. Nelson, as he led the way quickly back; "but I think I have made some impression upon them. You see now the right way to treat these people. I don't think you will see them here again."

"I don't think we shall."

As he reached the steps the whistle was heard, and Mr. Nelson could only wave his hand to Woodruffe, rush up the embankment, and throw himself panting into a carriage. Only just in time!

By an evening train, he re-appeared. When thirty miles off, he had wanted his purse, and it was gone. It had no doubt paid for the gipsies' final gratitude.

Of course, a sufficient force was immediately sent to the alder clump; but there was nothing there but some charred sticks, and some clean pork bones, this time, instead of feathers of fowls, and a cabbage leaf or two. The boy had had his whipping at noon, after a conference with his little brother at the keyhole, which had caused him to withdraw the bolt, and offer no resistance. Considering his cries and groans, he had run off with surprising

agility, and was now, no doubt, far away.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE gipsies came no more. The fogs came no more. The fever came no more; at least, in such a form as to threaten the general safety. Where it still lingered, it was about those only who deserved it, — in any small farm-house, where the dung-yard was too near the house; and in some cottage where the slatternly inmates did not mind a green puddle or choked ditch within reach of their noses. More dwellings arose, as the fertility of the land increased, and invited a higher kind of tillage; and among the prettiest of them was one which stood in the corner, — the most sunny corner, — of Woodruffe's paddock. Harry Hardiman and his wife and child lived there, and the cottage was Woodruffe's property.

Yet Woodruffe's rent had been raised; and pretty rapidly. He was now paying eight pounds per acre for his garden-ground, and half that for what was out of the limits of the garden. He did not complain of it; for he was making money fast. His skill and industry deserved this; but skill and industry could not have availed without opportunity. His ground once allowed to show what it was worth, he treated it well; and it answered well to the treatment. By the railway, he obtained what manure he wanted from the town; and he sent it back by the railway

to town in the form of crisp celery and salads, wholesome potatoes and greens, luscious strawberries, and sweet and early peas. He knew that a Surrey gardener had made his ground yield a profit of two hundred and twenty pounds per acre. He thought that, with his inferior market, he should do well to make his yield one hundred and fifty pounds per acre; and this, by close perseverance, he attained. He could have done it more easily if he had enjoyed good health; but he never enjoyed good health again. His rheumatism had fixed itself too firmly to be entirely removed; and, for many days in the year, he was compelled to remain within doors, or to saunter about in the sun, seeing his boys and Harry at work, but unable to help them.

From the time that Allan's work became worth wages, in addition to his subsistence, his father let him rent half a rood of the garden-ground for three years, saying —

"I limit it to three years, my boy, because that term is long enough for you to show what you can do. After three years, I shall not be able to spare the ground, at any rent. If you fail, you have no business to rent ground. If you succeed, you will have money in your pocket wherewith to hire land elsewhere. Now you have to show us what you can do."

"Yes, father," was Allan's short but sufficient reply.

It was observed by the family that, from this time forward, Allan's eye was on every plot of

ground in the neighbourhood which could, by possibility, ever be offered for hire: yet did his attention never wander from that which was already under his hand. And that which was so great an object to him became a sort of pursuit to the whole family. Moss guarded Allan's frames, and made more and more prodigious scare-crows. Their father gave his very best advice. Becky, who was no longer allowed, as a regular thing, to work in the garden, found many a spare half-hour for hoeing and weeding, and trimming and tying up, in Allan's beds; and Abby found, as she sat in her little school, that she could make nets for his fruit trees. It was thus no wonder that, when a certain July day in the second year arrived, the whole household was in a state of excitement, because it was a sort of crisis in Allan's affairs.

Though breakfast was early that morning, Becky and Allan and Moss were spruce in their best clothes. A hamper stood at the door, and Allan was packing in another, which had no lid, two or three flower-pots, which presented a glorious show of blossom. Abby was putting a new ribbon on her sister's straw bonnet; and Harry was in waiting to carry up the hampers to the station. It was the day of the Horticultural Show at the town. Woodruffe had been too unwell to think of going till this morning; but now the sight of the preparations, and the prospect of a warm day, inspired him, and he thought he would go. At

last he went, and they were gone. Abby never went up to the station: nobody ever asked her to go there; not even her own child, who perhaps had not thought of the possibility of it. But when the train was starting, she stood at the upper window with her child, and held him so that he might lean out, and see the last carriage disappear, as it swept round the curve. After that the day seemed long, though Harry came up at his dinner-hour to say what he thought of the great gooseberry in particular, and of everything else that Allan had carried with him. It was holiday time, and there was no school to fill up the day. Before the evening, the child became restless, and Abby fell into low spirits, as she was apt to do when left long alone; so that Harry stopped suddenly at the door when he was rushing in to announce that the train was within sight.

"Shall I take the child, Miss?" said Harry. (He always called her "Miss.") "I will carry him — But, sure, here they come! Here comes Moss, — ready to roll down the steps! My opinion is that there's a prize."

Moss was called back by a voice which everybody obeyed. Allan should himself tell his sister the fortune of the day, their father said.

There were two prizes, one of which was for the wonderful plate of gooseberries; and at this news Harry nodded, and declared himself anything but surprised. If that gooseberry had not carried

the day, there would have been partiality in the judges, that was all; and nobody could suppose such a thing as that. Yet Harry could have told, if put upon his honour, that he was rather disappointed that everything that Allan carried had not gained a prize. When he mentioned one or two, his master told him he was unreasonable; and he supposed he was.

Allan laid down on the table, for his sister's full assurance, his sovereign, and his half-sovereign, and his tickets. She turned away rather abruptly, and seemed to be looking whether the kettle was near boiling for tea. Her father went up to her; and on his first whispered words, the sob broke forth which made all look round.

"I was thinking of one, too, my dear, that I wish was here at this moment. I can feel for you, my dear."

"But you don't know — you don't know — you never knew—." She could not go on.

"What don't I know, my dear?"

"That he constantly blamed himself for saying anything to bring you here. He said you had never prospered from the hour you came, and now —"

And now Woodruffe could not speak, as the past came fresh upon him. In a few moments, however, he rallied, saying,

"But we must consider Allan. He must not think that his success makes us sad."

Allan declared that it was not about gaining the prizes that he was chiefly glad. It was because

it was now proved what a fair field he had before him. There was nothing that might not be done with such a soil as they had to deal with now.

Harry was quite of this opinion. There were more and more people set to work upon the soil all about them; and the more it was worked the more it yielded. He never saw a place of so much promise. And if it had a bad name in regard to healthiness, he was sure that was unfair, — or no longer fair. He and his were full of health and happiness, as they hoped to see everybody else in time; and, for his part, if he had all England before him, or the whole world, to choose a place to live in, he would choose the very place he was in, and the very cottage; and the very ground to work on that had produced such a gooseberry and such strawberries as he had seen that day.

THE SINGER.

UNTO the loud acclaim that rose
To greet her as she came,
She bent with lowly grace that seemed
Such tribute to disclaim;
With arms meek folded on her breast
And drooping head, she stood;
Then raised a glance that seemed to plead
For youth and womanhood;
A soft, beseeching smile, a look,
As if all silently
The kindness to her heart she took,
And put the homage by.

She stood dejected then, methought,
A Captive, though a Queen,
Before the throng, when sudden passed
A change across her mien.
Unto her full, dilating eye,

Unto her slender hand,
There came a light of sovereignty,
A gesture of command:
And, to her lip, an eager flow
Of song, that seemed to bear
Her soul away on rushing wings
Unto its native air;
Her eye was fixed; her cheek flushed
bright
With power; she seemed to call
On spirits that around her flocked,
The radiant Queen of all;
There was no pride upon her brow,
No tumult in her breast;
Her soaring soul had won its home,
And smiled there as at rest;
She felt no more those countless eyes
Upon her; she had gained
A region where they troubled not
The joy she had attained!
Now, now, she spoke her native speech,
An utterance fraught with spells
To wake the echoes of the heart
Within their slumber-cells;
For at her wild and gushing strain,
The spirit was led back
By windings of a silver chain,
On many a long-lost track;
And many a quick unbidden sigh,
And starting tear, revealed
How surely at her touch the springs
Of feeling were unsealed;
They who were always loved, seemed now
Yet more than ever dear;
Yet closer to the heart they came,
That ever were so near:
And, trembling to the silent lips,
As if they ne'er had changed
Their names, returned in kindness back
The severed and estranged;
And in the strain, like those that fall
On wanderers as they roam,
The Exiled Spirit found once more
Its country and its home!

She ceased, yet on her parted lips
A happy smile abode,
As if the sweetness of her song
Yet lingered whence it flowed;
But, for a while, her bosom heaved,
She was the same no more,
The light and spirit fled; she stood
As she had stood before;
Unheard, unheeded to her ear
The shouts of rapture came,
A voice had once more power to thrill,
That only spoke her name.
Unseen, unheeded at her feet,
Fell many a bright bouquet;

E'en thus, O, Earth, before thee
Thy Poet Singers stand,
And bear the soul upon their songs
Unto its native land.
And even thus, with loud acclaim,
The praise of skill, of art,
Is dealt to those who only speak
The language of the heart!
While they who love and listen best,
Can little guess or know
The wounds that from the Singer's breast
Have bid such sweetness flow;
They know not mastership must spring
From conflict and from strife.
"These, these are but the songs they
sing;"
They are the Singer's life!

THEODORE HOOK's hero, Jack Bragg, boasted of his "little place in Surrey." The Guardians of the Guiltcross poor have good reason to be proud of *their* little place in Norfolk. When the Guiltcross Union was formed, Mr. Thomas Rackham, master of the "house," set aside a small estate for the purpose of teaching the Workhouse children how to cultivate land. This pauper's patrimony consisted of exactly one acre one rood and thirty-five poles of very rough "country." A certain number of the boys worked upon it so diligently, that it was soon found expedient to enlarge the domain, by joining to it three acres of "hills and holes," which in that state were quite useless for agri-

It appears then, that by the autumn of 1846 one acre of the new land was planted with wheat, and two roods twenty three poles of the home land — the one acre one rood and thirty-five poles mentioned above — was also planted with wheat, making in all one acre two roods and twenty-three poles under wheat for 1847. This land produced eighteen coombs three pecks beyond a sufficient quantity reserved for seed for the wheat crop of 1848. The remainder of the land was planted with Scotch kale, cabbages, potatoes, &c., &c., which began coming into use in March, 1847. The entire domain is now under fruitful cultivation.

“The quantity of vegetables actually consumed by the paupers according to the dietary tables only,” says Mr. Rackham, “is charged in the provision accounts.

Persons acquainted with domestic management and the produce of land are aware that, where vegetables are purchased, a great deal is paid for that which is useless for cooking purposes. In the present case this refuse is carefully preserved and used for feeding pigs, which were first kept in April 1848. This accounts for the large amount of pork fatted, as compared with the small quantity of corn and pollard used for the pigs. The leaves, &c., not eaten by the pigs, become valuable manure. If the Guardians would consent to keep cows, different roots and vegetables might be grown to feed them with; and these would produce an increased quantity of manure, whilst an increased quantity of manure would afford the means of raising a larger amount of roots and green crops, and secure a more extended routine in cropping the land. This would add to the profit of the land account, and give much additional comfort to the aged people and the young children in the work-house." But Mr. Rackham is ambitious of a dairy, chiefly for the training of dairy-maids: who would become doubly acceptable as farm servants.

Besides other advantages, the experiment presents one dear to the minds of rate-payers — it tends to reduce the rates. The average profit per annum on each of the acres has been fifteen pounds. Here are the sums: — The profit of the first year was sixty pounds two shillings and

fourpence farthing; second year, fifty-one pounds seventeen shillings and sixpence; to Christmas, 1849, three-quarters of a year, sixty-seven pounds two shillings and one penny farthing; total, one hundred and seventy-nine pounds one shilling and elevenpence halfpenny.

As at the Swinton and other pauper schools, a variety of industrial arts are taught in the Guiltcross Union house, and the fact that sixty of the boys and girls who have been trained in it are now earning their own living, is some evidence of the success of the system pursued there.

Of one of the cultivators of this "little place in Norfolk" (not we believe an inmate of the Union), an agreeable account was published in a letter from Miss Martineau lately in the Morning Chronicle. It shows to what good account a knowledge of small farming may be turned. That lady having two acres of land, at Ambleside, in Westmoreland, which she wished to cultivate, sent to Mr. Rackham to recommend her a farm servant. The man arrived, and his Guiltcross experience in cultivating small "estates" proved of essential service. He has managed to keep two cows and a pig, besides himself and a wife, on these narrow confines; for Miss Martineau calculates that the produce in milk, butter, vegetables, &c., obtained from his skill and economy for herself and household, quite pays his wages. This is her account of him: —

“He is a man of extraordinary industry and cleverness, as well as rigid honesty. His ambition is roused; for he knows that the success of the experiment mainly depends on himself. He is living in comfort, and laying by a little money, and he looks so happy that it would truly grieve me to have to give up; though I have no doubt that he would immediately find work at good wages in the neighbourhood. His wife and he had saved enough to pay their journey hither out of Norfolk. I gave him twelve shillings a-week all the year round. His wife earns something by occasionally helping in the house, by assisting in my washing, and by taking in washing when she can get it. I built them an excellent cottage of the stone of the district, for which they pay one shilling and sixpence per week. They know that they could not get such another off the premises for five pounds a year.”

This is all very interesting and gratifying, but there are two sides to every account. Supposing the system of agricultural and other industrial training were pursued in all Unions in the country (and if it be a good system, it ought to be so followed), then, instead of boys and girls being turned out every three years in sixties, there would be accessions of farmers, tailors, carpenters, dairy-maids, and domestic servants every year to be reckoned by thousands. Supposing that every fourteen of the agricultural section of the community had been earning fifteen pounds a-year profit per acre, we should then have a large amount of produce brought into the market in competition with that of the independent labourer. When, again, the multitude of boys had passed their probation, themselves would be thrown in the labour-market (as the sixty Guiltcross boys already have been), so that their older and weaker competitors would, in their turn, be obliged to retire to the Workhouse, not only to their own ruin, but to the exceeding mortification of the entire body of parochial rate-payers. The axiom, that when there is a glut in a market any additional supply of the same commodity is an evil, applies most emphatically to labour. In this view, the adoption of the industrial training system for paupers and criminals would be an evil; and an evil of the very description it is meant to cure — a pauperising evil.

The easy and natural remedy is a combination of colonisation, with the industrial training system. In all our colonies ordinary, merely animal labour is eagerly coveted, and skilled labour is at a high premium. There a competition *for*, instead of *against*, all sorts of labour is keenly active. Yet great as is the demand, it is curious that no comprehensive system for the supply of skilled labour has yet been adopted. Except the excellent farm school of the Philanthropic Society at Red Hill, no attempt is made to *teach* colonisation. The majority

of even voluntary colonists are persons utterly ignorant of colonial wants. They have never learned to dig or to delve. Many clever artists have emigrated to Australia, where pictures are not wanted; not a few emigrant ladies, of undoubted talents in Berlin work and crochet, have always trembled at the approach of a cow, and never made so much as a pat of butter in their lives. Still they succeed in the end; but only after much misery and mortification, which would have been saved them if they had been better prepared for colonial exigencies. The same thing happens with the humbler classes. Boys, and even men, have been sent out to Canada and the Southern Colonies (especially from the Irish Unions), utterly unfitted for their new sphere of life and labour.

If, therefore, the small beginnings at Guiltcross be imitated in other Unions (and it is much to be wished that they should be), they will be made to grow into large results. But these results must be applied not to clog and glut the labour-market at home; but to supply the labour-market abroad.

If to every Union were attached an agricultural training school, upon a plan that would offer legitimate inducements for the pupils to emigrate when old enough and skilled enough to obtain their own livelihood, this country would, we are assured, at no distant date be de-pauperised.

THREE "DETECTIVE" ANECDOTES.

I. THE PAIR OF GLOVES.

"It's a singler story, Sir," said Inspector Wiold, of the Detective Police, who, in company with Sergeants Dornton and Mith, paid us another twilight visit, one July evening; "and I've been thinking you might like to know it.

"It's concerning the murder of the young woman, Eliza Grimwood, some years ago, over in the Waterloo Road. She was commonly called The Countess, because of her handsome appearance and her proud way of carrying of herself; and when I saw the poor Countess (I had known her well to speak to), lying dead, with her throat cut, on the floor of her bedroom, you'll believe me that a variety of reflections calculated to make a man rather low in his spirits, came into my head.

"That's neither here nor there. I went to the house the morning after the murder, and examined the body, and made a general observation of the bed-room where it was. Turning down the pillow of the bed with my hand, I found, underneath it, a pair of gloves. A pair of gentleman's dress gloves, very dirty; and inside the lining, the letters TR, and a cross.

"Well, Sir, I took them gloves away, and I showed 'em to the magistrate, over at Union Hall, before whom the case was. He says, 'Wiold,' he says, 'there's no doubt this is a discovery that may lead to something very important; and

what you have got to do, Wiold, is, to find out the owner of these gloves.'

"I was of the same opinion, of course, and I went at it immediately. I looked at the gloves pretty narrowly, and it was my opinion that they had been cleaned. There was a smell of sulphur and rosin about 'em, you know, which cleaned gloves usually have, more or less. I took 'em over to a friend of mine at Kennington, who was in that line, and I put it to him. 'What do you say now? Have these gloves been cleaned?' 'These gloves have been cleaned,' says he. 'Have you any idea who cleaned them?' says I. 'Not at all,' says he; 'I've a very distinct idea who *didn't* clean 'em, and that's myself. But I'll tell you what, Wiold, there ain't above eight or nine reg'lar glove cleaners in London,' — there were not, at that time, it seems — 'and I think I can give you their addresses, and you may find out, by that means, who did clean 'em.' Accordingly, he gave me the directions, and I went here, and I went there, and I looked up this man, and I looked up that man; but, though they all agreed that the gloves had been cleaned, I couldn't find the man, woman, or child, that had cleaned that aforesaid pair of gloves.

"What with this person not being at home, and that person being expected home in the afternoon, and so forth, the inquiry took me three days. On the evening of the third day, coming over Waterloo Bridge from the Surrey

side of the river, quite beat, and very much vexed and disappointed, I thought I'd have a shilling's worth of entertainment at the Lyceum Theatre to freshen myself up. So I went into the Pit, at half-price, and I sat myself down next to a very quiet, modest sort of young man. Seeing I was a stranger (which I thought it just as well to appear to be) he told me the names of the actors on the stage, and we got into conversation. When the play was over, we came out together, and I said, 'We've been very companionable and agreeable, and perhaps you wouldn't object to a drain?' 'Well, you're very good,' says he; 'I *shouldn't* object to a drain.' Accordingly, we went to a public-house, near the Theatre, sat ourselves down in a quiet room upstairs on the first floor, and called for a pint of half-and-half, a-piece, and a pipe.

"Well, Sir, we put our pipes aboard, and we drank our half-and-half, and sat a talking, very sociably, when the young man says, 'You must excuse me stopping very long,' he says, 'because I'm forced to go home in good time. I must be at work all night.' 'At work all night?' says I. 'You ain't a Baker?' 'No,' he says, laughing, 'I ain't a baker.' 'I thought not,' says I, 'you haven't the looks of a baker.' 'No,' says he, 'I'm a glove-cleaner.'

"I never was more astonished in my life, than when I heard them words come out of his lips. 'You're a glove-cleaner, are you?' says I.

'Yes,' he says, 'I am.' 'Then, perhaps,' says I, taking the gloves out of my pocket, 'you can tell me who cleaned this pair of gloves? It's a rum story,' I says. 'I was dining over at Lambeth, the other day, at a free-and-easy — quite promiscuous — with a public company — when some gentleman, he left these gloves behind him! Another gentleman and me, you see, we laid a wager of a sovereign, that I wouldn't find out who they belonged to. I've spent as much as seven shillings already, in trying to discover; but, if you could help me, I'd stand another seven and welcome. You see there's TR and a cross, inside.' 'I see,' he says. 'Bless you, I know these gloves very well! I've seen dozens of pairs belonging to the same party.' 'No?' says I. 'Yes,' says he. 'Then you know who cleaned 'em?' says I. 'Rather so,' says he. 'My father cleaned 'em.'

"Where does your father live?" says I. 'Just round the corner,' says the young man, 'near Exeter Street, here. He'll tell you who they belong to, directly.' 'Would you come round with me now?' says I. 'Certainly,' says he, 'but you needn't tell my father that you found me at the play, you know, because he mightn't like it.' 'All right!' We went round to the place, and there we found an old man in a white apron, with two or three daughters, all rubbing and cleaning away at lots of gloves, in a front parlour. 'Oh, Father!' says the young man, 'here's a person been and made a bet about the

ownership of a pair of gloves, and I've told him you can settle it.' 'Good evening, Sir,' says I to the old gentleman. 'Here's the gloves your son speaks of. Letters TR, you see, and a cross.' 'Oh yes,' he says, 'I know these gloves very well; I've cleaned dozens of pairs of 'em. They belong to Mr. Trinkle, the great upholsterer in Cheapside.' 'Did you get 'em from Mr. Trinkle, direct,' says I, 'if you'll excuse my asking the question?' 'No,' says he; 'Mr. Trinkle always sends 'em to Mr. Phibbs's, the haberdasher's, opposite his shop, and the haberdasher sends 'em to me.' 'Perhaps you wouldn't object to a drain?' says I. 'Not in the least!' says he. So I took the old gentleman out, and had a little more talk with him and his son, over a glass, and we parted excellent friends.

"This was late on a Saturday night. First thing on the Monday morning, I went to the haberdasher's shop, opposite Mr. Trinkle's, the great upholsterer's in Cheapside. 'Mr. Phibbs in the way?' 'My name is Phibbs.' 'Oh! I believe you sent this pair of gloves to be cleaned?' 'Yes, I did, for young Mr. Trinkle over the way. There he is, in the shop!' 'Oh! that's him in the shop, is it? Him in the green coat?' 'The same individual.' 'Well, Mr. Phibbs, this is an unpleasant affair; but the fact is, I am Inspector Wield of the Detective Police, and I found these gloves under the pillow of the young woman that was murdered the other

day, over in the Waterloo Road?' 'Good Heaven!' says he. 'He's a most respectable young man, and if his father was to hear of it, it would be the ruin of him!' 'I'm very sorry for it,' says I, 'but I must take him into custody.' 'Good Heaven!' says Mr. Phibbs, again; 'can nothing be done?' 'Nothing,' says I. 'Will you allow me to call him over here,' says he, 'that his father may not see it done?' 'I don't object to that,' says I; 'but unfortunately, Mr. Phibbs, I can't allow of any communication between you. If any was attempted, I should have to interfere directly. Perhaps you'll beckon him over here?' Mr. Phibbs went to the door and beckoned, and the young fellow came across the street directly; a smart, brisk young fellow.

"Good morning, Sir," says I. 'Good morning, Sir,' says he. 'Would you allow me to inquire, Sir,' says I, 'if you ever had any acquaintance with a party of the name of Grimwood?' 'Grimwood! Grimwood!' says he, 'No!' 'You know the Waterloo Road?' 'Oh! of course I know the Waterloo Road!' 'Happen to have heard of a young woman being murdered there?' 'Yes, I read it in the paper, and very sorry I was to read it.' 'Here's a pair of gloves belonging to you, that I found under her pillow the morning afterwards!'

"He was in a dreadful state, Sir; a dreadful state! 'Mr. Wield,' he says, 'upon my solemn oath I never was there. I never so much as saw her, to my knowledge, in

my life!' 'I am very sorry,' says I. 'To tell you the truth; I don't think you *are* the murderer, but I must take you to Union Hall in a cab. However, I think it's a case of that sort, that, at present, at all events, the magistrate will hear it in private.'

"A private examination took place, and then it came out that this young man was acquainted with a cousin of the unfortunate Eliza Grimwoods, and that, calling to see this cousin a day or two before the murder, he left these gloves upon the table. Who should come in, shortly afterwards, but Eliza Grimwood! 'Whose gloves are these?' she says, taking 'em up. 'Those are Mr. Trinkle's gloves,' says her cousin. 'Oh!' says she, 'they are very dirty, and of no use to him, I am sure. I shall take 'em away for my girl to clean the stoves with.' And she put 'em in her pocket. The girl had used 'em to clean the stoves, and, I have no doubt, had left 'em lying on the bed-room mantelpiece, or on the drawers, or somewhere; and her mistress, looking round to see that the room was tidy, had caught 'em up and put 'em under the pillow where I found 'em.

"That's the story, Sir."

II. THE ARTFUL TOUCH.

"One of the most *beautiful* things that ever was done, perhaps," said Inspector Wield, emphasising the adjective, as preparing us to expect dexterity or ingenuity rather than strong in-

terest, "was a move of Serjeant Witchem's. It was a lovely idea!

"Witchem and me were down at Epsom one Derby Day, waiting at the station for the Swell Mob. As I mentioned, when we were talking about these things before, we are ready at the station when there's races, or an Agricultural Show, or a Chancellor sworn in for an university, or Jenny Lind, or any thing of that sort; and as the Swell Mob come down, we send 'em back again by the next train. But some of the Swell Mob, on the occasion of this Derby that I refer to, so far kiddied us as to hire a horse and shay; start away from London by Whitechapel, and miles round; come into Epsom from the opposite direction; and go to work, right and left, on the course, while we were waiting for 'em at the Rail. That, however, ain't the point of what I'm going to tell you.

"While Witchem and me were waiting at the station, there comes up one Mr. Tatt; a gentleman formerly in the public line, quite an amateur Detective in his way, and very much respected. 'Halloa, Charley Wield,' he says. 'What are you doing here? On the look out for some of your old friends?' 'Yes, the old move, Mr. Tatt.' 'Come along,' he says, 'you and Witchem, and have a glass of sherry.' 'We can't stir from the place,' says I, 'till the next train comes in; but after that, we will with pleasure.' Mr. Tatt waits, and the train comes in, and then

Witchem and me go off with him to the Hotel. Mr. Tatt he's got up quite regardless of expense, for the occasion; and in his shirt-front there's a beautiful diamond prop, cost him fifteen or twenty pound — a very handsome pin indeed. We drink our sherry at the bar, and have had our three or four glasses, when Witchem cries, suddenly, 'Look out, Mr. Wield! stand fast!' and a dash is made into the place by the swell mob — four of 'em — that have come down as I tell you, and in a moment Mr. Tatt's prop is gone! Witchem, he cuts 'em off at the door, I lay about me as hard as I can, Mr. Tatt shows fight like a good 'un, and there we are all down together, heads and heels, knocking about on the floor of the bar — perhaps you never see such a scene of confusion! However, we stick to our men (Mr. Tatt being as good as any officer), and we take 'em all, and carry 'em off to the station. The station's full of people, who have been took on the course; and it's a precious piece of work to get 'em secured. However, we do it at last, and we search 'em; but nothing's found upon 'em, and they're locked up; and a pretty state of heat we are in by that time, I assure you!

"I was very blank over it, myself, to think that the prop had been passed away; and I said to Witchem, when we had set 'em to rights, and were cooling ourselves along with Mr. Tatt, 'we don't take much by *this* move, anyway, for nothing's found upon 'em, and

it's only the braggadocia * after all.' 'What do you mean, Mr. Wiold?' says Witchem. 'Here's the diamond pin!' and in the palm of his hand there it was, safe and sound! 'Why, in the name of wonder,' says me and Mr. Tatt, in astonishment, 'how did you come by that?' 'I'll tell you how I come by it,' says he. 'I saw which of 'em took it; and when we were all down on the floor together, knocking about, I just gave him a little touch on the back of his hand, as I knew his pal would; and he thought it WAS his pal; and gave it me!' It was beautiful, beautiful!

"Even that was hardly the best of the case, for that chap was tried at the Quarter Sessions at Guildford. You know what Quarter Sessions are, Sir. Well, if you'll believe me, while them slow justices were looking over the Acts of Parliament, to see what they could do to him, I'm blowed if he didn't cut out of the dock before their faces! He cut out of the dock, Sir, then and there; swam across a river; and got up into a tree to dry himself. In the tree he was took — an old woman having seen him climb up — and Witchem's artful touch transported him!"

III. — THE SOFA.

"What young men will do, sometimes, to ruin themselves and break their friends' hearts," said Serjeant Dornton, "it's sur-

* Three months' imprisonment as reputed thieves.

prising! I had a case at Saint Blank's Hospital which was of this sort. A bad case, indeed, with a bad end!

"The Secretary, and the House-Surgeon, and the Treasurer, of Saint Blank's Hospital, came to Scotland Yard to give information of numerous robberies having been committed on the students. The students could leave nothing in the pockets of their great-coats, while the great-coats were hanging at the Hospital, but it was almost certain to be stolen. Property of various descriptions was constantly being lost; and the gentlemen were naturally uneasy about it, and anxious, for the credit of the Institution, that the thief or thieves should be discovered. The case was entrusted to me, and I went to the Hospital.

"Now, gentlemen," said I, after we had talked it over; 'I understand this property is usually lost from one room.'

"Yes, they said. It was.

"I should wish, if you please," said I, 'to see that room.'

"It was a good-sized bare room downstairs, with a few tables and forms in it, and a row of pegs, all round, for hats and coats.

"Next, gentlemen," said I, 'do you suspect anybody?'

"Yes, they said. They did suspect somebody. They were sorry to say, they suspected one of the porters.

"I should like," said I, 'to have that man pointed out to me, and to have a little time to look after him.'

"He was pointed out, and I looked after him, and then I went back to the Hospital, and said, 'Now, gentlemen, it's not the porter. He's, unfortunately for himself, a little too fond of drink, but he's nothing worse. My suspicion is, that these robberies are committed by one of the students; and if you'll put me a sofa into that room where the pegs are — as there's no closet — I think I shall be able to detect the thief. I wish the sofa, if you please, to be covered with chintz, or something of that sort, so that I may lie on my chest, underneath it, without being seen.'

"The sofa was provided, and next day at eleven o'clock, before any of the students came, I went there, with those gentlemen, to get underneath it. It turned out to be one of those old-fashioned sofas with a great cross beam at the bottom, that would have broken my back in no time if I could ever have got below it. We had quite a job to break all this away in the time; however, I fell to work, and they fell to work, and we broke it out, and made a clear place for me. I got under the sofa, lay down on my chest, took out my knife, and made a convenient hole in the chintz to look through. It was then settled between me and the gentlemen that when the students were all up in the wards, one of the gentlemen should come in, and hang up a great-coat on one of the pegs. And that that great-coat should have, in one of the pockets, a

pocket-book containing marked money.

"After I had been there some time, the students began to drop into the room, by ones, and twos, and threes, and to talk about all sorts of things, little thinking there was anybody under the sofa — and then to go upstairs. At last there came in one who remained until he was alone in the room by himself. A tallish, good-looking young man of one or two and twenty, with a light whisker. He went to a particular hat-peg, took off a good hat that was hanging there, tried it on, hung his own hat in its place, and hung that hat on another peg, nearly opposite to me. I then felt quite certain that he was the thief, and would come back by-and-bye.

"When they were all upstairs, the gentleman came in with the great-coat. I showed him where to hang it, so that I might have a good view of it; and he went away; and I lay under the sofa on my chest, for a couple of hours or so, waiting.

"At last, the same young man came down. He walked across the room, whistling — stopped and listened — took another walk and whistled — stopped again, and listened — then began to go regularly round the pegs, feeling in the pockets of all the coats. When he came to THE great-coat, and felt the pocket-book, he was so eager and so hurried that he broke the strap in tearing it open. As he began to put the money in his pocket, I crawled out from

under the sofa, and his eyes met mine.

"My face, as you may perceive, is brown now, but it was pale at that time, my health not being good; and looked as long as a horse's. Besides which, there was a great draught of air from the door, underneath the sofa, and I had tied a handkerchief round my head; so what I looked like, altogether, I don't know. He turned blue — literally blue — when he saw me crawling out, and I couldn't feel surprised at it.

"I am an officer of the Detective Police," said I, "and have been lying here, since you first came in this morning. I regret, for the sake of yourself and your friends, that you should have done what you have; but this case is complete. You have the pocket-book in your hand and the money upon you; and I must take you into custody!"

"It was impossible to make out any case in his behalf, and on his trial he pleaded guilty. How or when he got the means I don't know; but while he was awaiting his sentence, he poisoned himself in Newgate."

We inquired of this officer, on the conclusion of the foregoing anecdote, whether the time appeared long, or short, when he lay in that constrained position under the sofa?

"Why, you see, Sir," he replied, "if he hadn't come in, the first time, and I had not been quite sure he was the thief, and would return, the time would have seemed long."

But, as it was, I being dead-certain of my man, the time seemed pretty short."

"EVIL IS WROUGHT BY WANT OF THOUGHT."*

"It must come some day; and come when it will, it will be hard to do, so we had best go at once, Sally. I shall have more trouble with Miss Isabel than you will with Miss Laura; for I am twice the favourite you are."

So said Fanny to her cousin, who had just turned to descend the staircase of Aldington Hall, where they had both lived since they were almost children, in attendance on the two daughters of the old baronet, who were near their own ages, and had always treated them with great kindness.

"I am not sure of that," replied Sally, "for Miss Laura is so seldom put out, that when once she is vexed, she will be hard to comfort; and I am sure, Fanny, she loves me every bit as well as Miss Isabel does you, though it is her way to be so quiet. I dare say she will cry when I say I must go; but then John would be like to cry too, if I put him off longer."

This consideration restored Sally's courage, and she proceeded with Fanny to the gallery into which the rooms of their young mistresses opened; but here Fanny's heart failed her; and, stopping short, she said,

"Suppose we tell them to wait

* THOMAS HOOD.

awhile longer, as the young ladies are going to travel. We might as well see the world first, and marry in a year or two. But still" added she, after a pause, "I could not find it in my heart to say so to Thomas; and I promised him to speak to-day."

Each cousin then knocked at the door of her mistress. Laura was not in her room, and Sally went to seek her below stairs; but Isabel called to Fanny to go in.

Fanny obeyed, and walking forward a few steps, faltered out, with many blushes, that as young Thomas had kept company with her for nearly a twelvemonth, and had taken and furnished a little cottage, and begged hard to take her home to it. She was sorry to say, that if Miss Isabel would give her leave, she wished to give warning and to go from her service in a month.

Fanny's most sanguine wishes or fears, must have been surpassed by the burst of surprise and grief that followed her modest statement. Isabel reproached her; refused to take her warning; declared she would never see her again if she left the Hall, and that rather than be served by any but her dear Fanny, she would wait upon herself all her life. Fanny expostulated, and told her mistress that, foreseeing her unwillingness to lose her, she had already put Thomas off several months; and that at last, to gain further delay, she had run the risk of appearing selfish, by refusing to marry him till he had furnished

a whole cottage for her. This, she said he had — by working late and early — accomplished in a surprisingly short time, and had the day before, claimed the reward of his industry. "And now, Miss," added she, "he gets quite pale, and begins to believe I do not love him, and yet I do, better than all the world, and could not find it in my heart to vex him, and make him look sad again. Yesterday he seemed so happy, when I promised to be his wife in a month." Here Fanny burst into tears. Her sobs softened Isabel, who consented to let her go; and after talking over her plans, became as enthusiastic in promoting, as she had at first been, in opposing them. Thomas was to take Fanny over to see the cottage, that evening, and Isabel, in the warmth of her heart, promised to accompany them. Fanny thanked her with a curtesy, and thought how pleased she ought to be at such condescension in her young mistress, but could not help fearing that her sweetheart would not half appreciate the favour.

After receiving many promises of friendship and assistance, Fanny hastened to report to Sally the success of her negotiation. Sally was sitting in their little bedroom, thoughtful, and almost sad. She listened to Fanny's account; and replied in answer to her questions concerning Miss Laura's way of taking her warning, "I am afraid, Fanny, you were right in thinking yourself the greatest favourite, for Miss Laura seemed al-

most pleased at my news; she shook me by the hand, and said, 'I am very glad to hear you are to marry such a good young man as everyone acknowledges John Maythorn to be, and you may depend upon my being always ready to help you, if you want assistance.' She then said a deal about my having lived with her six years, and not having once displeased her, and told me that master had promised my mother and yours too, that his young ladies should see after us all our lives. This was very kind, to be sure; but then Miss Isabel promised you presents whether you wanted assistance or not, and is to give you a silk gown and a white ribbon for the wedding, and is to go over to the cottage with you; now Miss Laura did not say a word of any such thing."

Fanny tried to comfort her cousin by saying it was Miss Laura's quiet way; but she could not help secretly rejoicing that her own mistress was so generous and affectionate.

In the evening the two sweethearts came to lead their future wives to the cottages, which were near each other, and at about a mile from the Hall. John had a happy walk. He learned from Sally that he was to "take her home" in a month, and was so pleased at the news, that he could scarcely be happier when she bustled about, exclaiming at every new sight in the pretty bright little cottage. The tea-caddy, the cupboard of china, and a large cat,

each called forth a fresh burst of joy. Sally thought everything "the prettiest she had ever seen;" and when John made her sit in the arm-chair and put her foot on the fender, as if she were already mistress of the cottage, she burst into sobs of joy. We will not pause to tell how her sobs were stopped, nor what promises of unchanging kindness, were made in that bright little kitchen; but we may safely affirm that Sally and John were happier than they had ever been in their lives, and that old Mrs. Maythorn, who was keeping the cottage for Sally, felt all her fondest wishes were fulfilled as she saw the two lovers depart.

Fanny and Thomas, who had left them at the cottage door, walked on to their own future home, quite overwhelmed by the honour Miss Isabel was conferring on them by walking at their side.

"You see, Miss," said Thomas, as he turned the key of his cottage-door, "there is nothing to speak of here, only such things as are necessary, and all of the plainest; but it will do well enough for us poor folks:" and as he threw open the door, he found to his surprise that what had seemed to him yesterday so pretty and neat, now looked indeed "all of the plainest." The very carpet, and metal tea-pot, which he had intended as surprises for Fanny, he was now ashamed of pointing out to her, and he apologised to Isabel for the coarse quality of the former, telling her it was only to serve till he could get a better.

"Yes," answered she, "this is not half good enough for my little Fanny, she must have a real Brussels carpet. I will send her one. I will make your cottage so pretty, Fanny, you shall have a nice china tea set, not these common little things, and I will give you some curtains for the window." Thomas blushed as this deficiency was pointed out. "Why, Miss," said he, "I meant to have trained the rose tree over the window, I thought that would be shady, and sweet in the summer, and in the winter, why, we should want all the day-light; but then to be sure, curtains will be much better."

"Yes, Thomas," replied the young lady, "and warm in the winter; you could not be comfortable with a few bare rose stalks before your window, when the snow was on the ground." This had not occurred to Thomas, who now said faintly, "Oh no, Miss," and felt that curtains were indispensable to comfort.

Similar deficiencies or shortcomings were discovered everywhere, so that even Fanny, who would at first be pleased with all she saw, in spite of the numerous defects that seemed to exist everywhere, gradually grew silent and ashamed of her cottage. She did her utmost to conceal from Thomas how entirely she agreed with her mistress, and as this generous young lady finished every remark, by saying "I will get you one," or, "I will send you another," she felt that all would be right before long.

As Thomas closed the door, he

wondered how in his wish to please Fanny he could have deceived himself so completely as to the merits of his cottage and furniture; but he too comforted himself by remembering how his kind patroness was to remedy all the defects; "though," thought he, "I should have liked better to have done it all well myself."

The lady and the two lovers walked homewards, almost without speaking till they overtook John and Sally, who were whispering and laughing, talking of their cottage, Mrs. Maythorn's joy at seeing them happy, their future plans for themselves and her, and all in so confused a way, that though twenty new subjects were started and discussed, none came to any conclusion, but that John and Sally loved each other and were very, very happy.

"What ails you, Thomas?" said John, "Has any one robbed your house? I told you it was not safe to leave it," but seeing Miss Isabel, he touched his hat and fell back to where Fanny was talking to her cousin. Isabel, however, left them that she might take a short cut through the park, while they went round by the road.

At the end of the walk, Sally was half inclined to be dissatisfied with her furniture, so much had Fanny boasted of the improvements that were to be made in her own, but she could not get rid of the first impression it had made on her, and in a few days she quite forgot the want of curtains and carpet, and could only remember

the happy time when she sat in the arm-chair with her foot on the fender.

As the month drew to a close, the two sisters made presents to their maids. Laura gave Sally a merino dress, a large piece of linen, a cellar full of coals, and a five pound note. Isabel gave Fanny a silk gown that cost three guineas, a beautiful white bonnet ribbon, a small chimney glass (for which she kindly went into debt), three left-off muslin dresses, a painting done by her own hand, in a handsome gilt frame, and a beautiful knitted purse. Besides all this, she told Fanny it was still her intention to get the other things she had promised for the cottage, as soon as she had paid for the chimney glass. "I am very sorry," she said, "that just now I am so poor, for unfortunately, as you know, I have had to pay for those large music volumes I ordered when I was in London, and which after all I never used. It always happens that I am poor when I want to make presents."

Fanny stopped her mistress with abundant thanks for the beautiful things she had already given her. "I am sure, Miss," said she, "I shall scarcely dare wear these dresses, they look so lady-like and fine; Sally will seem quite strange by me. And this purse too, Miss; I never saw anything so smart."

Isabel was quite satisfied that she had eclipsed her sister in the number and value of her gifts, but she still assured Fanny she had but made a beginning. Large and

generous indeed, were this young lady's intentions.

On the wedding morning Isabel rose early and dressed herself without assistance, then crossing to the room of the two cousins, she entered without knocking. Sally was gone, and Fanny lay sleeping alone.

"How pretty she is!" said Isabel to herself. "She ought to be dressed like a lady to day. I will see to it;" then glancing proudly at the silk gown, which was laid out with all the other articles of dress, ready for the coming ceremony, her heart swelled with consciousness of her own generosity. "I have done nothing yet," continued she; "she has been with me nearly six years, and always pleased me entirely, then papa promised her mother that he should befriend her as long as we both lived, and he has charged us both to do our utmost for our brides. Laura has bought Sally a shawl, I ought to give one too — what is this common thing? Fanny! Fanny! wake up. I am come to be your maid to-day, for you shall be mistress on your wedding morning and have a lady to dress you. What is this shawl? It will not do with a silk dress, wait a minute," and off she darted, leaving Fanny sitting up and rubbing her eyes trying to remember what her young mistress had said. Before she was quite conscious, Isabel returned with a Norfolk shawl of fine texture and design, but somewhat soiled. "There," said she, throwing it across the silk gown,

"those go much better together. I will give it you, Fanny."

"Thank you, Miss," said Fanny, in a tone of hesitation; "but — but suppose, Miss, I was to wear Thomas' shawl just to-day, as he gave it me for the wedding, and John got Sally one like it — I think, Miss — don't you think, Miss, it might seem unkind to wear another just to-day?"

"Why, it is just to-day I want to make you look like a lady, Fanny; no, no, you must not put on that white cotton-looking shawl with a silk dress, and this ribbon," said Isabel, taking up the bonnet, proudly. Fanny looked sad, but the young mistress did not see this, for she was examining the white silk gloves, that lay beside the bonnet. "These," thought she, "are not quite right, they look servantish, but my kid gloves would not fit her, besides, I have none clean, and it is well, perhaps, that she should have a few things to mark her rank. Yes, they will do."

There was so much confusion between the lady's offering help, and the maid's modestly refusing it, that the toilette was long in completing. At last, however, Isabel was in ecstasies. "Look," said she, "how the bonnet becomes you! and the Norfolk shawl, too, no one would think you were only a lady's-maid, Fanny. Stop, I will get a ribbon for your throat." Off she flew, and was back again in five minutes. "But what is that for, Fanny?"

Are you afraid it will rain, this bright morning?"

Fanny had, in Isabel's absence, folded Thomas' shawl, and hung it across her arm. "I thought, Miss," answered she, blushing, "that I might just carry it, to show Thomas that I did not forget his present, or think it too homely to go to church with me."

"Impossible," said Isabel, who, to do her justice, we must state, was far too much excited to suspect that she was making Fanny uncomfortable; "you will spoil all. There, put the shawl away, — that's right, you look perfect. Go down to your bridegroom, I hear his voice in the hall, I will not come too, though I should like above all things to see his surprise, but I should spoil your meeting, and I am the last person in the world to do anything so selfish. One thing more, Fanny: I shall give you two guineas, that you may spend three or four days at L —, by the seaside; no one goes home directly, you would find it very dull to settle down at once in your cottage; tell Thomas so." Isabel then retired to her room, wishing heartily that she could part with half her prettiest things, that she might heap more favours on the interesting little bride.

Laura's first thought that morning had also been of the little orphan, who had served her so long and faithfully, and whom her father had commended to her special care. She, too, had risen early, but without dressing her-

self, she went across to Sally. Sally was asleep, with the traces of tears on her cheeks; Laura looked at her for a few moments, and remembered how, when both were too young to understand the distinction of rank, they had been almost playmates; she wiped from her own eyes a little moisture that dimmed them, then putting her hand gently on Sally's shoulder, she said, "Wake, Sally, I call you early that you may have plenty of time to dress me first and yourself afterwards. I know you would not like to miss waiting on me, or to do it hurriedly for the last time. You have been crying, Sally, do not colour about it, I should think ill of you if you were not sorry to leave us, you cannot feel the parting more than I do. I dare say I shall have hard work to keep dry eyes all day, but we must do our best, Sally, for it will not do for John to think I grudge you to him, or that you like me better than you do him."

"Oh no, Miss!" replied Sally, who felt at that moment that she could scarcely love any one better than her kind mistress. "Still John will not be hard upon me for a few tears," added she, putting the sheet to her eyes.

"Come, come, Sally, this will not do, jump up and dress yourself quickly, that you may be ready to brush my hair when I return from the dressing-room; you must do it well to-day, for you know I am not yet suited with a maid, and must do it myself to-morrow."

This roused Sally, who dressed

in great haste and was soon at her post. Laura asked her many questions about her plans for the future, and found with pleasure that most things had been well considered and arranged. "There is only one thing, Miss," said Sally in conclusion, "that we are sorry for, and it is that we cannot offer old Mrs. Maythorn a home. She has no child but John, and will sadly feel his leaving her."

"But why cannot she live with you and work as she does now, so as to pay you for what she costs?"

"Why, Miss, where she is she works about the house for her board, and does a trifle outdoors besides, that gets her clothing. John says it makes him feel quite cowardly, as it were, to see his old mother working at scrubbing and scouring, making her poor back ache, when he is so young and strong; yet we scarcely know if we could undertake for her altogether. I wish we could."

"How much would it cost you?"

"A matter of four shillings a week; besides, we must get a bed and bedding. That we could put up in the kitchen, if we bought it to shut up in the day-time, and, as John says, Mrs. Maythorn would help us nicely when we get some little ones. But it would cost a deal of money to begin and go on with."

"I will think of this for you, Sally. It would be easy for me to give you four shillings a week now but I may not always be able to do it. I may marry a poor man, or one who will not allow me to

spend my money as I please, and were Mrs. Maythorn to give up her present employments, she would not be able to get them back again three or four years hence, nor would she, at her age, be able to meet with others; and if you would find it difficult to keep her now, you would much more when you have a little family; so we must do nothing hastily. I will consult Papa; he will tell me directly whether I shall be right in promising you the four shillings a week. If I do promise it, you may depend on always having it."

"Oh, thank you, thank you, Miss, for the thought: I will tell John directly I see him; the very hope will fill him with joy."

"No," said Laura, "do not tell him yet, Sally, for you would be sorry to disappoint him afterwards, if I could not undertake it. Wait a day or two, and I will give you an answer; or, if possible, it shall be sooner. Now, thank you for the nice brushing: I will put up my hair while you go and dress; it is getting late. If you require assistance, and Fanny is not in your room, tap at my door, for I shall be pleased to help you to-day."

Laura was not called in; but when she thought the toilette must be nearly completed, went to Sally with the shawl which she had bought for her the day before. As she entered, Sally was folding the white one John had given her. "I have brought you a shawl," said Laura, "which I want you to

wear to-day; it is much handsomer than that you are folding. See, do you like it?"

"Yes, Miss," said Sally, "It is a very good one, I see," and she began to re-fold the other; but Laura noticed the expression of disappointment with which she made the change, and taking up the plain shawl, said, "I do not know whether this does not suit your neat muslin dress better than mine. Did you buy it yourself, Sally?"

"No, Miss, it was John's present; but I will put on yours this morning, if you please, Miss, and I can wear John's any day."

"No, no," replied Laura, "you must put on John's to-day. It matters but little to me when you wear mine, so long as it does you good service; but John will feel hurt if you cast his present aside on your wedding-day, because some one else has given you a shawl worth a few shillings more." So Laura put the white shawl on the shoulders of Sally, who valued it more than the finest Cashmere in the world.

As Sally went down stairs, she saw Fanny in tears on the landing. "I cannot think how it is," answered she, in reply to Sally's questioning, "but just on this day, when I thought to feel so happy, I am quite low. Miss Isabel has been so kind, she has dressed me, and quite flustered me with her attentions. See what nice things she has given me — this shawl — though for that matter, I'd rather have worn Thomas's. Oh, how nice you look. Dear, so neat and

becoming your station, and with John's shawl, too, but then Miss Laura has made you no present."

"Yes, a good shawl, and a promise besides, but I will tell you about that another time. Let us go in now, they must be waiting for us."

Fanny felt so awkward in her fine clothes, that she could scarcely be prevailed on to encounter the gaze of the servants; but her good-natured cousin promising to explain that all her dress was given and chosen by her mistress, she at last went into the hall. Sally's explanation was only heard by a few of the party, and as Fanny, in trying to conceal herself from the gaze of the astonished villagers, slunk behind old Mrs. Maythorn, she had the mortification of hearing her say to John, in the loud whisper peculiar to deaf people, "I am so glad, John, the neat one is yours; I should be quite frightened to see you take such a fine lady as Fanny to the altar; it makes me sorry for Thomas to see her begin so smart."

When the ceremony was over, the party returned to the Hall, where an hospitable meal had been provided for all the villagers of good character who chose to partake of it. It was a merry party, for even Fanny, when every one had seen her finery long enough to forget it, forgot it herself. Thomas was very good-natured about the shawl, and delighted at the prospect of spending a few days at L —. He and Fanny talked of the boat-excur-

sions they would have, the shells they would gather for a grotto in their garden, and the long rambles they would take by the sea-side, till they wondered how ever they could have been contented with the prospect of going to their cottage at once.

As the pony chaise which the good baronet had lent for the day, drove up to take the bridal party to L —, for John and Sally were also to spend one day there, the two young ladies came to take leave of their *protégées*. Laura said, "Good bye, Sally, I have consulted Papa and will undertake to allow you four shillings a-week as long as Mrs. Maythorn lives. Here is a sovereign towards expenses; you will not, I am sure, mind changing your five pound note for the rest."

Isabel said, "Good bye, Fanny. I am very, very sorry to disappoint you of your treat at L —, but I intended to have borrowed the two pounds of Miss Laura, and I find she cannot lend them to me. Never mind, I am sure you will be happy enough in your little cottage. I never saw such a sweet little place as it is." So the bridal party drove away.

In less than a week the cousins were established in their new abode. Sally settled and happy; but Fanny, unsettled, always expected the new carpet, the china tea-set, and the various other alterations that Isabel had suggested and promised to make. The young lady was, however, unfortunate with her money. At one

time she lost a bank-note; at another, just as she was counting out money for the Brussels carpet, the new maid entered to tell her that sundry articles of dress were "past mending," and must be immediately replaced. One thing after another nipped her generous intentions in the bud, and at last she was obliged to set out for her long-expected journey to France, without having done more towards the fulfilment of her promises than call frequently on Fanny, to remind her that all her present arrangements were temporary, and that she should shortly have almost everything new.

"Good bye, Fanny," said she at parting; "I shall often write to you, and send you money. I will not make any distinct promise, for I daresay I shall be able to do more than I should like to say now."

Laura had given Sally a great many useful things for her cottage, but made no promise at parting. She said, "Be sure you write to me, Sally, from time to time, to say how you are going on, and tell me if you want help."

When Isabel was gone, Fanny saw that she must accustom herself to her cottage as it was, and banish from her mind the idea of the long-anticipated improvements. It was, however, no easy task. The window once regarded as bare and comfortless still seemed so, in spite of Fanny's reasoning that it was no worse than Sally's, which always looked cheerful and pretty. To be sure, John,

who did not think of getting curtains, had trained a honeysuckle over it, still that made but little show at present. The carpet, too, so long regarded as a coarse temporary thing, never regained the beauty it first had to the eye of Thomas, as he laid it down the evening before he took Fanny to the cottage; and Fanny could never forget, as she arranged her tea-things, that Miss Isabel had called them "common little things;" so of all the other pieces of furniture that the young lady had remarked upon. Sally's house was, in reality, more homely than her cousin's, yet as she had never entertained a wish that it should be better, and as Laura had been pleased with all its arrangements, she bustled about it with perfect satisfaction; and even to Fanny it seemed replete with the comfort her own had always wanted.

At the end of three months Isabel enclosed an order for three pounds to Fanny, desiring her to get a Brussels carpet, and if there was a sufficient remainder, to replace the tea-set.

"I would rather," said Fanny to her cousin, "put up with the old carpet and china, and get a roll of fine flannel, some coals, an extra blanket or two, and a cradle for the little one that's coming, for it will be cold weather when I am put to bed; but I suppose as Miss Isabel has set her mind on the carpet and china, I must get them."

A week or two after John was invited, with his wife and mother,

to drink tea from Fanny's new china. It was very pretty, so was the carpet, and so was Fanny making tea, elated with showing her new wealth.

"Is not Miss Isabel generous?" asked she, as she held the milk-pot to be admired.

"I sometimes wish Miss Laura had as much money to spare," replied Sally; "for she lets me lay it out as I please, and I could get a number of things for three guineas."

"Fie, Sally," said her husband; "are not three shillings to spend as one pleases, better than three guineas laid out to please some one else?"

"Nonsense, John," said Fanny, pettishly; "how can a carpet for my kitchen be bought to please any one but me?"

"John isn't far wrong either," answered her husband; "but the carpet is very handsome, and does please you and me too, now it is here."

Time passed on, and Fanny gave birth to a little girl. Isabel stood sponsor for her by proxy, sending her an embroidered cloak and lace cap, and desiring that she should be called by her own name. Little Bella was very sickly, and as her mother had not been able to procure her good warm clothing, or lay in a large stock of firing, she suffered greatly from cold during the severe winter that followed her birth. The spring and summer did not bring her better health; and as Fanny always attributed her delicacy to the want

of proper warmth in her infancy, she took a great dislike to the Brussels carpet, which now lay in a roll behind a large chest, having been long ago taken up as a piece of inconvenient luxury in a kitchen. "I wish you could find a corner for it in your cottage, Sally," said she, "for I never catch a sight of it without worrying myself to think how much flannels and coals I might have bought with the money it cost."

Laura frequently sent Sally small presents of money, but Isabel, though not so regular as her sister, surprised every one by the splendour of her presents, when they did come. As Bella entered her second year, she received from her godmother a beautiful little carriage, which Thomas said must have "spoilt a five-pound note." This was Isabel's last gift, for it was at about this time that she accepted an offer from a French count, and became so absorbed in her own affairs, that she forgot Fanny and Bella too. Poor Bella grew more and more sickly every month; the apothecary ordered her beef tea, arrowroot, and other strengthening diet, but work was slack with Thomas, and it was with difficulty that he could procure her the commonest food. "I am sure," said Fanny to her cousin, as little Bella was whining on her knee, "that if only Miss Isabel were here, she would set us all right. She never could bear to see even a stranger in distress."

"I wish," said Thomas, "that great folks would think a little of

what they don't see. I'll lay anything Miss Isabel gives away a deal of money, more than enough to save our little one, to a set of French impostors that cry after her in the street, and yet, when she knows our child is ill, she never cares, because she can't see it grow thin, or hear it cry."

"For shame, Thomas," said his wife, "do not speak so rudely of the young lady. Have you forgotten the pretty carriage she sent Bella, and how pleased we were when it came?"

"I don't mean any harm," answered her husband; "only it strikes me that Miss was pleased to buy the carriage because it was pretty, and seemed a great thing to send us, and that she wouldn't have cared a straw to give us a little each, that would have served us every bit as well."

"I never heard you so ungrateful, Thomas. Of course she wouldn't, because she wished to please us."

"Or herself, as John said; but may-be I am wrong; only it goes to my heart to see the child want food while there is a filagree carriage in the yard that cost more than would keep her for six months."

"Well, cheer up," said Sally; "Miss Laura will be coming home soon, and I'll lay anything she won't let Bella die of want."

"I'm afraid she won't think of giving to me, Sally," said Fanny despondingly; "I was never her maid, you know."

"You wouldn't fear, if you knew

Miss Laura as I do, Fanny; she never cares who she helps so long as the person is deserving, and in want. She has no pride of that sort."

Isabel's marriage was put off, and Laura's return, consequently, postponed. As Bella grew worse every day, and yet no help came, the unselfish Sally wrote to her patroness, telling her of poor Fanny's distress, and begging her either to send her help, or speak on her behalf to her sister.

Isabel was dressing for a party when Laura showed her Sally's letter. "Poor Fanny," said she, "I wish I had known it before I bought this wreath. I have, absolutely, not a half-franc in the world. Will you buy the wreath of me at half-price, it has not even been taken from its box."

"I do not want it," said Laura, "but I will lend you some money."

"No, I cannot borrow more," said her sister despondingly. "I owe you already for the flowers, the brooch, the bill you paid yesterday, and I know not what else besides; but I will tell Eugène there is a poor Englishwoman in distress, I am sure he will send her something."

Eugène gave a five-franc piece.

It was late one frosty evening when Sally ran across to her cousin's cottage, delighted to be the bearer of the long hoped-for letter. Fanny was sitting on the fender before a small fire, hugging her darling to her breast, and breathing on its little face to make the air warmer. "I'm afraid,"

said she, in answer to Sally's inquiries, "that the child won't be here long;" and she wiped away a few hot tears that had forced their way as she sat listening to the low moans of the little sufferer.

"But I have good news for you," said her cousin, cheerfully. "Here is a letter from Miss Isabel at last. I would not tell you before, but I wrote to Miss Laura, saying how you were expecting every week to be put to bed again, and how Bella was wasting away, and see, I was right about her, she has sent you a sovereign, and her sister's letter, no doubt, contains a pretty sum."

Fanny started up, and could scarcely breathe as she broke the seal. What was her disappointment on seeing an order for five shillings!

"I am very sorry, my good Fanny," said Isabel, "that just now I have no money. A charitable gentleman sends you five shillings, and as soon as I possibly can, I will let you have a large sum. I have not yet paid for the carriage I sent you, and as the bill has been given me several times, I must discharge it before I send away more money. I hope that by this time, little Bella is better."

Fanny laid her child upon the bed, and putting her face by its side, shed bitter tears. Sally did not speak, and so both remained till Thomas came in from his work. Fanny would have hidden the letter from him, but he saw and seized it in a moment.

"Five guineas for a carriage, and five shillings for a child's life,"

said he with a sneer, as he laid it down. "Do not look for the large sum, Fanny, you won't get it; but I will work hard, and bury the child decently."

Fanny felt no inclination to defend her mistress. For the first time, it occurred to her that Thomas and John might be right in their judgment of her. She raised Bella, as Thomas, who had been twisting up the money order, was about to throw it in the fire. He caught a sight of the child's wan face, and, advancing to the bed, said, in a softened tone, "Do you know father, pretty one?" and as Bella smiled faintly, he added, "I will do anything for your sake. Here, Fanny, take the money, and get the child something nourishing."

Bella seemed to revive from getting better food; and the apothecary held out great hope of her ultimate recovery, if the improved diet could be continued; but expenses fell heavily on Thomas, Fanny was put to bed with a fine strong little boy, and, though Sally and Mrs. Maythorn devoted themselves to her and Bella, the anxiety she suffered from being separated from her invalid child, added to her former constant uneasiness, and want of proper food, brought on a fever that threatened her life. In a few days she became quite delirious. During this time Isabel was married, and Laura returned to England.

When Fanny regained her consciousness she was in the dark, but she could see some-one standing

by the window. On her speaking the person advanced to her side. "Do not be startled to find me here," said a sweet soft voice. "Sally has watched by your side for three nights, and when I came this evening she looked so ill that I insisted on her going to bed; then, as we could find no one on whose care and watchfulness we could depend, I took her place. You have been in a sound sleep Dr. Hart said you would wake up much better. Are you better?"

"Yes, Ma'am, a deal better; but where am I, and who is it with me?"

"You are in your own pretty cottage, and Miss Laura is with you. You expected me home, did you not?"

"Oh thank God; who sent you, dear Miss Laura? How is — but may-be I had best not ask just while I am so weak. Is the dear boy well?"

"Yes, quite well; and Bella is much better. I have sent her for a few days to L—, with Mrs. Maythorn; the sea air will do her good."

"Oh, thank you — thank you — dear young lady for the thought. I seem so bound up in that dear child, that nothing could comfort me for her loss. How good and kind you are, Miss — you do all so well and so quietly!"

"Yes, Fanny, dear," said Thomas, coming from behind the curtain and stooping to kiss his wife.

"Miss Laura has saved you and Bella, and me too, for I couldn't have lived if you had died; and

has found me work; and all without making one great present, or doing anything one could speak about. I'll tell you what it is, wife, dear, Miss Isabel does all for the best, but it is just as she feels at the moment. Now Miss Laura — if I may be so bold to speak, Miss — Miss Laura does not give to please her own feelings, but to do good. I can't say it well, but do you say it for me, Miss; I want Fanny to know the right words, to teach the little ones by-and-bye. You know what I wish to say, Miss Laura."

"Yes Thomas," said Laura, blushing, "but I do not say you are right. You mean, I think, that my sister acts from impulse, and I from principle. Is that it?"

"I suppose that's it, Miss," said Thomas, considering, and apparently not quite satisfied.

"You have no harder meaning, I am sure," said Laura, quietly, "because I love my sister very much."

"Certainly not, Miss," returned Thomas. "But, myself, if I may take the liberty of gratefully saying so, I prefer to be acted to on principle, and think it a good deal better than impulse."

CHIPS.

TORTURE IN THE WAY OF BUSINESS.

The mention in a recent article of the extreme cruelty practised on calves, has drawn forth the fol-

lowing statement from a correspondent, — a clergyman in Bedfordshire: —

“A member of my family was witness to the following act of barbarity, viz., that of plucking the feathers from a duck while yet alive. Upon being expostulated with, the man replied that it was a common practice, — ‘we *half* break their necks, then pluck them while they are warm, and then finish them off.’ This act of cruelty was witnessed in Brighton Market. If the above will at all assist you in exposing the atrocities which are practised on the brute creation, I shall be thankful. The public generally (save a few gross sensualists) have only, it is to be hoped, to be told what is practised on many articles of consumption, to make them protest against such wanton insults on God’s workmanship.”

The only means of accounting for such irrational cruelty, is the supposition that the offending poulterers imagine ducks to be endowed by nature with no more feeling than feather-beds.

The savage indifference with which unappreciable agonies are systematically inflicted upon sentient creatures, strikes us occasionally with wonder. The police reports have lately revealed a case which nothing but the best testimony could render credible. A correspondent of the Times Newspaper was some weeks since walking in the Walworth Road, when he saw several persons assembled round the shop of a but-

cher; half a dozen men were endeavouring to force two bullocks into a slaughter-house. The butcher’s journeyman struck one of the animals on the legs with a broom handle, which had a sharp pointed spike. The door of the slaughter-house was very narrow; the man got a rope and fixed it tightly round the horns of the bullock, and some of them then pulled this from the inside of the slaughter-house; the others were beating the brute behind and pushing it on. He saw one of the butchers twisting the animal’s tail till he doubled it up, and the bones were dislocated — at least, he was led to think so by the right angle formed by the two portions of the tail. The man’s hands were covered with blood which flowed from the tail; and he rubbed the dislocated parts together, which caused the poor animal to moan most piteously. Several of the bystanders expressed their disgust.

The fellows were brought before the Lambeth magistrate by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; but unfortunately the principal witness mistook one of the offenders for another person — his brother. The complaint, therefore, from that legal informality, broke down.

The defendants appeared to treat the mere pulling a bullock through a passage too small for its comfortable admission, with ropes tied to its horns; the pushing it with goads from behind; the agonising twisting of its tail;

as matters of the most perfect indifference. In his exultation at getting off, one of them facetiously promised the magistrate, in answer to an expostulation as to the narrowness of the passage, "that, to oblige his Worship, he would make the place big enough to admit a full-grown elephant, or a hippopotamus."

We have in former articles shown that this sort of brutality is of every-day occurrence, and perpetrated in the regular way of business. Use begets insensibility. We have no doubt that the poulterer and butchers concerned in the atrocities we have detailed, are worthy men enough in their families. They would not tear the hair out of the head of a child, or goad a wife with a broomstick, for the world. They are most likely tender fathers and affectionate husbands; but in the way of business, as poulterers, and butchers, what can exceed, or what censure can be too sharp for, their cruelty? Exposure is the only cure; and this we will always do our part in administering.

A COTTAGE MEMORY.

IN that far foreign country, the dream of
old days
An old haunts often bears me to Anthony
Wray's;
The white little cottage with nest-
crowded eaves,
Peeping out half the year from an ambush
of leaves.

And now once again have my footsteps
been there,
And have found it — deserted, dis-
mantled, and bare;

Except where the wall-flow'rs still
cluster and wave
On the gable: they now are like flow'rs
on a grave.

At that window, I thought as I passed
through the door,
Where the late sunbeam strikes down the
weed-covered floor,
How often the sunlight and moonlight
have shone
Upon bright, living faces, that now are
all gone.

In the choice ingle-nook stood no Mar-
tha's arm-chair,
But a heap of dead leaves which the
wind had swept there;
The low-talking wind that breathed
thoughts of the time
When young voices rang round like a
holiday chime.

And the hearth had become like a cold
churchyard stone,
Encrusted with mould and with moss
overgrown,
That had glowed through so many a long
winter night,
The heart of the cottage, a core of warm
light.

What talk and what mirth there! what
tales told or read
To the children that listened in joy tin-
ged with dread!
A storm shakes the window; they so-
lemnly gaze
On each other, and draw their stools
nearer the blaze.

Their father is drowsy with labour gone
through,
And the deep satisfaction of nothing to
do;
The woof of light sleep in its network
has bound him,
And home mildly shines through the
mist that's around him.

The mother sits knitting and smiling
fond praise;
The cheek of the youngest shines warm
in the blaze
As he rests his white head on his grand-
mother's knee;
Alas! that these pictures mere phantoms
should be.

As ghosts of burnt roses cloud up from
their ashes,
Rise scenes from the past in these
transient flashes;
Thin visions, soon melted, which leave
the heart sore,
By half-showing that which they will
not restore.

Could it be that this Household was gone,
and for ever?
The wood looked unchanged, and the
fields, and the river;
Co-tenants of time, even part did these
seem
Of beings who now are but shapes of a
dream.

The broad-leaved horse-chesnut my
thoughts used to wed
With those for whose shelter its boughs
seemed to spread,
Dipped slowly in sunlight its fans as of
old,
But beneath, all had passed "like a tale
that is told."

Long I stood, and had no word of comfort
to say
Yet not unconsolated did I turn me away:
Thank God for the faith that is stronger
than grief,
The fountain that springs to the parched
soul's relief.

The whispered assurance which raises
and soothes,
That these are the phantoms, and those
still the truths;
And their trials and virtues, their tears
and their mirth
Not faded like yesterday's light from the
earth!

"CAPE" SKETCHES.

THERE is a peculiarity evinced
by such of the advocates of colo-
nisation as have acquainted them-
selves personally with colonial
life, which puts in a strong light
the adaptibility of most of our
territories beyond sea for better-

ing the condition of enterprising
emigrants. It is this:—each man
vaunts loudly the superiority of
the colony he has visited over all
the others. "How is it possible,"
writes a settler in New Zealand to
us, "that people will be so blind
as to risk their capital in Australia
while there is New Zealand, the
finest country, with the finest cli-
mate in the world!" The friend,
who occasionally amuses and in-
structs us with his vivid sketches
of Australian life, exclaims —
"New Zealand! — Where are its
markets? — What is a farmer to
do with his produce when he has
got it? — No, no; my advice is
Sydney." "By no means," ejacu-
lates a third, just home from Port
Philip, "South Australia is the
country for an energetic man to
gain independence and wealth."
A successful emigrant, hot from
Hobart Town, vaunts the advan-
tages of Van Dieman's Land. Our
friend from Canada over-rides all
these opinions. "Why," he ar-
gues, "go to uncivilised, unculti-
vated, and far-off countries, when
you can, at once, join established
communities, and enjoy regular
British institutions, only a three
weeks' sail distant; where markets
are regular, food cheap, and where
(on account of the intense cold)
there is nothing to do for one-
third of the year?" Lastly, we are
favoured with the opinion of a five
years' resident in South Africa:—
"Truly," he says, "people who
brave the regions of a northern
climate, who expose their lives in
dangerous proximity to savages,

who heed not agues in swamps, nor thirst in deserts, forget there is such a place as the Cape of Good Hope."

Although all this one-sided enthusiasm does not prove either of the respective cases argued by the different advocates; yet it shows in a broad light the certain advantages of emigration in general. To whatever quarter of the globe the observer turns, he sees, amidst occasional instances of disappointment and loss, that emigration has, in general, answered the expectations of the emigrants. But this general success he does not attribute to the soundness of the principle in the abstract, but to the advantages of the particular country in which he has witnessed the most prosperity.

In, therefore, sifting and comparing with other evidence the numerous papers which we receive from, and relative to, the various colonies, it is our aim to give such true pictures of colonial life as enable the reader to judge fairly of the pains, pleasures, losses and gains of all the new homes which have been established by and for Englishmen in various parts of the globe.

We have been led into these remarks by a communication now before us from the gentleman already mentioned who has passed five active years in the colony of the Cape of Good Hope. His characteristic preface to the amusing and instructive sketches of Cape Life is as follows:—

"I cannot but think, that, in the

present rage for promoting emigration, too much attention is paid to new and untried countries whose resources are as yet doubtful and undeveloped, to the detriment of the old established colonies, whose constant cry is for 'labour, labour, labour.' Amongst the least popular of our old colonies is the Cape of Good Hope. Yet I think, that most, if not all, the objections usually raised against it are erroneous; while many of its undoubted advantages are overlooked. It is my desire, if possible, to remove some of the prejudices entertained against a land where I spent five happy years of my life. My intention is simply to give a few travelling sketches, and to portray some of the characteristic features of the country and its inhabitants."

Cape Wine enjoys a very unenviable notoriety in England. Order a glass of sherry at a fourth-rate tavern: taste it — it is *very* bad — you turn up your nose and cry "Cape!" Mr. Lazarus, a Hebrew dealer in wine and money, "does a little bill" for you, and sends you home as part payment a few dozen of "excellent Madeira." Are you rash enough to taste it? If so, as soon as you have recovered from the sputtering caused by its fearful acidity, you mutter a phrase never mentioned to ears polite, and say again — "Cape!" In fact, whenever you drink any vile compound, under the name of wine, to which you are at a loss to ascribe a native land, you cry — "Cape!"

The old adage of "give a dog a bad name and hang him," is fully exemplified here. Still it must be admitted that the dog must first have *earned* his bad name. So it is with Cape Wine. It *was* very bad, and a great part of it is so still; while decidedly the worst of it is sent to England. I have often endeavoured to persuade the wine farmers that this is bad policy on their part; but they will not be convinced. They say that Cape Wine has a bad name in the market; that it is bought only as "Cape Wine," without any distinction of vintage or class; and that the worst of it brings them as good a price as the best. And yet there is a vast difference in the various qualities; and even the best of them are still susceptible of wonderful improvement.

There is a similarity between the Cape and the Madeira grape. Both are cultivated very much in the same manner, but the grand point of difference between the two is the time of gathering the grapes. In Madeira they are not gathered till so ripe that many begin to fall, and many are withered from over ripeness; these are of course rejected. By this means a smaller amount of wine is obtained from a vineyard than would have been produced had the grapes been gathered earlier: but the quality of the wine is improved beyond conception. Every grape is full, ripe, and luscious, and the wine partakes of its quality. Nothing can prove more clearly the necessity of the grape being

fully, and rather *overripe*, than the difference of the wine produced on the north side of the Island of Madeira, where this perfection of the grape can scarcely be attained, and that grown on the south side: the latter is Nectar; the former Cape; or little better.

Now at *the* Cape the object of the farmer is always to get the greatest *quantity* of wine from his vineyard; and consequently he gathers his grapes when they are barely ripe, and none have fallen or withered; whereby he fills his storehouses with wine full of acidity and of that vile twang which all who have tasted shudder to recall.

Some of the wine-growers in the colony have lately pursued a different plan, and with vast success. This has been chiefly among the English colonists; for a Dutch boor at the Cape is a very intractable animal, and not easily induced to swerve from old systems, be they ever so bad. Probably, the principal reason why the colony produced from the very first such bad wines, was its having been colonised by Dutchmen, who could have had no experience at home in wine-growing.

Who knows what might have been the case had a colony from the plains of Champagne or Bordeaux first settled there? Apropos of this, I may mention that a fellow-passenger of mine was a Frenchman from Champagne. At the Cape he entered into partnership with a young Englishman (also a fellow-passenger), and

agreed to take a wine farm. The Englishman was to supply capital — the Frenchman knowledge. Monsieur had determined to make "Cape Champagne;" and remarkably well he succeeded. Often at public and even at private dinners, when swallowing something dignified with the name of that right-royal wine, have I sighed to think how far more palatable would be a bottle of Monsieur L—'s vintage.

It perhaps requires a greater outlay of capital to be a successful wine-grower than almost anything else in the colony. There are, in addition to the purchase of land and vines, the expenses of store-houses, casks, and, above all, that most difficult commodity to attain — labour. So great is the want of the latter, and so uncertain the supply of even that which is attainable, that he is a bold man who ventures on wine-farming at the Cape.

The wine-growers are generally wealthy men, for, in spite of all obstacles, their profits are very large. Few people who even touch at the Cape fail to visit the Constantia wine farms, producing the delicious sweet wine of that name. It is grown on a mountain named after the wife of one of the former Governors of the Cape — whether in compliment to the lady's sweetness of disposition, or her love for the wine then produced, I know not. Three farms monopolise this mountain. Even half a mile from them, the wine produced is of a very inferior flavour. They live in excellent style, these Constantia

wine-growers. When first I visited one of them, a carriage-and-four and two buggies, conveying a party of Indian visitors, had just drawn up at the door. A *déjeûner* was spread in a long, handsome, and elegantly-furnished apartment, for the entertainment of any one who might chance to come and visit the farm. Two or three superintendents were ready to show the "lions" of the place to visitors, and to give them samples of the wine to taste. There are many varieties of it. And, oh, how seductive that same Constantia is! Who can resist it in all its delicious varieties?

I recollect that as I rode towards the farm I passed a toll-gate, and looking, I suppose, extremely like a "griffin" (for I had only been a week in the colony), the "pike-man" observed, as he took my two pence, and handed me the ticket, "Hopes you 'll be able to read it as you comes back, Sir!"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"No offence, Sir," said the man with a grin; "only I've seed a many as *couldn't* — that's all."

The three Constantia wine-growers are Dutchmen; and so, in fact, are nearly all the wine-farmers throughout the colony. Englishmen who go out there generally take to trade or sheep-farming; and they are right, — for it requires far less experience, less capital, and less labour, to follow almost any calling at the Cape than that of a wine-grower. I think, however, that a Company might be profitably established here or in the colony, for cultivating the vine

there and importing its produce to Europe. For this purpose, they should send out labourers and superintendents, carefully selected from the wine districts of France and Germany; and take care that the Madeira plan of gathering the grapes be adopted. They should agitate, too, for a reduction of the duty on the wine: at present it is far too high. Perhaps the profits would not at first be great, for there is a serious obstacle to be overcome,—a bad name in the market; but eventually I believe that the speculation would be a lucrative one, and that it would in time remove the unfortunate stigma now affixed to Cape wine.

In these days of railroad travelling, when twenty miles an hour would be considered slow enough to justify a letter of complaint from "Viator" to the editor of the Times, it may rather astonish my readers to learn that twenty miles is considered a fair day's journey at the Cape. Yet so it is.

Unless you amble on horseback, which only men and *young* men can undertake, the sole and universal method of travelling is by an ox-wagon. Just go and look at the wagon exhibited by Cumming in his South-African Exhibition, at Hyde Park corner! Imagine such a machine, with twelve or fourteen oxen attached to it by a long rope of plaited hide (called a treck-tow) attached to the pole, and to which are fastened the yokes of the oxen. Then fancy a little Hottentot lad, very much

like one of the Bushmen lately exhibited in London (but, perhaps, hardly so handsome,) leading the two front oxen by a strip of hide fastened to their horns (called a reim), and a full-grown Hottentot seated on the driving-seat, in the front of the wagon, with an enormous whip in his hands formed of a long bamboo handle and a lash of plaited thongs, with which he can, from his seat, reach the leaders of his team; and you have the "travelling carriage" of South Africa complete before your eyes.

The same team (or "span" in South-African phraseology) of oxen take you the whole journey, whether it be twenty or two hundred miles; and as they have no other food on the way, nor indeed at any other time, than the grass and water on the roadside, you may imagine that twenty or twenty-five miles a day is quite work enough for them. The journey is, however, by no means so tedious or uninteresting an affair as might be supposed. It is like so many days of pic-nic-ing, with new scenery each day, and in a glorious climate. The wagon is of course well furnished with tea, sugar, coffee, wine, flour, eggs, fresh and preserved meat, vegetables, and in fact all that refreshes and cheers the inward man: for, be it recollected, that there are no inns, or at least the very few there are are scattered at such great distances apart over the country that no wagon traveller thinks of visiting them. The wagon in fact becomes your home and your store-house

as well as your travelling carriage. A long stretcher is slung in it, on which is placed your bed, which serves for a lounging couch by day. Some people travel with a tent, but this is unnecessary when the party does not exceed two or three, besides the Hottentots, who sleep under the wagon, or under a bush or anywhere else on the ground, as soundly as their masters in their beds.

Travellers generally take their guns with them, as they may chance to get a little sport on the road. At six in the morning we will suppose the carriage to start; at about ten you will "outspan" — that is, take out the oxen and let them feed, and prepare for breakfast. Your Hottentots soon collect fuel, the wagon is drawn up close by a mimosa or some other bush, a fire is lighted, the kettle set to boil, the coffee prepared, the steaks cooked in a frying-pan, and perhaps some hot cakes made of meal baked for you; and with a beautiful country round you, and a magnificent sky above you, if you cannot make a good breakfast, and feel a light heart, I fear that you must be terribly "used up."

Then comes a stroll through the bush with your double-barrel on your shoulder, in search of a partridge or a Guinea fowl, or a stray antelope; and back to the wagon, now ready for another start.

Forward, again, till dinner-time, when the same process is gone through. After dinner, perhaps you will go forward another four

or five miles, and then "outspan" for the night.

The nights of the Cape climate are glorious! I can scarcely imagine anything more beautiful. The sky of that deep, dark blue, which we never see in northern climates; the moon shining as she only can in such a sky, the stars so bright and distinct, with the beautiful southern cross in all its brilliancy, among them; the perfect stillness of everything around; the lofty and rugged mountains where the foot of man has never trodden; the thick dark bush, penetrable only by the wild beast or the savage; the broad plain covered with Aloes, Cape Heaths, Wild Stocks, and the ten thousand variegated shrubs which make a carpet beneath your feet as beautiful as the canopy of heaven above your head; and that little spot worthy the pencil of Salvator Rosa — the dark foliage of the bush lighted up by your fire, and around it the dusky forms of your Hottentots stretched at their ease, and enjoying, as none but a half savage knows how thoroughly to enjoy, the requisite delight of the "Dolce far niente."

No doubt railroads are glorious inventions. All honour, too, to Macadam, and to stage-coaches and post-chaises; all praise to the comforts and convenience of a good English Inn. But if you have a spark of native poetry in your composition, in spite of bad roads, slow travelling, rough fare, and a bed "alfresco," you will enjoy one of these South-African journeys

more than any trip you ever took in Europe. You have no other travelling companions than the beauties of Nature's works around you, fresh as from the hands of their Creator, and the thoughts and reflections high and holy, as such scenes and such companionship will not fail to call forth.

CHEMICAL CONTRADICTIONS.

SCIENCE, whose aim and end is to prove the harmony and "eternal fitness of things," also proves that we live in a world of paradoxes; and that existence itself, is a whirl of contradictions. Light and darkness, truth and falsehood, virtue and vice, the negative and positive poles of galvanic or magnetic mysteries, are evidences of all-pervading antitheses, which acting like the good and evil genii of Persian Mythology, neutralise each other's powers when they come into collision. It is the office of science to solve these mysteries. The appropriate symbol of the lecture-room is a Sphinx; for a scientific lecturer is but a better sort of unraveller of riddles.

Who would suppose, for instance, that water — which everybody knows, extinguishes fire — may, under certain circumstances, add fuel to flame, so that the "coming man" who is to "set the Thames on fire," may not be far off. If we take some mystical grey-looking globules of potassium (which is the metallic basis of common pearl-ash) and lay them upon water, the water will instantly appear to ignite. The globules will swim about in flames, reminding us of the "death-fires" described by the Ancient Mariner, burning "like witches' oil" on the surface of the stagnant sea. Sometimes even, without any chemical ingredient being added, Fire will appear to spring spontaneously from water; which is not a simple element, as Thales imagined, when he speculated upon the origin of the Creation, but two invisible gases — oxygen and hydrogen, chemically combined. During the electrical changes of the atmosphere in a thunder-storm, these gases frequently combine with explosive violence, and it is this combination which takes place when "the big rain comes dancing to the earth." These fire-and-water phenomena are thus accounted for; certain substances have peculiar affinities or attractions for one another; the potassium has so inordinate a desire for oxygen, that the moment it touches, it decomposes the water, abstracts all the oxygen, and sets free the hydrogen or inflammable gas. The potassium, when combined with the oxygen, forms that corrosive substance known as caustic potash, and the heat disengaged during this process, ignites the hydrogen. Here the mystery ends; and the contradictions are solved; — Oxygen and hydrogen when combined, become water; when separated the hydrogen gas burns with a pale lambent flame. Many

of Nature's most delicate deceptions are accounted for by a knowledge of these laws.

Your analytical chemist sadly annihilates, with his scientific machinations, all poetry. He bottles up at pleasure the Nine Muses, and proves them — as the fisherman in the Arabian Nights did the Afrite — to be all smoke. Even the Will o' the Wisp cannot flit across its own morass without being pursued, overtaken, and burnt out by this scientific detective policeman. He claps an extinguisher upon Jack o' Lanthorn thus: — He says that a certain combination of phosphorus and hydrogen, which rises from watery marshes, produces a gas called phosphuretted hydrogen, which ignites spontaneously the moment it bubbles up to the surface of the water and meets with atmospheric air. Here again, the Ithuriel wand of science dispels all delusion, pointing out to us, that in such places animal and vegetable substances are undergoing constant decomposition; and as phosphorus exists under a variety of forms in these bodies, as phosphate of lime, phosphate of soda, phosphate of magnesia, &c., and as furthermore the decomposition of water itself is the initiatory process in these changes, so we find that phosphorus and hydrogen are supplied from these sources; and we may therefore easily conceive the consequent formation of phosphuretted hydrogen. This gas rises in a thin stream from its watery bed, and the moment it

comes in contact with the oxygen of the atmosphere, it bursts into a flame so buoyant, that it flickers with every breath of air, and realises the description of Goëthe's Mephistopheles, that the course of Jack-o'-lantern is generally "zig-zag."

Who would suppose that absolute darkness may be derived from two rays of light! Yet such is the fact. If two rays proceed from two luminous points very close to each other, and are so directed as to cross at a given point on a sheet of white paper in a dark room, their united light will be twice as bright as either ray singly would produce. But if the difference in the distance of the two points be diminished only one-half, the one light will extinguish the other, and produce absolute darkness. The same curious result may be produced by viewing the flame of a candle through two very fine slits near to each other in a card. So, likewise, strange as it may appear, if two musical strings be so made to vibrate, in a certain succession of degrees, as for the one to gain half a vibration on the other, the two resulting sounds will antagonise each other and produce an interval of perfect silence. How are these mysteries to be explained? The Delphic Oracle of science must again be consulted, and among the high priests who officiate at the shrine, no one possesses more recondite knowledge, or can recall it more instructively, than Sir David Brewster. "The explanation

which philosophers have given," he observes, "of these remarkable phenomena, is very satisfactory, and may easily be understood. When a wave is made on the surface of a still pool of water by plunging a stone into it, the wave advances along the surface, while the water itself is never carried forward, but merely rises into a height and falls into a hollow, each portion of the surface experiencing an elevation and a depression in its turn. If we suppose two waves equal and similar, to be produced by two separate stones, and if they reach the same spot at the same time, that is, if the two elevations should exactly coincide, they would unite their effects, and produce a wave twice the size of either; but if the one wave should be put so far before the other, that the hollow of the one coincided with the elevation of the one with the hollow of the other, the two waves would obliterate or destroy one another; the elevation as it were of the one filling up half the hollow of the other, and the hollow of the one taking away half the elevation of the other, so as to reduce the surface to a level. These effects may be exhibited by throwing two equal stones into a pool of water; and also may be observed in the Port of Batsha, where the two waves arriving by channels of different lengths actually obliterate each other. Now, as light is supposed to be produced by waves or undulations of an ethereal medium filling all nature, and occupying the pores of the trans-

parent bodies; and as sound is produced by undulations or waves in the air: so the successive production of light and darkness by two bright lights, and the production of sound and silence by two loud sounds, may be explained in the very same manner as we have explained the increase and obliteration of waves formed on the surface of water."

The apparent contradictions in chemistry are, indeed, best exhibited in the lecture-room, where they may be rendered visible and tangible, and brought home to the general comprehension. The Professor of Analytical Chemistry, J. H. Pepper, who demonstrates these things in the Royal Polytechnic Institution, is an expert manipulator in such mysteries; and, taking a leaf out of his own magic-book, we shall conjure him up before us, standing behind his own laboratory, surrounded with all the implements of his art. At our recent visit to this exhibition we witnessed him perform, with much address, the following experiments: — He placed before us a pair of tall glass vessels, each filled, apparently, with water; — he then took two hen's eggs, one of these he dropped into one of the glass vessels, and, as might have been expected, it immediately sank to the bottom. He then took the other egg, and dropped it into the other vessel of water, but, instead of sinking as the other had done, it descended only half way, and there remained suspended in the midst of the transparent fluid.

This, indeed, looked like magic — one of Houdin's sleight-of-hand performances — for what could interrupt its progress? The water surrounding it appeared as pure below as around and above the egg, yet there it still hung like Mahomet's coffin, between heaven and earth, contrary to all the well established laws of gravity. The problem, however, was easily solved. Our modern Cagliostro had dissolved in one half of the water in this vessel as much common salt as it would take up, whereby the density of the fluid was so much augmented that it opposed a resistance to the descent of the egg after it had passed through the unadulterated water, which he had carefully poured upon the briny solution, the transparency of which, remaining unimpaired, did not for a moment suggest the suspicion of any such impregnation. The good housewife, upon the same principle, uses an egg to test the strength of her brine for pickling.

Every one has heard of the power which bleaching gas (chlorine) possesses in taking away colour, so that a red rose held over its fumes will become white. The lecturer, referring to this fact, exhibited two pieces of paper; upon one was inscribed, in large letters, the word "PROTEUS;" upon the other no writing was visible; although he assured us the same word was there inscribed. He now dipped both pieces of paper in a solution of bleaching-powder, when the word "Proteus" disap-

peared from the paper upon which it was before visible; whilst the same word instantly came out, sharp and distinct, upon the paper which was previously a blank. Here there appeared another contradiction: the chlorine in the one case obliterating, and in the other reviving the written word; and how was this mystery explained? Easily enough! Our ingenious philosopher, it seems, had used indigo in penning the one word which had disappeared; and had inscribed the other with a solution of a chemical substance, iodide of potassium and starch; and the action which took place was simply this: the chlorine of the bleaching solution set free the iodine from the potassium, which immediately combined with the starch, and gave colour to the letters which were before invisible. Again—a sheet of white paper was exhibited, which displayed a broad and brilliant stripe of scarlet—(produced by a compound called the biniodide of mercury) — when exposed to a slight heat the colour changed immediately to a bright yellow, and, when this yellow stripe was crushed by smartly rubbing the paper, the scarlet colour was restored, with all its former brilliancy. This change of colour was effected entirely by the alteration which the heat, in the one case, and the friction, in the other, produced in the particles which reflected these different colours; — and, upon the same principle, we may understand the change of the colour in the

lobster-shell, which burns from black to red in boiling; because the action of the heat produces a new arrangement in the particles which compose the shell.

With the assistance of water and fire, which have befriended the magicians of every age, contradictions of a more marvellous character may be exhibited, and even the secret art revealed of handling red hot metals, and passing through the fiery ordeal. If we take a platinum ladle, and hold it over a furnace until it becomes of a bright red heat, and then project cold water into its bowl, we shall find that the water will remain quiescent and give no sign of ebullition—not so much as a single “fizz;” but, the moment the ladle begins to cool, it will boil up and quickly evaporate. So also, if a mass of metal, heated to whiteness, be plunged in a vessel of cold water, the surrounding fluid will remain tranquil so long as the glowing white heat continues; but, the moment the temperature falls, the water will boil briskly. Again — if water be poured upon an iron sieve, the wires of which are made red hot, it will not run through; but, on the sieve cooling, it will run through rapidly. These contradictory effects are easily accounted for. The repelling power of intense heat keeps the water from immediate contact with the heated metal, and the particles of the water, collectively, retain their globular form; but, when the vessel cools, the repulsive power diminishes, and the

water coming into closer contact with the heated surface its particles can no longer retain their globular form, and eventually expand into a state of vapour. This globular condition of the particles of water will account for many very important phenomena; perhaps it is best exhibited in the dew-drop, and so long as these globules retain their form, water will retain its fluid properties. An agglomeration of these globules will carry with them, under certain circumstances, so much force that it is hardly a contradiction to call water itself a solid. The water-hammer, as it is termed, illustrates this apparent contradiction. If we introduce a certain quantity of water into a long glass tube, when it is shaken, we shall hear the ordinary splashing noise as in a bottle; but, if we exhaust the air, and again shake the tube, we shall hear a loud ringing sound, as if the bottom of the tube were struck by some hard substance — like metal or wood — which may fearfully remind us of the blows which a ship's side will receive from the waves during a storm at sea, which will often carry away her bulwarks.

It is now time to turn to something stronger than water for more instances of chemical contradictions. The chemical action of certain poisons (the most powerful of all agents,) upon the human frame, has plunged the faculty into a maze of paradoxes; indeed there is actually a system of medicine, advancing in reputation,

which is founded on the principle of contraries. The famous Doctor Hahnemann, who was born at Meissen in Saxony, was the founder of it, and, strange to say, medical men, who are notorious for entertaining contrary opinions, have not yet agreed among themselves whether he was a very great quack or a very great philosopher. Be this as it may, the founder of this system, which is called HOMŒOPATHY, when translating an article upon bark in Dr. Cullen's *Materia Medica*, took some of this medicine, which had for many years been justly celebrated for the cure of ague. He had not long taken it, when he found himself attacked with agueish symptoms, and a light now dawned upon his mind, and led him to the inference that medicines which give rise to the symptoms of a disease, are those which will specifically cure it, and however curious it may appear, several illustrations in confirmation of this principle were speedily found. If a limb be frost-bitten, we are directed to rub it with snow; if the constitution of a man be impaired by the abuse of spirituous liquors, and he be reduced to that miserable state of enervation when the limbs tremble and totter, and the mind itself sinks into a state of low muttering delirium, the physician to cure him must go again to the bottle and administer stimulants and opiates.

It was an old Hippocratic aphorism that two diseases cannot co-exist in the same body; where-

fore, gout has actually been cured by the afflicted person going into a fenny country and catching the ague. The fatality of consumption is also said to be retarded by a common catarrh; and upon this very principle depends the truth of the old saying, that ricketty doors hang long on rusty hinges. In other words, the strength of the constitution being impaired by one disease has less power to support the morbid action of another.

We thus live in a world of apparent contradictions; they abound in every department of science, and beset us even in the sanctuary of domestic life. The progress of discovery has reconciled and explained the nature of some of them; but many baffle our ingenuity, and still remain involved in mystery. This much, however, is certain, that the most opposed and conflicting elements so combine together as to produce results, which are strictly in unison with the order and harmony of the universe.

AN IRISH PECULIARITY.

THE characteristics attributed by one nation to another are never patented without some foundation in truth; but, in time, by means of successive overlays of jest, constant repetition, and the heaping up of one exaggeration upon another, national portraiture flashes forth into glaring caricature. If we were to believe old plays and old novels, we should suppose that, only a half century since,

every Englishman fed exclusively on roast beef and plum-pudding — rattled his guineas in ample pockets, tightened by the portly protuberance of his figure, and rapped out oaths against “frog-eating Mounseers” with the same energy with which, after dinner, he imbibed crusted port to the health and prosperity of Church and State. On Sunday morning we view him, through the same medium, standing upright in his red-cushioned pew, pronouncing the responses with the *ore rotundo* of Sir Roger de Coverley, and, like that worthy baronet, looking daggers at little boys whom he catches napping.

The Scotchman of the same authorities was invariably a long, lean, raw-boned, hungry, grey-eyed Sawney, with high cheek-bones, reddish hair, and a diffused aroma of brimstone pervading his threadbare garments. Pertaining to him also, by inalienable birth-right, was an insatiable appetite for oaten-cakes, haggis, and singed sheep’s head; of which viands the supply usually fell very far short of the demand. No matter what his rank in life might be, he was forced, as a necessary condition of his existence, to talk “braid scots,” and to look sharply after the “siller.” Somehow, he regularly found his way to London, where a lucrative place, and a rich wife, to whom he continually proclaimed the glories of the “Land o’ Cakes,” gratified and rewarded his cautious persevering endeavours to replenish his “pouch and

sporrán;” for all Scotchmen were Highlanders, and were supposed only to have abandoned their kilts in deference to decency and English prejudice while in the act of crossing the border.

The Irishman of novel, tale, or comedy, was a Phelim or a Patrick, always either immersed in love or drink and often the victim of both these exciting predicaments: — telling humorous lies, making unheard-of blunders, winning money by his tricking cleverness, and losing it by his unaccountable folly; leading a good-humoured, reckless, rollicking life, breaking the hearts and emptying the purses of maid, wife, and widow; and carrying off every shade of embarrassment with the cut-and-dry exclamation, “By the powers!” — “Arrah, honey!” — or, “Och, my jewel!”

All this served very well to amuse the juvenile minds of our grand parents, but in these days when the wandering Jewish propensity to travel over the face of the earth, has attained its full development, we find it to be a well-ascertained fact that there are Englishmen who affect fricassees more than roast beef, drink French wines, and dress in the French fashion; that Scotchmen may be found, even in Scotland, who have neither caution in their heads, avarice in their hearts, nor kilts round their bodies. Facility of intercourse has done this. The ancient prophecy is being daily fulfilled: — “Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased.” Railways have round-

ed off the sharp angles of national dislikes, by promoting social attrition. The locomotive engine is the steam-plough which tears up local prejudices by the roots.

Thus the Rose and the Thistle are vindicated, but the tiny shamrock still droops its green leaf in the atmosphere of public estimation. In judging of Irish character, a very useful distinction drawn in the days of good Queen Bess is overlooked. It divided the nation into "the Irish, the wild Irish, and the extreme wild Irish." In justice, these distinctions ought to be preserved; for the "Irish" of the present day are, upon the whole, pretty much like other well-bred, well-educated members of the civilised world; eating, drinking, sleeping, dressing, and living much as their neighbours do. But it must be owned that the lower orders, — the "wild Irish" of the towns, and the "extreme wild Irish" of the bogs and mountains, — present some striking and picturesque peculiarities to justify the conventional Irishman of the old novel: the most prominent being that mingled love of fun and fighting, which would make one believe that the atmosphere of the four fair provinces is compounded in equal portions of inflammable and laughing gas.

Very deplorable, indeed, must be the state of an Irishman — he must "be gone to the bad entirely," when he can neither smile nor quarrel; and often even "under the ribs of death" is "an

appetite created" for these excitements. He loves fun; but fighting is his pride and his glory. For fighting he forswears name and wealth. You may call him by all the uncomplimentary names in the vocabulary of censure, and he hears you meekly; but cast an imputation on his courage or his prowess, and — "Hah! Whoo!" — you will feel his shillelagh whizzing around your ears like a fire-work in a state of explosion.

An illustration of this peculiarity, of the ease with which a "wild Irishman" will forego every prudent consideration in preference to the disgrace of having been beaten in battle occurred, but a short while since. In a Union workhouse in the south, some of the able-bodied paupers came into rather forcible collision with the officials. The cause of dispute was the supply of "stirabout," which being deemed insufficient by a few stout fellows, they marched into the kitchen, seized ladles and bowls, and proceeded to help themselves. An alarm of this lawless incursion being given, in rushed to the rescue the master and his myrmidons. Fast and furious were the blows dealt by both parties, but the strong hand of the law at length prevailed, the well-fed officers triumphed over their famine-weakened foes, and the stalwart master counted his victory by the number of broken heads prostrated by the huge ladle which he wielded. The proprietors of the damaged craniums were subsequently conveyed to the

surgeon's room, and severally bandaged and plaistered as their cases required. Most of the hurts were found to be trifling, but one poor fellow had received a severe contusion. With the dislike which many of his countrymen feel, to submit to the prescription of qualified practitioners, Tim Murphy, in a day or two, asked for his discharge, threw off the well-fixed bandages, and betook himself to the squalid shelter of a cabin belonging to an "uncle's son," nearly as poor as himself, an unqualified "dochter," whose unprofessional practice it was to prescribe charms and philtres in place of physic. This reckless proceeding was followed by its natural result. The hurt which, with common care, would have readily healed, became inflamed, fever ensued, and the man died. This melancholy finale to the workhouse row caused much excitement, and an investigation of the whole business was instituted by the magistrates. On the day when it took place, the hall of the workhouse was crowded, and although it was shown that the master was justified in using force to protect the kitchen stores from the paupers, and it was also proved that under proper surgical treatment the patient would, in all human probability, have recovered, yet the point to be decided was, whether John Minahan, the master, had used unnecessary violence in the discharge of his duty. The principal witness against him, was a man who appeared with evident "tokens of a foughten

field" on his forehead, and who indeed had been the only recipient, besides Tim Murphy, of any serious injury. The examination proceeded nearly as follows:—

After having deposed readily and clearly to the fact of the combat, and of John Minahan having rushed to the rescue of the porridge-pots, he was asked:

"Did you see the master strike any one in particular?"

"No he, indeed; he was no ways particular; but he murdered and killed every one that came in his way."

"Did he strike you?"

"Did he strike me, is it? Why, then, if he did, I paid it back to him handsomely."

"Answer distinctly. Whom did you see him strike?"

"Ah, then, little matter 't would be who he 'd strike, if the boys had his feeding, and he had theirs to depend on for one month. It's little good the son of ould Thady Minahan, the tinker, would to, if he was living on Ingy male and water."

"Come, come," said the magistrate, impatiently, "give me a plain answer to a plain question. Did Minahan knock *you* down?"

"Is it the likes of him to knock me down? I'd like to see him try it. He didn't, nor couldn't, your Honour's glory."

Up started the accused, and cried; "I *did* knock you down, and bate you well, too. Your Honours," he continued, turning to the bench, "if I'm to swing for it the next minute, I won't let *that* go

with the vagabone. I wouldn't lave it to him to say that I didn't knock him down, and murder him handsomely to his heart's content."

The witness had been summoned to prove that the master had used unnecessary violence; the defendant was there to prove he had not employed more force than the occasion demanded. But would they establish such proofs at the expense of their respective reputations? Should it be said that Tim Murphy's friend, or John Minahan, were not able to "murther ach other intirely," at any given minute's notice? Never! Tim Murphy's friend would starve on "Ingy male," and John Minahan would lose his place first.

What became of the witness has not been stated; but the defendant did lose his situation; the guardians of the Union thought that his national ideas of honour were undoubtedly more suited to military than to civil avocations.

Although it is doubtful whether *the* Irish peculiarity will ever be totally eradicated from the national character, yet the savage custom of faction-fighting is becoming each year more rare. Sometimes, indeed, at the close of a fair a "bit of a fight" does spring up; but the casualties thence resulting, are seldom of a grave or fatal character; and the contending parties may frequently be seen proceeding homewards, with arms lovingly linked together, and tongues vowing eternal friendship; although this, it must be confessed, is an indication of a renew-

al rather than of the end of an Irish fight.

No doubt the process of fusing the national peculiarities of the three kingdoms is advancing rapidly. It is no wild speculation to anticipate the probability, that fifty years hence there may be little apparent difference between an average native of England, Ireland, (always excepting the "extreme wild Irishman") or Scotland.

WHERE DWELL THE DEAD?

WHERE do they dwell? 'Neath grassy
mounts, by daisies,
Lilies, and yellow-cups of fairest gold;
Near grey-grown walls, where in wild,
tortuous mazes,
Old clustering ivy wreathes in many a
fold:

Where in red summer noons
Fresh leaves are rustling,
Where 'neath large autumn moons
Young birds are nestling —

Do they dwell there?

Where do they dwell? In sullen waters,
lying
On beds of purple sea-flowers newly
sprung;
Where the mad whirlpool's wild and
ceaseless sighing,
Frets sloping banks, by dark green reeds
o'erhung:

Where, by the torrent's swell,
Crystal stones glitter,
While sounds the heavy bell
Over the river —

Do they dwell there?

No: for in these they slumber to decay,
And their remembrance with their life
departs;
They have a home, — nor dark, nor far
away —
Their proper home, — within our faithful
hearts

There happy spirits wed,
Loving for ever;
There dwell with us, the dead,
Parting — ah, never —

There do they dwell!

FATE DAYS.

It is a difficult puzzle to reconcile the existence of certain superstitions that continue to have wide influence with the enlightenment of the nineteenth century. When we have read glowing paragraphs about the wonderful progress accomplished by the present generation; when we have regarded the giant machinery in operation for the culture of the people — moved, in great part, by the collective power of individual charity; when we have examined the stupendous results of human genius and ingenuity which are now laid bare to the lowliest in the realm; we turn back, it must be confessed, with a mournful despondency, to mark the debasing influence of the old superstitions which have survived to the present time.

The superstitions of the ancients formed part of their religion. They consulted oracles as now men pray. The stars were the arbiters of their fortunes. Natural phenomena, as lightning and hurricanes, were, to them, awful expressions of the anger of their particular deities. They had their *dies atri* and their *dies albi*; the former were marked down in their calendars with a black character, to denote ill-luck, and the latter were painted in white characters to signify bright and propitious days. They followed the finger-posts of their teachers. Faith gave dignity to the tenets of the star-gazer and fire-worshipper.

The priests of old taught their

disciples to regard six particular days in the year as days fraught with unusual danger to mankind. Men were enjoined not to let blood on these black days, nor to imbibe any liquid. It was devoutly believed that he who ate goose on one of these black days would surely die within forty more; and that any little stranger who made his appearance on one of the *dies atri* would surely die a sinful and violent death. Men were further enjoined to let blood from the right arm on the seventh or fourteenth of March; from the left arm on the eleventh of April; and from either arm on the third or sixth of May, that they might avoid pestilential diseases. These barbaric observances, when brought before people in illustrations of the mental darkness of the ancients, are considered at once to be proof positive of their abject condition. We thereupon congratulated ourselves upon living in the nineteenth century; when such foolish superstitions are laughed at; and perhaps our vanity is not a little flattered by the contrast which presents itself, between our own highly cultivated condition, and the wretched state of our ancestors.

Yet Mrs. Flimmins will not undertake a sea-voyage on a Friday; nor would she on any account allow her daughter Mary to be married on that day of the week. She has great pity for the poor Red Indians who will not do certain things while the moon presents a certain appearance,

and who attach all kinds of powers to poor dumb brutes; yet if her cat purrs more than usual, she accepts the warning, and abandons the trip she had promised herself on the morrow.

Miss Nippers subscribes largely to the fund for eradicating superstitions from the minds of the wretched inhabitants of Kam-schatka; and while she is calculating the advantages to be derived from a mission to the South Sea Islands, to do away with the fearful superstitious reverence in which those poor dear islanders hold the native flea: a coal pops from her fire, and she at once augurs from its shape, an abundance of money that will enable her to set her pious undertaking in operation; but on no account will she commence collecting subscriptions for the anti-drinking-slave-grown-sugar-in-tea society, because she has always remarked that Monday is her unlucky day. On a Monday her poodle died, and on a Monday she caught that severe cold at Brighton, from the effects of which she is afraid she will never recover.

Mrs. Carmine is a very strong-minded woman. Her unlucky day is Wednesday. On a Wednesday she first caught that flush which she has never been able to chase from her cheeks, and on one of these fatal days her Maria took the scarlet fever. Therefore, she will not go to a pic-nic on a Wednesday, because she feels convinced that the day will turn out wet, or that the wheel will come off

the carriage. Yet the other morning, when a gipsy was caught telling her eldest daughter her fortune, Mrs. Carmine very properly reproached the first-born for her weakness, in giving any heed to the silly mumblings of the old woman. Mrs. Carmine is considered to be a woman of uncommon acuteness. She attaches no importance whatever to the star under which a child is born, — does not think there is a pin to choose between Jupiter and Neptune; and she has a positive contempt for ghosts; but she believes in nothing that is begun, continued, or ended on a Wednesday.

Miss Crumple, on the contrary, has seen many ghosts, — in fact, is by this time quite intimate with one or two of the mysterious brotherhood; but at the same time she is at a loss to understand how any woman in her senses, can believe Thursday to be a more fortunate day than Wednesday, or why Monday is to be black-balled from the Mrs. Jones's calendar. She can state, on her oath, that the ghost of her old schoolfellow, Eliza Artichoke, appeared at her bedside on a certain night and she distinctly saw the mole on its left cheek, which poor Eliza, during her brief career, had vainly endeavoured to eradicate, with all sorts of poisonous things. The ghost, moreover, lisped, — so did Eliza! This was all clear enough to Miss Crumple, and she considered it a personal insult for anybody to suggest that her vivid apparitions existed only in her own over-

wrought imagination. She had an affection for her ghostly visitors, and would not hear a word to their disparagement.

The unearthly warnings which Mrs. Piptoss had received had well-nigh spoilt all her furniture. When a relative dies, the fact is not announced to her in the commonplace form of a letter, — no, an invisible sledge-hammer falls upon her Broadwood, an invisible power upsets her loo-table, all the doors of her house unanimously blow open, or a coffin flies out of the fire into her lap.

Mrs. Grumple, who is a very economical housewife, looks forward to the day when the moon re-appears, — on which occasion she turns her money, taking care not to look at the pale lady through glass. This observance, she devoutly believes, will bring her good fortune. When Miss Caroline has a knot in her lace, she looks for a present; and when Miss Amelia snuffs the candle out, it is her faith that the act defers her marriage for a twelvemonth. Any young lady who dreams the same dream two consecutive Fridays, will tell you that her visions will “come true.”

Yet these are exactly the ladies, who most deplore the “gross state of superstition” in which many “benighted savages” live, and willingly subscribe their money for its eradication. The superstition so generally connected with Friday, may easily be traced to its source. It undoubtedly and confessedly has its origin in scriptural

history: it is the day on which the Saviour suffered. The superstition is the more revolting from this circumstance; and it is painful to find that it exists among persons of education. There is no branch of the public service, for instance, in which so much sound mathematical knowledge is to be found, as in the Navy. Yet who are more superstitious than sailors, from the admiral down to the cabin boy? Friday fatality is still strong among them. Some years ago, in order to lessen this folly, it was determined that a ship should be laid down on a Friday, and launched on a Friday; that she should be called “Friday,” and that she should commence her first voyage on a Friday. After much difficulty a captain was found who owned to the name of Friday; and after a great deal more difficulty men were obtained, so little superstitious, as to form a crew. Unhappily, this experiment had the effect of confirming the superstition it was meant to abolish. The “Friday” was lost — was never, in fact, heard of from the day she set sail.

Day-fatality, as Miss Nippers interprets it is simply the expression of an undisciplined and extremely weak mind; for, if any person will stoop to reason with her on her aversion to Mondays, he may ask her whether the death of the poodle, or the catching of her cold, are the two greatest calamities of her life; and, if so, whether it is her opinion that Monday is set apart, in the scheme

of Nature, so far as it concerns her, in a black character. Whether for her insignificant self there is a special day accursed! Mrs. Carmine is such a strong-minded woman, that we approach her with no small degree of trepidation. Wednesday is her *dies ater*, because, in the first place, on a Wednesday she imprudently exposed herself, and is suffering from the consequences; and, in the second place, on a Wednesday her Maria took the scarlet fever. So she has marked Wednesday down in her calendar with a black character; yet her contempt for stars and ghosts is prodigious. Now there is a consideration to be extended to the friends of ghosts, which Day-fatalists cannot claim. Whether or not deceased friends take a more airy and flimsy form, and adopt the invariable costume of a sheet to visit the objects of their earthly affections, is a question which the shrewdest thinkers and the profoundest logicians have debated very keenly, but without ever arriving at any satisfactory conclusion.

The strongest argument against the positive existence of ghosts, is, that they appear only to people of a certain temperament, and under certain exciting circumstances. The obtuse, matter-of-fact man, never sees a ghost; and we may take it as a natural law, that none of these airy visitants ever appeared to an attorney. But the attorney, Mr. Fee Simple, we are assured, holds Saturday to be an unlucky day. It was on a

Saturday that his extortionate bill in poor Mr. G.'s case, was cut down by the taxing master; and it was on a Saturday that a certain heavy bill was duly honoured, upon which he had hoped to reap a large sum in the shape of costs. Therefore Mr. Fee Simple believes that the destinies have put a black mark against Saturday, so far as he is concerned.

The Jew who thought that the thunderstorm was the consequence of his having eaten a slice of bacon, did not present a more ludicrous picture, than Mr. Fee Simple presents with his condemned Saturday.

We have an esteem for ghost-inspectors, which it is utterly impossible to extend to Day-fatalists. Mrs. Piptoss, too, may be pitied; but Mog, turning her money when the moon makes her re-appearance, is an object of ridicule. We shall neither be astonished, nor express condolence, if the present, which Miss Caroline anticipates from the knot in her lace, be not forthcoming; and as for Miss Amelia, who has extinguished the candle, and to the best of her belief lost her husband for a twelve-month, we can only wish for her, that when she is married, her lord and master will shake her faith in the prophetic power of snuffers. But of all the superstitions that have survived to the present time, and are to be found in force among people of education and a thoughtful habit, Day-fatalism is the most general, as it is the most unfounded and preposterous. It is a super-

stitution, however, in which many great and powerful thinkers have shared, and by which they have been guided; it owes much of its present influence to this fact; but reason, Christianity, and all we have comprehended of the great scheme of which we form part, alike tend to demonstrate its absurdity, and utter want of all foundation.

A LETTER ABOUT SMALL BEGINNINGS.

SIR, — Fortunate mistakes are by no means uncommon. In one of your former articles you fall into an error in reference to the Westminster Ragged Dormitory; in the correction of which I have the good fortune to be able to give you some interesting information. You stated that the particular institution there alluded to was founded by Mr. Walker, the city missionary — that was the error. The credit is due, and should have been given to Mr. C. Nash, who was formerly a school-master, employed by Mr. Walker to teach a ragged school which that gentleman had established before “Ragged Schools” had received their appropriate designation and wide popularity.

The tact, management, and energy displayed by Mr. Nash in forming and establishing the St. Ann Street dormitory deserve every praise; but the ground was in some measure prepared for him by his former principal. The

manner in which this was done shows “the power of small beginnings,” even in a stronger light than was exhibited in your article with that title.*

In the year 1840 it became my duty to enquire into the condition of what are but too literally the outcasts of society; and for that purpose obtained introductions to several city missionaries — adequate description of the scenes of harrowing want, disease, and crime into which those gentlemen introduced me, it would be impossible to pen. They alone seemed able to penetrate the dark moral atmosphere. They were always welcomed even by the poorest and the worst.

As one specimen of the efforts made by the Westminster missionaries, I was introduced to a dilapidated shed in New Pye Street. Here I found several young children of both sexes, in rags, and some nearly naked. The scene was most grotesque; the clotted hair, the mud-covered hands and faces, and the haggard countenances, at once told a tale which would have pierced the coldest heart. They were being taught reading and needle-work. They were not particularly orderly and some showed a quaint, pantomimic, half-witted disposition to be funny, which pained rather than amused the spectator. Most of them were the sons and daughters of thieves. The small beginning which gave rise to the general idea

* Vol. II. page 424, et seqq.

of Ragged Dormitories took rise in an event for which I can vouch.

The missionary who had formed this school was standing one day, in 1846, at its door, when two adult thieves appealed to him in behalf of a wretched boy who had, they said, been cruelly maltreated and kicked out of doors by his mother, because his day's prowl for the purpose of thieving had been unsuccessful. "Why do you not take pity on him yourselves?" — asked the missionary. "Why!" — one of them answered, — "why, if you knew what a thief's life is as well as we do, you would not train a dog to thieving." It must have been, thought the missionary, a desperate case which could have so forcibly excited the sympathies of two hardened depredators; and he determined to see into it. He soon found the boy; and his condition was too debased for any description which would not excite loathing. Having made the lad decent, he took him to the model lodging-house in Great Peter Street, benevolently commenced and mainly supported by Lord Kinnaird. The boy was kept there for four months; supported three out of the four solely out of the missionary's slender private funds.

This circumstance forced on his attention the necessity of providing shelter for such juvenile outcasts, and he drew up an appeal to certain benevolent persons to that effect. The secretary of the Ragged School Union immediately promised that if the missionary would find house room, he

would find funds. A house was taken in Old Pye Street, which was soon afterwards opened as the Westminster Juvenile Refuge and School of Industry. This establishment was afterwards removed to Duck Lane, where it now flourishes, under a roof which formerly covered a Thieves' public-house. The transformation is thus described by the gentleman who made it, in a pamphlet now before me: —

"Indulge me for a moment," he says, "with a glance at the old public-house, (now The Refuge!) Let us look in at the upper room — (now the girls' school). Here were fifty youths met around their master (as able a one in his calling as England could produce), listening with undivided attention to his instructions on the 'map,' — (a pair of trowsers suspended from the ceiling) — on the subject of 'fob - ology,' or pocket - picking. After this course of tuition, the next was the mock trial — an imitation of the Old Bailey Court, with a *fac-simile* of its functionaries and ordeal, done with very great taste, and calculated to make the young rascal not only expert in extracting from the fob or pocket, but clever in defence. To train the young novice in his first essay, he was supplied with a glass, below in the tap — (now the dining-room of the children). If successful, then he returned for the purpose of reporting his success, and having a game at skittles in the skittle ground — (now the boys' school-room.)"

A concise calculation of the respective expenses entailed on the country, in the same house, under its former and present destiny, may here be made. When it was a finishing-school for thieves, each, on conviction and transportation, cost the community not less than one hundred and fifty pounds. Comparing fifty thieves in the upper room with the fifty pupils now in the lower room, we find that, for the first fifty the cost was five thousand five hundred pounds; for the present fifty, two hundred and fifty pounds. Had the five thousand five hundred pounds been used for the preventing instead of the punishing of crime, what would not have been accomplished for these neglected mortals? It would have educated eleven hundred youths, many of whom would not only have been rescued from vice and crime, but have become a blessing instead of a curse to society.

What I have described, then, is the true origin of the class of institutions to which that founded by Mr. Nash belongs.

The Duck Lane Ragged School and Dormitory averages at present a daily attendance of two hundred and twenty children of both sexes, forty have no fathers, twenty-eight have no mothers, eighteen are orphans, six of the fathers have been transported. Provision is made for ten who are totally destitute; they are fed and lodged on the premises; twenty-four thieves and vagrants have been admitted during the year, and

many more refused for want of support; eleven have emigrated, three have been provided with situations in this country; some of those have spent three, five, seven, and ten years in a course of crime; who have gone forth from this Institution after a moral and an industrial training, and are now doing well.

Three of the emigrants have given an account of themselves in the following joint epistle to Mr. Walker, their benefactor. It is so characteristic that we print it almost literally:—

“B—, July 18th, 1850.

“Mr. Walker,

“Dear Sir, — You may wonder how it is that you have not heard from us before, but as they that came from Mr. Nash, was going to write, they promised Mr. Cain that they would acquaint you of our safe arrival. We left Gravesend on the Sunday morning, and sailed out for the great depths of the Atlantic, which gave us some *great shakes* before we got to our journey's end. The vessel proved to be in but a sorry condition for passengers, there being hardly any dry berths on board, and ours the worst of the whole lot, Mr. Cain and Churn got another berth aft, and Fred and me had to take to the sails room aft where we stopt during the remainder of the voyage. We had four deaths on board, two babies, one old lady, and one of the poor sailors who fell from the fore top across the windlass, which killed him instantly. We made the passage in about five weeks and five days, as we arrived at New York on the 17th of May. We found it to be a place quite different to our likeing, and so we left it and proceeded up the country without anything in our pockets, for we were determined not to be discouraged, though in a strange land, for we knew that we had the same eye watching over us here as we had in England so we pushed on, on board of a canal boat that was going to Buffalo, but stopping about 2½ Miles from the Town of B— on account of a breakage in the canal,

we took the opportunity to look round the Town for work and was fortunate enough to fall into work, the three of us. Fred is learning the harness-making, as he did not much care about learning the shoe-making over again, as me and Churn has to do, for the work here is as different to what we had been accustomed to as light from darkness. I do scarcely anything but upper leathers, with now and then a pair or two of Boy's Boots which I make here in about three hours, being all pegged work, as for closing you must not take a day to close one pair, but must do 16 or 18 pair a day, and 6 or 8 pair of what you call Wellingtons. So you will see by this that it is no use coming over unless you mean to work in downright earnest, for they think of nothing but of making money, up at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 4 four in the morning, begin work at five and keep on till seven in the evening, and no time allowed for your meals but eat away as fast as you like and then back again to work, our breakfast here beats all the dinners in England, for theres roast and boil meats, pies, puddings, cakes, salids, tea, coffee, bread and butter which latter article comes on at all meals. We had grand doings here on the fourth of July, in anneversary of their Independence fireworks, Bonfires, Circus, shows, firemen going round all the City with the engines decorated out with flowers which look very pretty. The President of the United States died at Washington on the tenth of this month of Billious Diarrhoeæ, he is to be buried on friday the 12th. Twenty years ago this Town was nothing but a low swampy mass of Land, with but one house on it, now it is a flourishing place with twenty thousand inhabitants, its rise is owing to a salt spring about 2 miles off where they make vast quantities of salt, indeed it is one of the chief trades here it employs about three thousand hands all the summer, but they do not work at it in the winter, their weekly earnings are from 4 to 5 Dollars that is 1 pound English. It is very hard work I can tell you, in this country were the threometer is never much less than 100 during the summer, where they have got to stand over large Furnaces, attending to the boiling of the salt. I do not think that I shall rest contented over here longer than a few years, for a man earns not a fraction more here than he does in England, the only diffe-

rence is, that he works more hours here than he does there and consequently he is glad to get home to rest himself, instead of fooling his money away at the pothouse, and then some of the things are rather cheaper here, and as I told you before they only think of getting money. I shall write and let you know more about it when I have been over some time longer, I shall then I guess know more about the place. You can tell the others if they come over that I should advise them to push up a little higher in the country than stop in New York as it is far better, and tell them that they need not mind having any money for they will not starve over here for we found the people very kind to us here not like they are in England. You must excuse this funny letter, as it is the work of several evenings, and therefore it may read curious, for I have felt rather unsettled as yet being among strangers, but I will write you another shortly, when I feel more at home, and will give you a further description of the place, so you must excuse all faults. Timothy Case left his place in New York, for what reason I do not know further than that he said he only was going there till we came that he might go with us, as he felt sure when I saw New York that I should not stop in it, and that if we would not go with him, he should then have gone by himself. I felt very vexed with him at leaving, and tried to persuade to stop but it was no use, so Fred and me took him under our care and got our boss to take him where he is now learning the harness making. I guess he will get about 20 Dollars a year he being hardly an inch taller than he was at home. When you return an answer direct to me at Mr. Apples Boot and Shoe Store 8 Empire Block B— Onoydaga County State of New York. They don't say streets, but call them Blocks, and they *guess* they don't *think* here so I suppose that I shall get a regular Yankee in time. It is tremendous hot here now, and I feel it so when at work very much. Tell Mr. Slade that I will write him a letter soon. I get 2s. 6d. English money a week or 30 Dollars a year of this, board lodging and washing which is pretty fair wages here for boys, learning pegged work, the general pay being 15 or 18 dollars a year, but as we had learned the other work our boss gave us thirty, (boss here is what they call the Master in Eng-

land) Fred and Churn gets the same wages, as me, you must give all our best loves and wishes to all the School children, and we hope that they will all value their learning, which they will find will be a blessing and comfort to them hereafter. You can tell them that I often think of them when I sit at work and that I almost fancy that I am in the old shop once more hearing their voices as they say their lessons showing how strong fancy leads us back again to old familiar scenes, I hope that God will bless and prosper them all in this life, and that he will take them to his everlasting home is the fervent prayer of John Jones. Give our love to all kind friends at home, for so I am bound to call it, and receive the same yourself with Mrs. W— and Harriet.

"From yours ever affectionate pupils,

"J. J., J. H. C., and F. J."

Before reception into the Duck Lane School, all these boys had been thieves. J. J. had lived by plunder for seven years; J. H. C. had been a thief from early childhood; and F. J. from the age of five years.

FOREIGNERS' PORTRAITS OF ENGLISHMEN.

THE extraordinary being, conjured up in the minds of most foreigners under the generic term Englishman, seems to be something more uncommon than the veracious Gulliver ever encountered, and more heterogeneous than John Bulwer in his *Artificial Changeling* portrayed. As a Spanish *olla podrida* and a Devonshire squab-pie are said to be made up of all the contradictory edibles that can be conceivably assembled in one dish; so is the hash, cooked up by the French or German no-

velist and dramatist to represent a true born Briton, an incarnation of every unlikely extravagance it is possible to assemble in one character.

The true expression of what is popularly believed of us abroad is not to be found so distinctly set forth in novels, as in plays. The novelist is restricted in a measure within the not narrow bounds of probability; but the dramatist may first revel at will in the rankest breadths of impossible absurdity; and then the actor may intensify the enormity by dress, gait, and unmeasured foolery. The amount of instruction on the manners, habits, feelings, modes of expression, gesture, dress, and general demeanour of his compatriots which an Englishman may glean in some of the foreign Theatres, when an Englishman is being represented on the stage, is perfectly astounding. We have in this way become acquainted with English characteristics of which the most comically inclined maniac could never dream after the most dyspeptic of suppers.

It is not long since the mirror held up to Nature—that is, English nature reflected by the French—revealed to us, at the Ambigu Comique and at the Théâtre des Variétés, in Paris, "that of ourselves which yet we knew not of"—dreamt not of. One gentleman who supported not only the character of a Prefect, but an enormous cocked-hat, assured us that when we were at home, we groaned under the tyranny of a feudal go-

vernment, which ground us to the dust; that our Commonality was overridden and harrowed by tax-exacting aristocrats: that they died of starvation in heaps; that if they dared to call their souls their own, the latter were summarily released from their bodies by a perambulating police disguised as members of the Royal Humane Society. In another scene the same public instructor told us, that all Englishmen (of course including the starved Commonality) possess enormous wealth, which they usually employ in the purchase of "*Le titre de Lord*;" — an unnecessary outlay, as every person not a tradesman receives the title as a matter of course. Yet this avails them little, as the different orders of our nobility hold no communication with persons of higher or lower rank; our national pride preventing the one, and the best of all reasons — "because they can't —" the other. Our patricians ride abroad followed by armed retainers; nor is any vulgar person allowed to come between the wind and their nobility: the streets being expressly cleared for them by constables. When at home, however, seated in a golden chair in company with the Sleen, the "jeune Miss," his wife, and a "boulle-dog," a native of our kingdom passes his time chiefly in drinking tea with lemon in it, and saying, "Hoh! — Hah! — Yeeas! — Gottam! — and ver gut!"

Our ladies are a little too much given to fighting, and a little too lightly won. We sell our wives.

This is a very common mercantile transaction indeed. A "pen" of no mean dimensions is appropriated in Smithfield for the interesting periodical auction. Our Queen makes away with many millions a year, and cuts off the heads of any persons to whom she may take a dislike, or hangs them, without the intervention of judge, jury, or any other functionary than the executioner, who — another Tristan the Hermit — is a regular member of the Royal Household. We are, however, for the most part, a harmless and ridiculous race, affording excellent sport to innkeepers and adventurers. We eat prodigiously. Indeed so great is our love for good cheer, that we name our children after our favourite dishes, If a person in good society is not called Sir Rosbif, he will probably answer to the name of Lord Bifstek — in honour of the two great national dishes, which we have spelt in that manner from time immemorial.

In a pretty piece at the Gymnase in Paris, where the Prime Minister of England unfortunately ruined himself by speculating in Railway shares, a thorough-going English servant appeared under that thorough-going English name Tom Bob — the honest fellow having been christened Tom, and born the lawful son of Mr. and Mrs. Bob. In an Italian adaptation of Dumas' preposterous play of "KEAN," which we once saw at the great Theatre of Genoa, the curtain rose upon that celebrated

Tragedian, drunk and fast asleep in a chair, attired in a dark blouse fastened round the waist with a broad belt and a most prodigious buckle, and wearing a dark red hat of the sugar-loaf shape, nearly three feet high. He bore in his hand a champagne-bottle, with the label RHUM, in large capital letters, carefully turned towards the audience; and two or three dozen of the same popular liquor which we are nationally accustomed to drink neat as imported by the half-gallon, ornamented the floor of the apartment. Every frequenter of the Coal Hole Tavern in the Strand, on that occasion, wore a sword and a beard.

Every English lady presented on the stage in Italy, wears a green veil; and almost every such specimen of our fair countrywomen carries a bright red reticule, made in the form of a monstrous heart. We do not remember to have ever seen an Englishman on the Italian stage, or in the Italian Circus, without a stomach like Daniel Lambert, an immense shirt-frill, and a bunch of watch-seals, each several times larger than his watch, though the watch itself was an impossible engine. And we have rarely beheld this mimic Englishman, without seeing present, then and there, a score of real Englishmen, sufficiently characteristic and unlike the rest of the audience, to whom he bore no shadow of resemblance.

These edifying pictures of the English are not complete without the finishing touches of grotesque

absurdity vouchsafed by the actors. A few winters ago we were enticed into the little theatre of Coblentz by the information paraded in large placards on the doors that it was "very well warmed;" that Auber's opera of *Fra Diavolo* was to be played; and that the part of Lord Allcash was to be personated by a distinguished comic actor. Even while we write, his lordship is before our mind's eye, blazingly costumed in a green coat, blue inexpressibles, top-boots, a brace of yellow handkerchiefs sticking out of either pocket, a couple of watches, and a hat with a feather in it! Yet, if they do not know something of the ordinary appearance of an English traveller in Coblentz, where should they? He must be at least as well known there, as in Devonshire or the Isle of Wight.

So, in Brussels, where the English almost outnumber the native population, the audiences relish a curious amount of ignorance respecting England and the English; as the *dramatis personæ* of a piece exhibited so recently as last May at the Théâtre St. Hubert, will show. It was called "*La Lectrice, ou une folie de jeune homme. Comédie Vaudeville en 2 actes*," par M. Bazard." It must have had a considerable run; for the play-bill states that M. Ferville had created a great sensation in the character of "Sir Cobridge," at Paris. We have some idea that "Sir Cobridge" must be intended for the Sleeping Partner in a Porter-Brewery, and that the name is a dreamy reminis-

cence of the popular individual Sir Co, made easy of remembrance by sign-boards. But the first personage we have occasion to mention is, "Sir Arthur" (*jeune officier*), who has no other name, and who has no occasion for one, everybody calling him "my lord," according (as he observed) to the usual form of address in England. Sir Arthur considers it the first duty of a British officer to insult a respectable blind old gentleman — who is moreover his guest — because the blind old gentleman ventures to insinuate something against one of the officers of Sir Arthur's regiment, through whom he has suffered severely. This chivalrous young nobleman, disdaining all inquiry into the circumstances, at once constitutes himself champion of every individual belonging to the entire British army. The next personage is a young gentleman possessing (as *he* observed) a name extremely common in Britain, to wit, "Clac-Own." The actor of this part was fitted up with a wig of violently red hair, like a carriage-rug, and was dressed in a kind of fusion of an English jockey with a French Field-Marshal. Expecting to inherit the vast possession of his uncle, Sir Cobridge, Clac-Own passed his time, according to the custom of Anglican nephews in such cases, in giving his uncle to understand how extremely inconvenient he finds his society, and in informing him that "Shak-es-pair" — who, being Sir Cobridge's favourite author, is naturally the avowed bugbear of Clac-Own, — is an insufferable bore. This is going too far; and the wealthy old gentleman (who has quietly submitted to every other species of personal insult from his intended heir,) is so shocked by this contempt for "Shak-es-pair," that he feels himself compelled to sing a song; wherein he demonstrates, in the most lucid tira-lal-a-la logic, that Clac-Own is very decidedly in the wrong. The scena concludes by Sir Cobridge ordering Clac-Own off, in some very deep bass notes, to "Le Lincoln!" — an idiomatic place of banishment, that would appear to be very popular among us, though whether it stands for Coventry, Bath, Jericho, Halifax, or any other such place, we are unable to report. Clac-Own, Sir Arthur, and several others having assembled at a later stage of the proceedings to go out hunting, the Belgian public perceive that our usual equipment for that sport is a white tailed coat, light blue breeches, patent leather hessian boots with brass spurs, a red neckerchief — such as one may see whispering to the gale in Field Lane or Wapping, — a turned-down shirt-collar, a gun, a cutlas, and an enormous game pouch. Thus arrayed and mounted on the "chevaux fougueux" of our island, we pursue and capture the crafty fox. — When we add that Monsieur Bazard, who is the author of this singular production, is of the opinion of Boiardo, that the English have an especial talent for falling off their horses — and no wonder,

riding across the country in such trim!—we have described the leading points of this accurate picture.

Most of these distorted views of English life originate with the French with whom we have had most intercourse, and who ought to know us best; but our German and Austrian friends, the dramatic caricaturists, have a very hard hit at us now and then. Only last month we were attracted to the Carl Theatre, in Vienna, by one little line in a play-bill, which announced a new piece, the English title of which is, "The Benefit Night." Here is the line:—

Lord Pudding, ein reisender Engländer . .

Mr. Heese.

Lord Pudding, a Travelling Englishman
Mr. Heese.

In rigid obedience to the law, which has impressed the names of eatables upon the eaters thereof, the author had christened his "pock - pudding - Englisher" (to borrow a pleasant periphrasis from Scotland), out of the pot. Nevertheless "The Benefit Night" — in which we think we descry some reflection of a very good French vaudeville — is written with considerable cleverness and wit. The plot was chiefly evolved from the endeavours of a manager to obtain the assistance of certain eminent "stars" of the profession for his benefit. He first presented himself to a great singer, who was, of course, afflicted with a cold, but who was at length frightened into voice by hearing that a rival had already agreed to sing his part, and by an assurance from the ma-

nager that the new singer had already taken everybody by storm at the rehearsal. A great tragedian the manager won by flattery; "the food of gods" being the only thing worthy the acceptance of so august a personage: and a dancer he bribed by assuring her that the wealthy Englishman, "Lord Pudding," would be in the house, especially to fall in love with her. He also promised a troop of experienced claqueurs to applaud her new "pas."

We were introduced to Lord Pudding, as he appeared while indulging in the singular fancy of taking a lesson in Elocution from a German actor! His personal appearance was wonderful to behold. He was much stuffed out with wadding to increase his natural proportions, and his dress was such as the tailors — not only of Pall-Mall and St. James's Street, but of any English extraction or habitation whatsoever — would see with amaze. It was composed of a blue dress coat, with white buttons, a red waistcoat, nankeen tights, shoes of polished leather, and long brass spurs. His neckerchief was a bright blue, carrying the eye pleasantly up to a very white hat with an imperceptible brim. The author appeared to have studied the manners of our aristocracy with exceeding diligence; for, to the usual peculiarities which may be considered the "stock" of Foreign theatricals, he added some strikingly original features. Lord Pudding was, of course, a lover, and of course an

unsuccessful one: he was jilted by the French dancer. When he danced he was made to tumble; when he saluted a lady he gave his lips a loud smack. He entered a room like a whirlwind, and between his paroxysms of "fuss" our usual friendly salutation "*Gottam*" was repeated many times; to the enthusiastic delight of the audience, who believed it to be a polished sort of "How-d' ye-do?" He was quite the Clown to the Ring; and had the long pockets — in which that gentleman usually searches for the chalk when it is required for the tight-rope — well-filled. Nor was Pudding stingy with his money. Despite his hard usage by the ballet-lady, he was liberal to the manager. Though wrathful, he was of easy faith; being readily imposed upon, and peculiarly sensible to flattery, by which means he was induced to take three boxes for the benefit, viz., one for himself; one for the policeman who had been in constant attendance on him since his arrival, to restrain his inveterate propensity for knocking down the lieges of the city (so intense was his love for "the boaks;") the third for the exclusive occupation of —, his boule-dog! One or two little touches, which distinguished his lordship, showed that the actor was, at least, an observer. Such were, the hat pushed back from the crimson forehead, the heavy rolling walk, and a strenuous objection to be kissed — all particularly English.

Other specimens of the genus

we had previously seen, however, showed that Lord Pudding was a very fair example of an English gentleman on the German stage.

We cannot but believe that though amusing, these caricatures — exhibited as they are to ignorant and prejudiced minds — tend to confound the just relations between one people and another. Perhaps friendly Excursions on both sides of the channel may do much to lessen these absurdities. Unfortunately — as recent publications too well prove — the mistaken estimate of the English is by no means corrected by the graver works now and then put forth by distinguished men. Highly as we esteem M. Guizot and some Frenchmen of real attainments, who have written upon England, we have never taken up a book on the subject without painful disappointment, or without seeing in it errors almost equal to M. Ledru Rollin's more recent incongruities.

To the honour of our modern English authors be it spoken, they have been zealous to avoid such ridiculous mistakes. It is true that the harmless old legends respecting Foreigners — that nine-tenths of them are Frenchmen; that all are of very slender proportions in figure; that their staple diet is frogs; and that, despite Alison's and every other History of Europe, they very much prefer to dance than to fight; together with other popular delusions — still linger in the minds of some of our bold peasantry and milder

cockneys; but it is to be hoped, after many years of peace and better sense, that we may now claim for the majority of even an under-educated British public, a more correct knowledge of the personnel and manners of our Continental neighbours, than our Continental neighbours manifestly have of us. The very foible of Lord Pudding himself — that of being a *travelling* Englishman — would defend him from such blunders as the literary Frankenstein who gave life to the monster, has fallen into. Travelling Englishmen are common abroad, who speak foreign languages, and understand foreign customs, extremely well. There are many of our travellers whom we should be very glad to improve: and thanks to railways, and to our possession of some — though not very much — of the wealth which the foreign dramatic and fictionist artists so liberally attribute to us, we are rapidly polishing off the rust of national prejudice, and ignorance of our brethren abroad. Should an English author or actor be guilty of such laughable mistakes about foreigners as those we have pointed out, woe unutterable would alight on his ignorant head.

Every sort of attraction which brings people of different nations, and even of different counties, together — whether it be a German wool fair, a music meeting, or a Swiss shooting-match — smooths away the acerbities of caste, and strengthens the sympathies of individuals. Let us, therefore, hope that the myriads of exotics which will be attracted next year to the Great Industrial Conservatory in Hyde Park, will receive new vigour and fresh intelligence from their temporary transplantation; that they will learn that Englishmen and English women are not quite the monstrosities they at present appear to believe them. Foreigners will then have the advantage of seeing us at home, and in a mass; and will thenceforth cease to judge us by those follies which they observe in a few idle tourists from these islands. They will see us as we are, reciprocating what we believe to be the general desire here, in reference to them.

THE STEAM PLOUGH.

WHEN the first experiments were being made with the Hay-making Machine, now commonly used in some parts of the country, it happened that Shelley, Mrs. Shelley, and Peacock, the author of "Crotchet Castle," "Headlong Hall," and other works of pungent erudition, were walking through a field where this strange-looking machine was in operation. Instead of the pleasant sight of the rustic men and women with their forks and rakes — a scene so full of indelible associations, from childhood upwards — they saw this quaint monster rolling round the field over the long swathes of hay, its rotatory forks, or rather fingers on wheels, flinging up the hay on all sides as it went spinning

onwards. Meditating on the effect, if successful, this would, some day, have on the vast numbers of poor people in England, to say nothing of the summer invasions of Irish — whose sole dependence for the year is the money they make in the English hay-season — Shelley and the others walked onwards, and left the field. Presently they met a clownish fellow, who was looking intently at the whirling and whisking performance of the round-about machine in the hay-field. Shelley, having no objection to find, in the then adjusted state of society with regard to the labouring classes, that this machine was a failure, said to the clown, in a sort of half contemptuous tone — “Now, tell me, — does that thing answer at all?” The fellow looked Shelley full in the face — “It answers a deuced deal too well,” said he; “I wish it was working in the inside of him that made it!”

In this very unsophisticated reply, how vast a question is comprised! But into it we cannot now enter; our present business is how to plough by steam; and the smoke from the “nostrils” of a variety of elegant ploughs, of various horse-and-man powers, is already inviting our attention. Truly, it requires one to take one’s breath before commencing the examination!

Old Hesiod, in the second book of his “Works and Days,” after giving particular directions for the selection of the wood, as to its natural qualities and form, and

also its suitability to an artificial curve, gravely shakes his venerable head, and says —

“To make a plough, great is the expense and care.”

Virgil, following his great progenitor, enters with still more minute precision into the details of the selection of the wood and its manufacture into a plough, adding, that he can “recite to you many precepts of the ancients — unless you decline them.”

Well, then, to be frank with antiquity, and all its great poets and philosophers, the present age fairly announces by its practices, that it *does* decline, not only the precepts but the example of the ancients, especially in agricultural matters.

The last and not the least important innovation on agricultural labour has yet to be consummated; and it would seem from two large plates, with explanatory remarks, which have been recently published by Lord Willoughby de Eresby, that a monster innovation is not very distant; — no less than “Ploughing by Steam.” All great inventions are the result of gradual improvement on a first idea; and an examination of these plates naturally induces us to take a cursory view of what has previously been attempted, and done, in this way.

Not wishing to go back to the “dawning idea” of a steam plough, (for the problem was started some fifty years ago), we will begin with taking a look at Mr. Etzler’s “Iron Slave.” This was invented by a

German, and constructed by an Oxfordshire engineer. A public trial of the Iron Slave was made in October 1845. A few signal shots were fired at day-break, the church-bells were set to ring a merrypeal, and all the inhabitants of Bicester and Blackthorn came pouring out into the fields to witness the steam-performance of the newly discovered agricultural serf. Booths were erected, and the spectators made a long morning's holiday while the Slave did his ploughing; and hoped that his success would lead, as it ought, to many other morning holidays. The most important result of this first trial was the establishment of a new mechanical principle, *viz.*, "the transmission of power from a fixed point to a moving point, going in arbitrary directions at the will of one man at the steering wheel." This, it seems, had been thought impossible by many scientific engineers. The engine was intended to move and do its work at the rate of three miles an hour; but whether the Iron Slave had not had his proper breakfast of coals, nor time enough to digest them into steam, or some part of his inside was a little out of order, was not accurately discovered; but certain it is that he could not plough fast enough. In other respects everybody was satisfied that steam-ploughing was a practicable thing.

In 1847, Mr. John T. Osborne, of Demerara, took out a patent for a steam-plough, the chief improvement (or distinguishing peculiarity) — we must be cautious in the use of the word improvement,) on all previous attempts, being the employment of two engines and two ploughs, for one course of ploughing. While one plough was working in a given direction, and laying down the chain or rope by which it is to be worked back to the side from which it started — the other plough was performing a similar course in the reverse direction. When both had each traversed the ground once, the engines were removed forward the breadth of one furrow, by means of a chain or rope; one end of which was attached to an anchor fixed in the ground a-head.

Another Mr. Osborn, in 1848, tried some experiments near Stratford, in Essex, with a locomotive steam-engine, constructed for agricultural works in general, and for ploughing more especially. He appears to have taken out his patent in conjunction with Mr. Andrew Smith's wire-rope — a manufacture of extraordinary strength. In the first trial, a pair of these peculiarly constructed locomotives was placed opposite each other — about one hundred and twenty yards apart — with a sufficient length of wire-rope between them. Although not successful, it demonstrated a novel fact as between the comparative draught by horses, and by a long rope, showing that the condition of the modes differ in a very marked way; the horse draught being upwards, and exercising a direct control by its proximity to

the plough; whereas, the draught by steam-power and a rope was downwards, distant, and exercised no direct control over the plough. Hence this experiment, though unsuccessful, was instructive, and therefore to be valued as a good contribution to knowledge. Other trials were subsequently made by Mr. Osborn with a locomotive engine of ten horse power, and the ploughing was well done; fully settling the question of practicability, but leaving doubts in the minds of many on the important question of economy.

"These engines," says a writer in the *Mechanics' Magazine*, "possess great advantages in being applicable to thrashing, and other agricultural purposes, and can be moved from farm to farm, and from field to field, with the greatest facility." No doubt of it. We see what will soon happen. Thrashing, and *many other* agricultural purposes! The great farmers, once in possession of the talisman of a steam-plough, will never rest till they make it applicable to all sorts of operations. Already almost every farmer in Scotland is provided with a stationary steam-engine; a locomotive that can turn — not its hands — but its wheels to anything, is now his only other thing needful. In the specification of the very first of these ploughs — Etzler's Iron Slave — it is distinctly stated that, although the machine is intended for ploughing, yet the Slave will be ready at all times to devote his energies and skill to "sowing, and reaping; and

also to making canals, roads, tunnels," &c. Exactly so! After we have ploughed, sowed, reaped, and thrashed by steam, we shall soon find turnips hoed, carrots drawn, beans plucked up, dried, carted, and stacked; sheep sheared, cows milked, butter churned, cheese pressed, pigs transformed into pork, and pork into gammons, by the same omnipotent agency. Hatching eggs by steam is already an old story.

A patent for a new steam-plough was taken out in January of the present year by Mr. James Usher of Edinburgh; and another in June, by Messrs. Calloway and Purkiss. The peculiarity of the former consists in mounting "a series of ploughs in the same plane round an axis, so that the ploughs shall successively come into action;" and secondly, in applying power to give a rotary motion to the series, "so that the resistance of the earth to the ploughs, as they enter and travel through the earth, shall *cause the machine to be propelled*" — instead of motion being communicated to the machine from the wheels which run on the land. The other invention — that of Messrs. Calloway and Purkiss — mainly consists of a number of chains working round a wheel, and fitted on the outside with ploughshares. Rotary motion is communicated by a locomotive.

"I consider," says Sir Abel Handy, in the comedy of *Speed the Plough*, "that a healthy young man between the handles of a

plough, is one of the noblest illustrations of the prosperity of Britain." But shortly after saying this, Sir Abel invents a splendid curricule plough drawn by high-bred Leicestershire horses; who set off at full gallop with the plough at their heels over hill and dale, and instead of doing the allotted work a-field, they rush about at random, ploughing up Salisbury Plain. What would Sir Abel have said to Sir Willoughby de Eresby's snorting steam-horse, perfectly under control?

His machinery consists of a locomotive engine, weighing only three-and-a-half tons, and of a twenty-six horse power. It was designed by Mr. Gooch. It has a double capstan attached, "removable, when the engine is required for other purposes." His lordship does not indicate any of these; but we may fairly imagine that his farm-engine will possess the same versatile genius as the inventions which have preceded it. His description of this machinery is very brief, clear, and without the use of any technical terms.

"The engine moves across the centre of the field on a light, portable railway. The ploughs advance and recede on either side of the railway, at right angles to it.

"The ploughs employed consist of four ordinary, and four subsoil ploughs, fixed in a frame. It is directed by a person standing upon a small platform.

"Two such ploughs, one on either side the railway, alternately advance and recede; the advancing plough working, the other idle until it regains its proper position for ploughing the next four furrows. On the completion of the four furrows both ways, the engine and side frames advance each three feet.

"The ploughs are attached to an endless chain, one hundred and fifty yards in length. They can be detached at pleasure, or shifted from one side of the chain to the other. They travel at the rate of *five miles an hour*. Provision is made in case they strike against any impediment."

Arrangements are also made to suit irregularly shaped fields. The full power of the engine is not exerted with the ploughs, as thus described; and the number of blades can be increased if desirable. And now for the next statement, which brings us to a most important consideration.

"In the present state of things, it is difficult to form a correct estimate of the value of the invention in a commercial point of view. I will only say that a machine of the power, and with the arrangement described, would perform the work usually done by *sixteen* ploughs, driven by as many men, and drawn by thirty-two horses. Requiring itself the attendance of eight men, and a horse to draw the water for the engine, it would thus save the labour of thirty-one horses and eight men. Against this must be set an expense of five shillings a day for coals."

In examining the question of economy in the use of steam-power instead of horses, we shall obtain valuable assistance from a paper addressed to Mr. J. T. Osborne, of Demerara, by the Council of the Highland Society. This paper sets the period of the productive labour of a horse against the unproductive period necessary for its rest, and exhibits results of a startling kind. Horses are fed and tended three hundred and sixty-five days of twenty-four hours, or eight thousand seven hundred and sixty hours in the year. But they work only three hundred days, of about

eight hours, taking the average, or two thousand four hundred hours a year. Thus we have a clear loss of six thousand three hundred and sixty hours of unproductive feeding and tending. It may be argued, that they are not fed and tended throughout the night, and therefore there is no such loss as the figures displayed by the Highland Society; but they are fed and tended enough to suffice them during the night, for which no compensating work is performed, so that it comes, we think, to nearly the same thing.

According to McCulloch, there are about one million two hundred thousand agricultural horses employed in Great Britain, which, at twenty-five pounds per head for maintenance, amounts to thirty millions sterling per annum for their keep. The unproductive portion, therefore, he finds amounting to the enormous sum of twenty-one millions seven hundred and eighty-five thousand three hundred and six pounds. It will be seen that this estimate is founded on the previous figures displaying the number of hours of feeding and tendence, compared with the number of hours' work, and the consequent loss of six thousand three hundred and sixty hours. The only compensation for this loss of hours, represented by the above sum of upwards of twenty-one millions sterling, is in the value of the manure, which is thus produced at too great a cost.

"There are insuperable difficulties," writes the Council of the

Highland Society, "attending the employment of vital power; but mechanical power puts forth its energy when called for — it can be regulated, and, at pleasure, stopped. If it is desired to occupy the entire hours of daylight — to extend the field of operations — to work up more raw material — the energy of the animal ceases after a time; but not so that of the machine. The longest hours of summer may be advantageously employed." And why not in the shortest nights of winter also? Could not steam-ploughs be made to carry their own lights with Hale Thomson's patent silvered-glass reflectors, like other locomotives?

The next sentence brings us full-butt against the corner-stone of our social edifice, and moots the question as to the effect of machinery in increasing the demand for human labour: — "Were the whole period of daylight industriously employed in the most effective manner — that is, by the employment of machinery — the demand for human labour would be augmented in the exact ratio of the increased time, multiplied by the augmented force of the machinery."

"Be fruitful and multiply," said the God of Nature; — "You must be starved, if you do!" say the beldame economists. Meantime, an immense proportion of the habitable and fertile earth lies quite uncultivated, the vast seas are full of prolific food, and the land which is cultivated, is not made the most of. The art of tilling has not kept

pace with other improvements. Before the wonders of steam appeared in the world there was occasionally a random attempt to introduce some improvement in tillage, but the experiments originated in a wish rather than in any definite plan, and were of course a failure and an absurdity. Dean Swift brought his pungent satire to bear upon these attempts, in his account of the grand Academy of Lagado, Mr. Lemuel Gulliver says he was highly pleased with a projector who had discovered a plan for turning up the ground with hogs, to save the charge of ploughs, cattle, and labour. The method was beautifully simple. In a given field you bury at six inches distance, and eight inches deep, a quantity of acorns in long rows. You then drive six hundred hogs into the field, who, in search of the food they most love, will root or plough up the whole into furrows, with their snouts. The absurdities committed soon led to a cessation of all mere experiments, until at length came steam-engines, and thence, in due course, the dream of a steam-plough. This dream we are peradventure about to see realised in a few months; and then, though our million of agricultural horses will be diminished, our fine breed of Yorkshire and Lancashire ploughmen will not be thinned; any more than spinning and weaving machinery exterminated — as was awfully predicted it would — our army of spinners and weavers.

"I was bred to the plough," said Robert Burns, when addressing a letter to the wealthy gentlemen of the Ayrshire Hunt: — "I am independent;" but it may turn out that the plough of old will soon be a sorry thing to depend upon. We are rather reminded of the Prologue to Chaucer's "Ploughman Tale," though he could have had no anticipation that his cessation from this labour would be final.

"The Ploughman plucked up his plough,
When Midsomer moon was comen in,
And saied his beasts should eat ynowe,
And lye in the grasse up to the chin.
He shook off shere, and coulter off drowe
And honged his harnis on a pin."

"Our strongest hope for the improvement of our social condition," says Miss Martineau, "lies in the directing of intelligence full upon the cultivation of the soil." The more the powers of science are brought to bear upon the tillage of the earth, and the production and manufacture of food, the greater will be the number benefited, and the more speedily will Miss Martineau's axiom be verified. Cordially coinciding with that lady, we wish all success to the important undertaking of Lord Willoughby de Eresby, and shall be glad to find he accomplishes and establishes what has hitherto been confined to experimental trials.

A SACRED GROVE.

HERE Silence is the queen of time; her
 hand
 Is raised — and the tide trembles to a
 pause.
 Beauty, too awful to be loved, awakes
 And spell-binds Man's repose. The sunken
 sun,
 Whose mantle's gold is melted in the tint
 Of evening's purple sadness, near the west
 Lingers awhile, as loth to quit the scene.
 Yet 'tis not sadness all; for though the
 trees,
 Heavy with cumbrous melancholy, sweep
 Their sombre-foliaged boughs close to
 the grass,
 And solemn twilight peers between the
 trunks,
 Tinging the dome of yonder vacant fane —
 O'er all a spirit of subdued emotion
 Breathes in pathetic sweetness, deep dif-
 fused.

In this dim palace of grey Solitude,
 Where not a sigh wafts o'er the lily's urn,
 And nought, save marble forms of tender-
 est grace,
 With pensive attitude stand in lone bow-
 ers —
 The heart, upheaving into the fresh air,
 Itself abandons to the scene, and claims
 Kindred with placid Death, and those lost
 hopes
 That lived around the loved ones, now no
 more.
 Their tombs smile pale beneath these cy-
 press boughs,
 Heavy with memory of all the past.

Moveless I stand before these moveless
 trees —
 Breathless as those broad boughs; and
 gazing thus,
 At the dark foliage imaged in the pools,
 Which deepen, as the brooding mind sur-
 veys
 Their trance and awful beauty; 'tis a
 scene
 That lures us backward to an elder time,
 Through ages dim — and, thence, into a
 realm
 Whose secret influence fills us with its
 soul —
 Shadows of things which are not of the
 world,
 And hopes that burn, yet find no vent save
 tears.

"CAPE" SKETCHES.

CAPE WANTS are neither pecu-
 liar nor numerous. Captain
 Smoke, in Jerrold's comedy of
 "Bubbles of the Day," confides to
 his friend, Lord Skindeep, that he
 is "terribly in want of a thousand
 pounds." The reply is "You may
 take it as a general rule, Captain
 Smoke, that *every man* wants a
 thousand pounds." As with men
 so with Colonies. The sun never
 sets upon one of the dependencies
 of Great Britain, young or old,
 which would not be the better for
 a thousand pounds. Our Colonies
 feel, however, another want; — it
 is for something to which the
 Smokes of the old country show a
 very marked aversion; and that is
 labour. "Capital and labour!"
 is a cry which reaches us from
 every quarter of the earth. The
 demand does not resound so
 loudly perhaps from the Cape as
 from other and newer Colonies;
 but the want of the first necessities
 of enterprise, civilisation, and
 progress is not the less felt. Any
 sort of European labour (except
 convict labour), any kind of capi-
 tal, is welcome in our South Afri-
 can dependencies; and in the long
 run "pays."

As to Capital; men with from
 two thousand pounds to ten thou-
 sand pounds will find plenty of
 most profitable employment for
 their money. The Colony has in-
 numerable resources — amongst
 them I may mention her fisheries
 and her mineral treasures. The
 former produce a large revenue

even now, though carried on, from want of enterprise and capital, in the most unsystematic and slovenly manner. Of minerals there is abundance; ore in many places actually lying on the surface. The assegais (or spears) of the Kafirs are all made of iron, smelted and welded by themselves; while recent travellers from the northernmost extremity of the Colony bring accounts of innumerable implements in use among the savage tribes there, formed of iron of their own manufacture. Copper and lead have been discovered within fifteen miles of Algoa Bay.

But such riches remain utterly unproductive without facile means of transport, and a great want in the Colony is good roads. Of course, want of labour is the cause of this deficiency, which is, however, being slowly remedied by the local government. Whether the Cape Colonists were wise in rejecting the convicts, so kindly proffered to them by Lord Grey, I shall not presume to opine, because I have a notion that everybody knows their own business best; but we must not forget that New South Wales owes the blessing of her good roads to what was, it must be admitted, in other respects, a great curse to her — the bands of convicts the Colonial Office were so obliging as to send her.

Before I dilate on the greatest of all colonial wants, I will mention what the Cape of Good Hope does *not* want; namely, young gentlemen with white hands and empty

pockets, of no profession, and with very extensive notions of refinement. She does not require martinet "half-pays," who know more of pipe-clay than of soils, and more of killing than of breeding and fattening. Fine ladies, who are proficient pianistes, and do not understand poultry, she is much better without. What she *does* require, are: — In the towns, mechanics and artisans of all kinds; in the country, good farmers and sturdy dames, shepherds and agricultural labourers; in both, domestic servants, male and female. For all these the Cape is open, and it offers them first-rate livelihoods, abundance of food of the best description, and a climate which the returns taken of the mortality among the troops prove to be amongst the healthiest in all Her Majesty's world-wide dominions. The Colony has also one great advantage over Australia — it is ten thousand miles nearer to England.

Want the third in point of importance is a change in the present system of selecting Colonial Governors. Were we to choose Generals to lead our armies — not from soldiers trained to arms and distinguished in the field — but from decayed statesmen, who had "never set a squadron in the field," nor even handled a sword; would not our enemies not only beat us, but laugh at us? Yet conversely we commit precisely this absurdity: we "reward" meritorious Generals by appointing them Governors; of whose duties

they are, as a rule, as ignorant as a Lord of the Treasury is of fortification. The Governor of a Colony, as the representative of the highest power in the Empire, is required to fulfil the highest civil functions; to conduct the most difficult and delicate negotiations; and we select a brave old General, who hardly knows the geography of his government; is profoundly ignorant of the habits and requirements of its people; who never even pretended to statesmanship, and either commits himself to something so rash that it makes everybody angry, or to something so silly that it makes everybody laugh.

IN EDUCATION, England might take a lesson from her South African dependency — it is in the education of the people. Government schools are established in every town, and almost every village of the Colony, open to children of all classes and all creeds, and free of all expense. They are presided over by intelligent teachers, chiefly selected from the Scotch Universities, and truly their pupils do these gentlemen infinite credit. I do not hesitate to say, that the rising generation of the Cape Colony will be the best educated men of their class in all the British Empire. It is to Dr. Jones, the former President of the South African College, in Cape Town, that the colony is indebted for this invaluable boon. Even the population in the far interior are better off in this re-

spect than the children of our English peasantry. Thanks to the energy of Campbell, Latrobe, Moffat, and other energetic, common-sense, as well as pious, members of the Missionary Society; the children of the Hottentots, Griquas, and even of some of the Bechuanas, are fast being brought into the pale of civilisation by attendance at the schools established by those gentlemen. Some of the offspring of English parents in the "interior" of England, have no such schools to attend.

SHEEP FARMING is, perhaps, the best and most profitable occupation at the Cape. It is far better than agriculture, and better than cattle farming, for the following reasons. The great deficiency of the colony is the want of sufficient water for irrigation. Wherever this want is not felt, all kinds of grain may be raised with profit, and Cape wheat is universally pronounced to be the finest in the world. But the farms, or portions of farms, on which it can be grown are few and far between. Nor is this the only drawback to agriculture; the farmer has two other dire enemies to contend with. The one is the blight or "smut," which is very common; and frequently destroys whole crops. Two young friends of mine hired a farm in partnership, and, in spite of the warnings of more experienced persons, determined to turn their principal attention to agriculture. They went to great expense in the purchase of agricultural imple-

ments, paid the highest wages for labourers, and worked with their own hands as hard as any ploughman in England. They raised a magnificent crop, and began to indulge a sweet reverie on the "Dollars" it was to bring them. Alas, the "smut" came, and the beautiful crop was destroyed, while not one solitary dollar found its way into the young farmers' pockets. Disappointed, but not disheartened, they set to work again, and next year with precisely the same result. Luckily they were prudent fellows, and had neither been personally extravagant, nor sunk all their money in one enterprise. They, therefore, purchased some sheep, cattle, and horses, and only cultivated a very *small portion* of their farm; and now they are among the most prosperous farmers in the Colony.

Another enemy of the agriculturist at the Cape, not less destructive than the former, though less frequent in his attacks, is the locust. Till I went to the Cape, I never had a clear conception of the mischief that could be done by this one of the "Plagues of Egypt." They came always in clouds, and fly *with* the wind. I am almost afraid to describe their numbers. I have seen the air as full of these creatures as of the flakes of snow in a heavy snow-storm — in fact, literally "raining locusts." I have been obliged to turn back on a journey from the impossibility of getting my horse to face them when driven against us by the wind. I have seen immense plains

one day covered with grass, corn, and gardens; and the next day left, after a visit of locusts, without one solitary blade of verdure on any part of them. I have seen millions of these insects driven by the wind into the sea at Algoa Bay, and washed on shore in such heaps, that their bodies decaying have become so offensive as to oblige the authorities of the town to employ all the Coolies in the place in burying them. Think of all this, grumbling farmers of England. What corn-laws could afford you "protection" against such an importation? Still, I must add that during my five years' residence at the Cape, I can only recall three visits of these pests; nor must it be supposed that they at any time spread over the whole Colony. When they visit a sheep or cattle farm, the owner has, of course, no other alternative than to move his stock to some place which they have not visited.

Cattle are profitable stock at the Cape; but no Englishman seems to like them so well as sheep. Besides, it occasionally happens that, in a fit of caprice, every Hottentot labourer on your farm will leave you in a day, and you will have to be your own herdsman. This is comparatively nothing with sheep; but if you had a couple of hundred cows that wanted milking you would be rather in a "fix."

Horses are also a profitable stock, and far more suited to English taste. But the "returns" are necessarily slow; and few men can

afford to wait three years for their profits.

Sheep are the best. Here is one example, by no means extraordinary, but forming an average sample of the fruits of sheep-farming: — A gentleman who was reading for the Church, at Cambridge, found that his health would not allow him to continue his studies; he emigrated to Algoa Bay, with a capital of about two thousand five hundred pounds. He wisely listened to good advice in the selection of a farm and the purchase of his stock of sheep. At the end of three years I visited him, and we talked about sheep-farming, which was then in a bad condition. I was expressing my wonder that so many sheep-farmers had lately been "sold up;" and this was his reply, "What else could you expect? Half of them come out here without one farthing of capital. They hire a farm; buy stock on credit (for two or three years), live on the sale of the wool and also on credit — for they live 'like fighting-cocks' — and then when pay-day comes at last, they, of course, have not a sixpence. But, look at my own case: I have been here three years; my wool fetches double the price that it did the first year; my stock is just doubled in number and vastly improved in quality; I have lived in as much comfort as I require in the meantime; and I don't owe a sixpence."

The life of a Cape farmer is necessarily solitary. His nearest neighbour is probably seven miles

off, and his only daily companions are his stock and his labourers. A visitor (especially if he come from one of the Towns) is a veritable Godsend; and is safe to be welcome as long as he chooses to remain. He may ride his host's horses and shoot or hunt his game, smoke his pipes, and drink his "Cape Smoke,"* as long as he pleases. But he must be contented with very rough fare. Mutton and goats' flesh, meal-cakes (very similar, I fancy, to those which King Alfred burnt), Indian corn, and badly-made coffee, will form the staple articles of his food. He will sleep on a home-made sofa with goat-skins for blankets, in a room with a mud floor, and very probably no ceiling but the thatch roof. The house will most likely be built of lath and plaster, and look far more like the stable of a third-rate country inn than a gentleman's residence. Yet the host is often a highly educated and sensible man, fighting his way to competence, living a comparatively easy life, and, if unblessed with luxuries, at least unharassed by cares save when an occasional wolf (or rather hyæna) makes a night assault on his homestead.

OF THE CAPE TRADE, the most peculiar and profitable branch is that with the native tribes. At present it is carried on in the most primitive style. A trader will load a couple of waggons with such goods as are likely to sell among

* Cape Brandy.

savages. Coarse cloth, smart Manchester printed calicoes, blankets, beads, brass curtain-rings (worn by the natives as ornaments on their arms), soldiers' jackets, wide-awake hats, &c. With this load he will proceed across the colonial boundary, and penetrate as far as he pleases into the interior, calling where experience has shown him he is likely to find customers, and selling his goods like a hawker, or "Cheap Jack," in England. But he seldom obtains *money* for his goods, — nor does he wish for it. He gets ivory, ostrich feathers, wild-beast skins, horns, and, in fact, all the rarest trophies of the chase. With these he reloads his waggons for his return home, and reaches the Colony after, perhaps, six or eight months' absence, with a load which fetches him at once, seven or eight hundred — sometimes a thousand — pounds in exchange for his outlay of one hundred and fifty pounds.

It seems clear that the establishment of trading stations in the interior of Southern Africa would be most profitable to the projectors, and most advantageous to the native tribes, by accustoming them to the sights and habits of a civilised life.

The shop-keepers are rather jealous of the merchants at the Cape. The latter are very often so undignified as to sell a dozen pair of stockings or a single hat, to the exceeding disgust of retailers.

A Cape shop is a curiosity. It

strikes a man as odd, to buy his boots and his cheese, or his hat and his sugar, at the same shop, — still more odd to purchase his wife a Chinese shawl and his child a peg-top in the same establishment.

THE WILD SPORTS of South Africa have been celebrated by many a writer, from Major Cornwallis Harris down to Mr. Gordon Cumming. For large game the country is perhaps the finest sporting ground in the world. People come even from India to hunt the lion and the buffalo, the rhinoceros and the hippopotamus, the elephant, the giraffe, and the innumerable varieties of wild deer, from the delicate and graceful springbok to the heavy and powerful gnu. Some of the most dreaded amongst them are not nearly so terrible as travellers' tales would persuade "the gentlemen of England who sit at home at ease."

On one occasion I was riding through a wood, with a single companion; we were on a journey, and quite unarmed. At a little open space in the woods we dismounted and knee-haltered our horses to let them feed, while we lazily stretched ourselves under a tree, and "took a pull" at our pocket-pistols, loaded with Cognac. A slight rustling sound was heard above our heads, and down came something to the ground in front of us. It was a fine, full-grown, handsome leopard, who coolly turned round and stared us in the face. I very much doubt whether two respect-

able young gentlemen ever felt in a greater fright than my friend and myself at that moment. The unwelcome visitor, however, merely wagged his tail, and having apparently satisfied his curiosity as to our personal appearance, trotted quietly off into the woods. Without uttering a word we each drew a long breath, took another pull at the *eau-de-vie*, caught our horses, and put as many miles as we could in a few minutes between ourselves and that same wood.

The lion can even be companionable. Major Nicholson occupies a farm near the northeast boundary of the Colony. He is a great sportsman, and goes out alone to look after a lion with as much unconcern as a Regent Street loungee seeks out a Skye-terrier as a present for his lady-love. In one of his afternoon rambles the Major fell in with a lion; they were both going the same way and jogged along for some distance silent, though excellent friends. At length the lion stopped, turned round, faced the Major, and sat on his haunches like a great tom-cat. The Major, not knowing how soon his majesty's tacit treaty of peace might be broken with him, levelled his piece, taking aim between the eyes. He was just about to fire, when a sound caused him to turn round; he then at once understood that, the lion having been out for a walk, his lady had come, like a dutiful wife, to meet him. The Major drew back and calculated the odds — two to one in fa-

vour of the quadrupeds — and reserved his fire; deciding that it would be little satisfaction to kill the husband and be eaten by the wife, or *vice versâ*. The respectable couple then continued their walk alone, treating the Major with the most sovereign contempt, and allowing him, like Young Norval, to "mark the course they took," and to follow them to their abode. This he next day visited, with men, dogs, and guns; and a week afterwards I was sleeping soundly, in the Major's house, on the skin of that same king of the forest, while his consort's hide served me for a coverlid.

Although the keener sportsman prefers to go beyond the colonial boundary for prey, yet it is customary in the towns for a number of friends to make up a shooting party, who sally forth with wag-gons and a tent, which they pitch on some agreeable spot, and stay for several days, living *al fresco*, — enjoying good sport by day and good fare at the end of it, with merry songs, toasts, and stories. Others prefer hunting, mount their active little horses, and, followed by a whole host of curs, whose pedigrees would puzzle the most ingenious zoologist, sally forth in search of wild bucks; and many a good run they enjoy, and much do they contribute to the stock of good things which grace the table on the greensward at night.

“BATTLE WITH LIFE!”

BEAR thee up bravely,
Strong heart and true!
Meet thy woes gravely,
Strive with them too!
Let them not win from thee
Tear of regret,
Such were a sin from thee,
Hope for good yet!

Rouse thee from drooping,
Care-laden soul;
Mournfully stooping
'Neath grief's control!
Far o'er the gloom that lies,
Shrouding the earth,
Light from eternal skies
Shows us thy worth.

Nerve thee yet stronger,
Resolute mind!
Let care no longer
Heavily bind.
Rise on thy eagle wings
Gloriously free!
Till from material things
Pure thou shalt be!

Bear ye up bravely,
Soul and mind too!
Droop not so gravely,
Bold heart and true!
Clear rays of streaming light
Shine through the gloom,
God's love is beaming bright
E'en round the tomb!

SPY POLICE.

WE have already given some insight into the workings of the Detective Police system of London, and have found that it is solely employed in bringing crime to justice. We have no political police, no police over opinion. The most rabid demagogue can say in this free country what he chooses, provided it does not tend to incite others to do what is annoying to the lieges. He speaks not under the terror of

an organised spy system. He dreads not to discuss the affairs of the nation at a tavern, lest the waiter should be a policeman in disguise; he can converse familiarly with his guests at his own table without suspecting that the interior of his own liveries consists of a spy; when travelling, he has not the slightest fear of perpetual imprisonment for declaring himself freely on the conduct of the powers that be, because he knows that even if his fellow-passenger be a Sergeant Myth or an Inspector Wield, no harm will come to him.

It is not so across the Channel. There, while the criminal police is very defective, the police of politics is all powerful. In March last, (1850), thirty thousand political malcontents were swept beyond the gates of Paris in a single morning, before the rest of the people were up; and nobody was any the wiser till the masterly feat had been performed; but during the same month several single individuals were knocked down and robbed — some in broad day, others at dusk — yet neither of the robbers were taken. In Austria, in some of the German states, and in Italy, political *espionage* is carried to a point of refined ingenuity of which no Englishman can form an idea. Mr. Tomkins goes, for instance, to Naples; and — as the Emperor of Russia might have enlarged on the happiness and prosperity of that city after his recent visit to it, because the streets were cleared of beggars, the cabmen compelled

to dress in their best, and the fishermen to wear shoes — so in the “Travels in Italy,” which Mr. Tomkins would undoubtedly publish, there would be not a word about the police spy system; because he, innocent man, was unable to detect in his table companions, in his courier, or in his laundress, an agent of police. It is now our purpose to supply from the authentic information of a resident in Naples, the hiatus to be found in all the books of all the Mr. Tomkinses who have written “Travels.”

The chief agent is the Commissary, who, says our friend, has a certain district put under his care, and is thus made responsible for its order and fidelity; he is a kind of nursing father, in short, to the unhappy inhabitants, with power to ruin or destroy; for though he nominally receives his orders from the Minister of Police, yet, as the cant phrase is, his office is eminently “suggestive;” and whether a suspicion is to be cleared up, an act of vengeance to be perpetrated, or some object of interest or licentiousness to be attained, the report of the Commissary supplies all the data for the operations at head-quarters.

Immediately under his orders this General of Division has both regular and irregular troops, the former being the Policemen of the City; the latter simply Spies. When any long course of inquiry is to be carried out, he employs deputies, who bring in their intel-

ligence from time to time; but if any immediate or important information is desired, the Commissary undertakes that little bit of business himself — it is a delicate *morceau* which this gourmand cannot resist, and away he posts to enjoy the banquet.

Some years ago, there resided in the neighbourhood of Naples a foreigner, whose health compelled him to seek a southern climate. His tastes and occupations were literary, and his habits quiet; but whether he had some secret enemy who had denounced him, or whether the Government were afraid of him, because he read and wrote, I know not; but one fine morning the little town was much agitated by the appearance of a Commissary of Police and his attendant “Sbirri.” Many were the conjectures—as is always the case under such circumstances—as to what could be the object of this visitation. No one took it to himself; but as in a church each good Christian lolls in his corner and admires the applicability of the sermon to his neighbour in the next pew; so every little townsman knew precisely the person who merited the inspection of the Police. Don Roberto was sure that the visit was meant for his mortal enemy, Don Giuseppe; whereas the master of the favourite “Cantina” was equally sure that it must be for his rival who sold such acid wine, and permitted scenes in his shop enough to awaken the anger of the Saints. He always thought he was a Carbonaro!

The Commissary, on his arrival, sent for the Syndic.

"Pray, Signor Syndic," he said, "is there a foreigner residing here, called Don Ferdinand?" (every one is Don, in Naples.)

"Yes!" was the reply.

"And pray, Sir, what is the object of his residence here?"

"I understand, Signor Commissario, that he is in search of health and amusement."

"Ah! very good: health and amusement. And what may be his occupations?"

"They do say, Sir, that he is engaged much in reading and writing."

"Reading and writing! Yet in search of health and amusement," said the official, opening his eyes.

"That's a curious combination; but tell me, has Don Ferdinand any intercourse with the inhabitants? does he ever invite any of them to dinner?"

"I must confess," said the Syndic, "that he does."

"Then it is true, that Don Ferdinand proposes toasts after dinner?"

"Well," replied the Syndic, as if such an admission would be fraught with danger. "I cannot deny it—he *does* propose toasts."

"What are they?" asked the great official, sharply.

"His usual practice is, first, to propose the health of our Sovereign Lord the King, and then the health of *his* Sovereign Lady, the Queen."

Not without disappointment at having made out nothing serious

against Don Ferdinand, our Commissary dismissed the Syndic, merely observing that he had taken note of all his answers, and should draw up his report therefrom, and present it to the Minister of Police.

After that, the Commissary of the Police came twice to my friend's residence, and put a number of searching questions to his porter. Nothing, however, came of these investigations; first, because there was nothing really alarming in the fact of a man reading and writing, and giving toasts; and, secondly, and perhaps more strongly, because Don Ferdinand was an Englishman; for there is a prestige attaching to the very name of an Englishman which attracts to him the respect of the people and a cautious deferential treatment on the part of the Governments. It is felt, that, however distant he may be from his native land, he is not beyond its protective power, and that any injustice done to him will be resented as an injustice done to the nation. It is this conviction which has been his security in circumstances where I have known the subjects of other States arrested, imprisoned, or sent out of the country, without receiving the protection of their Governments.

The Commissary is eminently a night-bird; sometimes you see him with "measured step and slow," followed by his Myrmidons, stealing along under the dark shadows of the houses, like a cat treading; or, perchance, you are returning

home through the silent streets, carelessly and thoughtlessly, when, at some dark corner, you find yourself confronted by this spectre. He listens for and pauses at every foot-fall, waits about in entries, stops at doors, watches the lights in houses, and, like a true inductive philosopher, from such simple facts — as seeing two or three lights, more or less, or a larger group of heads than usual, infers conspiracies most dreadful and dangerous to the State. Presently a Commissary is seen bustling along with his attendants, with a quick and eager step. He is not on a mission of inspection — oh, no — that cheerful promptitude indicates that game 's a-foot, and that something is to be done. And now he stops before a house and knocks aloud — “Who is there?” — demands some one from within. “Open in the name of the law!” is the reply. What consternation do these words create; lights are gleaming and people are hurrying backwards and forwards, but the knocking continues and becomes louder, and the door is opened, and the unfortunate master of the house is dragged from his bed to be plunged into the dungeons of the Vicaria. His neighbour, luckier than he, had timely notice of the honour intended him by the Commissary; and, escaping over the roof of his house, was enabled to get on board some friendly vessel. Their crime you ask? That of hundreds of others who are eating the bread of penury in exile, or pining in loathsome dungeons — they had

taken part in the movements which preceded the publication of the “Constitution” (yet an article of that “Constitution” says, that “a veil of oblivion shall rest upon the past”). They had, in short, assisted in the development of a Constitution which I saw the Majesty of Naples swear on the Gospels to observe.

I know no better type than certain noxious insects for the myrmidons of the Commissary — the Police Spies of the South of Italy. Their multitude, their ubiquity, their unwearied perseverance, their sharp sting, make them worse than the whole insect tribe united, and infinitely more dangerous. You may crush the wasp, or smoke the mosquito, or brush away the ant, and get some intervals of repose in spite of renewed attacks; they give you, too, some warning signs of their approach — but the Police Spy is invisible and never out of hearing; whether you are relaxing in frank and thoughtless merriment, or abandoning yourself to the sweet and delicious dreams of friendship; in the market or the street — the drawing-room — the café — or the church — there he is: “A chiel 's amang ye taking notes, and 'faith he 'll prent it!” They reconnoitre the ground in various detachments for the Commissary, and report the movements, words, and almost thoughts, of the “suspected,” or of whomsoever they please to place upon that fatal list. They assume no distinctive dress — make no sign; they walk in dark-

ness, and move like the pestilence, yet they are as real existences, and follow as precise a trade, as the vendor of maccaroni. These spies are not sent forth at random, like gleaners in a wheat-field, to pick up whatever they can; but they are selected with caution, and assigned a position for which their talents or rank best fit them. Thus it happens that every grade of society has its appropriate and peculiar spies. Some are appointed to watch over the upper classes; some over the *canaglia*; some over the clergy; all watch each other. Enter a drawing-room, and rustling in satin, and distributing the courtesies and refinements of the *galleria* (drawing-room), you may behold a Government Spy. Beauty and refinement unite to lament the fate of the poor Marchese Maroni, who was arrested yesterday; nay, two crystal drops confirm the grief of the sympathising syren — “It was so hard a case. There was really nothing that could be proved against his Eccellenza. Alas! who is safe under the existing order of things — is there no hope — will there never be any change?” But beware — fall not into the meshes, though they may be woven of silk; be silent or indifferent; the very lips which pronounced these commiserations, are those which a few hours ago denounced the subject of them to the Government. You adjourn, at the close of the Opera, to a café; you are accompanied by several friends, and feel disposed to relax over a glass of iced punch

— ’tis so hot — and then from one topic of conversation you range to another, as if you were breathing the air of liberty. But who is that sleek old gentleman opposite, whose keen and cunning eye glances occasionally at you from above his paper? He has been seated there, I know not how long, spelling rather than reading yesterday’s paper; yet he has a benevolent expression of countenance; perhaps he is infirm, poor fellow, or is looking for an advertisement; perhaps some article has deeply interested him. Phaugh! waste not your compassion or your speculation upon him — he is a Spy! he has been taking notes, and woe be to you if you have been betrayed into any thoughtless expression of opinion; for every word is registered. What corner of the city, or the country, what class of society is free from this pest! Nor is all this merely imaginary. I paint from the life, and could adduce instances of betrayal in the belle of high society, or in the shopman at the counter, in the caburan who takes your paltry *buonamancia*, or the friend you have cherished in your bosom.

For even private friendship is not held sacred. There was living in Naples, upwards of a year since, a Count Montinona, who appeared to have no particular object in view except the pursuit of pleasure. For many years he had lavished his bounty and his friendship on another, who was at length discovered to have made somewhat free with the Count’s

property; accusations ensued, and, though compassion and a certain lingering recollection of the past did not permit the Count to cast the villain entirely off; yet he so far restricted his intimacy as to put it out of his power to rob him — “he was poor, and the temptation had been too great!” But what ensued? — This man denounced his friend as having concealed arms, and as entertaining free and dangerous opinions. Straightway the Count was arrested — his house and papers were examined, though nothing could be found to implicate him or to prove the charge; yet for many, many months he pined away in prison. I never heard when he was released, or if he is yet at liberty. All that time the informer ranged about at his own sweet will, to entrap as many new jail victims as he could make.

The effect of the Spy System on the national character is exceedingly demoralising. There is no country in Europe where the low, secret vices, as opposed to those of a bolder, opener, and more ferocious character, exist so strongly as in the South of Italy. There, the result of that timidity and want of faith in what is good, and just, and true, which has been engendered by intrigue, is practised in its most comprehensive sense. The Secret Police system is one of the very many causes of this. To appreciate this thoroughly, you must regard it as being not merely a political institution, but as having now become national;

people have followed the example which has been set them, and have all become spies — spies on each other's actions, words, and thoughts. Sometimes this habit is pursued to the extent only of simple curiosity, watching, investigating, and reporting the commonest trifles. Sometimes it is a little more malignant, and engages, almost as a pastime, in embroiling individuals or families. Sometimes it pushes further, and furnishes denunciations to the Priest, the Bishop, the Intendente, or the Minister. I have seen it under all its phases, and the effect has been to produce a want of faith in all that is high, generous and noble, and to form a low national character.

It is more ridiculous and annoying than can well be imagined, to get behind the scenes of Italian life, and listen to the daily gossip: — How such an one “*ha fatto un ricorso*” against this or that person. How Don So and So has written certain letters to the Intendente, containing charges against another Don, and has forged two signatures. How So and So has been to the bishop and laid a long list of crimes at the door of some luckless priest. Then watch the tempest of official papers which fly through the air; some contain inquiries into the truth of the statements, addressed to the judge or the syndic; some are orders to a dozen unfortunate wights to present themselves at the Intendenza; while others contain ghostly reproofs from the

bishop, or orders to suspend a priest at his reverence's will and pleasure, and rusticate him in some monastery. Every denunciation is received and inquired into.

I remember an instance of two men who kept a whole district in inquietude during one winter. Both had received some private offence, and straightway each shrank into a corner and wove his envenomed meshes; charges were devised and letters written to the Intendente, accusing some score of their friends of Carbonarism or constitutionalism; then came the usual dispatches to the judge and other authorities to inquire into the truth of the statements. The judge, it happened, was friendly with the unfortunate denounced, and drew up therefore a favourable report, but had he been less honest or less amicable, these poor fellows might have swelled the number of those who now pine in the prisons of the Vicaria.

Indeed, the influence of the Police Spy System (united with other causes), has been such as to convert the whole nation into spies upon each other. As suspicion and want of confidence universally prevail, so there is a deficiency of truthfulness. This cannot be more strongly proved than by the admission of the Italians themselves who, when wishing to conciliate your belief, tell you that they speak "*la parola Inglese*," — on the word of an Englishman.

CHIPS.

THE INDIVIDUALITY OF LOCOMOTIVES.

It is a remarkable truth, and, well applied, it might be profitable to us, in helping us to make fair allowance for the differences between the temperaments of different men — that every Locomotive Engine running on a Railway, has a distinct individuality and character of its own.

It is perfectly well known to experienced practical engineers, that if a dozen different Locomotive Engines were made, at the same time, of the same power, for the same purpose, of like materials, in the same Factory — each of those Locomotive Engines would come out with its own peculiar whims and ways, only ascertainable by experience. One engine will take a great meal of coke and water at once; another will not hear of such a thing, but will insist on being coaxed by spades-full and buckets-full. One is disposed to start off, when required, at the top of his speed; another must have a little time to warm at his work, and to get well into it. These peculiarities are so accurately mastered by skilful drivers, that only particular men can persuade particular engines to do their best. It would seem as if some of these "excellent monsters" declared, on being brought out of the stable, "If it's Smith who is to drive me, I won't go. If it's my friend Stokes, I am agreeable to anything!"

All Locomotive Engines are low-spirited in damp and foggy weather. They have a great satisfaction in their work when the air is crisp and frosty. At such a time they are very cheerful and brisk; but they strongly object to haze and Scotch mists. These are points of character on which they are all united. It is in their peculiarities and varieties of character that they are most remarkable.

The Railway Company who should consign all their Locomotives to one uniform standard of treatment, without any allowance for varying shades of character and opinion, would soon fall as much behind-hand in the world as those greater Governments are, and ever will be, who pursue the same course with the finer piece of work called Man.

THE OLDEST INHABITANT OF THE PLACE DE GRÈVE.

THE Police Courts of London have often displayed many a curious character, many a strange scene, many an exquisite bit of dialogue; so have the Police Courts in Ireland, especially at the Petty Sessions in Kilrush; but we are not so well aware of how often a scene of rich and peculiar humour occurs in the Police *tribunaux* of Paris. We will proceed to give the reader a "taste of their quality."

An extremely old woman, all in rags, was continually found beg-

ging in the streets, and the Police having good-naturedly let her off several times, were at last obliged to take her in charge, and bring her into the Court. Several magistrates were sitting. The following dialogue took place between the President and the old woman.

President. Now, my good woman, what have you to say for yourself? You have been frequently warned by the Police, but you have persisted in troubling people with begging.

Old Woman (in a humble quavering tone). Ah, Monsieur le President, it is not so much trouble to other people as it is to me. I am a very old woman.

Pres. Come, come, you must leave off begging, or I shall be obliged to punish you.

Old W. But, Monsieur le President, I cannot live without — I must beg — pardon me, Monsieur — I am obliged to beg.

Pres. But I say you must not. Can you do no work?

Old W. Ah, no, Monsieur; I am too old.

Pres. Can't you sell something — little cakes — bonbons? —

Old W. No, Monsieur, I can't get any little stock to begin with; and, if I could, I should be robbed by the *gamins*, or the little girls, for I'm not very quick, and can't see well.

Pres. Your relations must support you, then. You cannot be allowed to beg. Have you no son — no daughter — no grandchildren?

Old W. No, Monsieur; none — none — all my relations are dead.

Pres. Well then, your friends must give you assistance.

Old W. Ah, Monsieur, I have no friends; and, indeed, I never had but one, in my life; but he too is gone.

Pres. And who was he?

Old W. Monsieur de Robespierre — *le pauvre cher homme!* (The poor, dear man!)

Pres. Robespierre! — why what did you know of him?

Old W. Oh, Monsieur, my mother was one of the *tricoteurs* (knitting-women) who used to sit round the foot of the guillotine, and I always stood beside her. When Monsieur de Robespierre was passing by, in attending his duties, he used to touch my cheek, and call me (here the old woman shed tears) *la belle Marguerite*: — *le pauvre, cher homme!*

We must here pause to remind the reader that these women, the *tricoteurs*, who used to sit round the foot of the guillotine on the mornings when it was at its hideous work, were sometimes called the “Furies;” but only as a grim jest. It is well known, that, although there were occasionally some sanguinary hags amongst them, yet, for the most part, they were merely idle, gossiping women, who came there dressed in neat white caps, and with their knitting materials, out of sheer love of excitement, and to enjoy the *spectacle*.

Pres. Well, Goody; finish your history.

Old W. I was married soon after this, and then I used to take my seat as a *tricoteur* among the others; and on the days when Monsieur de Robespierre passed, he used always to notice me — *le pauvre cher homme*. I used then to be called *la belle tricoteuse*, but now — now, I am called *la vieille radoteuse* (the old dotardess). Ah, Monsieur le President, it is what we must all come to!

The old woman accompanied this reflection with an inimitable look at the President, which completely involved him in the *we*, thus presenting him with the prospect of becoming an old dotardess; not in the least meant offensively, but said in the innocence of her aged heart.

Pres. Ahem! — silence! You seem to have a very tender recollection of Monsieur Robespierre. I suppose you had reason to be grateful to him?

Old W. No, Monsieur, no reason in particular; for he guillotined my husband.

Pres. Certainly this ought to be no reason for loving his memory.

Old W. Ah, Monsieur, but it happened quite by accident. Monsieur de Robespierre did not intend to guillotine my husband — he had him executed by mistake for somebody else — *le pauvre cher homme!*

Thus leaving it an exquisite matter of doubt, as to whether the “poor dear man” referred to her

husband, or to Monsieur de Robespierre; or whether the tender epithet was equally divided between them.

TWO CHAPTERS ON BANK NOTE FORGERIES.

CHAPTER II.

IN the history of crime, as in all other histories, there is one great epoch by which minor dates are arranged and defined. In a list of remarkable events, one remarkable event more remarkable than the last, is the standard around which all smaller circumstances are grouped. Whatever happens in Mohammedan annals, is set down as having occurred so many years after the flight of the Prophet; in the records of London commerce a great fraud or a great failure is mentioned as having come to light so many months after the flight of Rowland Stephenson. Sporting men date from remarkable struggles for the Derby prize; and refer to 1840 as "Bloomsbury's year." The highwayman of old dated from Dick Turpin's last appearance on the fatal stage at Tyburn turnpike. In like manner, the standard epoch in the annals of Bank Note Forgery, is the year 1797, when (on the 25th of February) one pound notes were put into circulation instead of golden guineas; or, to use the City idiom, "cash payments were suspended."

At that time the Bank of England note was no better in appear-

ance — had not improved as a work of art — since the days of Vaughan, Mathieson, and Old Patch; it was just as easily imitated, and the chances of the successful circulation of counterfeits were increased a thousand-fold.

Up to 1793 no notes had been issued even for sums so small as five pounds. Consequently all the Bank paper then in use, passed through the hands and under the eyes of the affluent and educated, who could more readily distinguish the false from the true. Hence, during the fourteen years which preceded the non-golden and small-note era, there were only three capital convictions for the crime. When, however, the Bank of England notes became "common and popular," a prodigious quantity — to complete the quotation — was also made "base," and many persons were hanged for concocting them.

To a vast number of the humbler orders, Bank Notes were a rarity and a "sight." Many had never seen such a thing before they were called upon to take one or two pound notes in exchange for small merchandise, or their own labour. How were they to judge? How were they to tell a good from a spurious note? — especially when it happened that the officers of the Bank themselves, were occasionally mistaken, so complete and perfect were the imitations then afloat. There cannot be much doubt that where one graphic rascal was found out, ten escaped. They

snapped their fingers at the executioner, and went on enjoying their beefsteaks and porter; their winter treats to the play; their summer excursions to the suburban tea-gardens; their fashionable lounges at Tunbridge Wells, Bath, Margate, and Ramsgate; doing business with wonderful unconcern and "face" all along their journeys. These usually expensive, but to them profitable enjoyments, were continually coming to light at the trials of the lesser rogues who undertook the issue department; for, from the ease with which close imitation was effected, the manufacture was more readily completed than the uttering. The fraternity and sisterhood of utterers played many parts, and were banded in strict compact with the forgers. Some were turned loose into fairs and markets, in all sorts of appropriate disguises. Farmers, who could hardly distinguish a field of standing wheat from a field of barley: Butchers who never wielded more deadly weapons than two-prong forks: Country boys with Cockney accents, bought gingerbread, and treated their so-called sweethearts with ribbons and muslins, all by the interchange of false "flimseys." The better mannered disguised themselves as ladies and gentlemen, paid their losings at cards or hazard, or their tavern bills, their milliners, and coach-makers, in motley money composed of part real and part base bank paper. Some went about in the cloak of the Samaritan, and generously subscribed to charities wherever they saw a chance of changing a bad "five" for three or four good "ones." Ladies of sweet disposition went about doing good among the poor; personally inquired into distress, relieved it by sending out a daughter or a son to a neighbouring shop for change; and left five shillings for present necessities, walking off with fifteen. So openly — in spite of the gallows — was forgery carried on, that whoever chose to turn utterer found no difficulty in getting a stock-in-trade to commence with. Indeed, in the days of highwaymen, no travelling gentleman's pocket or valise was considered properly furnished without a few forged notes wherewith to satisfy the demands of the members of the "High Toby." This offence against the laws of the road, however, soon became too common, and wayfarers who were stopped and rifled had to pledge their sacred words of honour that their notes were the genuine promises of Abraham Newland; and that their watches were not of the factory of Mr. Pinchbeck.

With temptations so strong, it is no wonder that the forgers' trade flourished, with only an occasional check from the strong arm of the law. It followed, therefore, that from the issue of small notes in February 1797, to the end of 1817 — twenty years — there were no fewer than eight hundred and seventy prosecutions connected with Bank Note Forgery,

in which there were only one hundred and sixty acquittals, and upwards of three hundred executions! 1818 was the culminating point of the crime. In the first three months there were no fewer than one hundred and twenty-eight prosecutions by the Bank; and by the end of that year, two-and-thirty individuals had been hanged for Note Forgery. So far from this appalling series of examples having any effect in checking the progress of the crime, it is proved that at, and after that very time, base notes were poured into the Bank at the rate of *a hundred a day!*

The enormous number of undetected forgeries afloat, may be estimated by the fact, that from the 1st of January 1812, to the 10th April 1818, one hundred and thirty-one thousand three hundred and thirty-one pieces of paper were ornamented by the Bank officers with the word "Forged" — upwards of one hundred and seven thousand of them were one-pound counterfeits.

Intrinsically, it would appear from an Hibernian view of the case, then, that bad notes were nearly as good, (except not merely having been manufactured at the Bank), as good ones. So thoroughly and completely did some of them resemble the authorised engraving of the Bank, that it was next to impossible to distinguish the false from the true. Countless instances, showing rather the skill of the forger than the want of vigilance in Bank officials,

could be brought forward. Respectable persons were constantly taken into custody on a charge of uttering forgeries, imprisoned for days and then liberated. A close scrutiny, proving that the accusations were made upon genuine paper. In September, 1818, Mr. A. Burnett, of Portsmouth, had the satisfaction of having a note which had passed through his hands returned to him from the Bank of England with the base mark upon it. Satisfied of its genuineness, he re-inclosed it to the cashier, and demanded its payment. By return of post he received the following letter:

"Bank of England, 16 Sept., 1818

"Sir, — I have to acknowledge your letter to Mr. Hase, of the 13th inst. inclosing a one pound note, and, in answer thereto, I beg leave to acquaint you, that, on inspection it appears to be a genuine Note of the Bank of England; I therefore, agreeably to your request, inclose you one of the like value, No. 26,276, dated 22nd August, 1818.

"I am exceedingly sorry, Sir, that such an unusual oversight should have occurred to give you so much trouble, which I trust your candour will induce you to excuse when I assure you that the unfortunate mistake has arisen entirely out of the hurry and multiplicity of business.

"I am, Sir,

"Your most obedient servant,

"A. BURNETT, Esq. J. RIPPON."

"7 Belle Vue Terrace.

"Southsea, near Portsmouth."

A more extraordinary case is on record. A note was traced to the possession of a tradesman, which had been pronounced by the Bank Inspectors to have been forged. The man would not give it up and was taken before a magistrate, charged with "having a note in

his possession, well knowing it to be forged." He was committed to prison on evidence of the Bank Inspector; but was afterwards released on bail to appear when called on. He was *not* called on; and, at the expiration of twelve-months (having kept the note all that time), he brought an action against the Bank for false imprisonment. On the trial the note was proved to be genuine! and the plaintiff was awarded damages of one hundred pounds.

It is a fact sufficiently dreadful that three hundred and thirty human lives should have been sacrificed in twenty-one years; but when we relate a circumstance which admits the merest probability that some — even one — of those lives may have been sacrificed in innocence of the offence for which they suffered, the consideration becomes appalling.

Some time after the frequency of the crime had, in other respects subsided, there was a sort of bloody assize at Haverfordwest, in Wales; several prisoners were tried for forging and uttering, and thirteen were convicted; chiefly on the evidence of Mr. Christmas, a Bank Inspector, who swore positively, in one case, that the document named in the indictment "was not an impression from a Bank of England plate; was not printed on the paper with the ink or water-mark of the Bank; neither was it in the hand-writing of the signing clerk." Upon this testimony the prisoner, together with twelve participators

in similar crimes, were condemned to be hanged!

The morning after the trial, Mr. Christmas was leaving his lodging, when an acquaintance stepped up and asked him, as a friend, to give his opinion on a note he had that morning received. It was a bright day; Mr. Christmas put on his spectacles, and carefully scrutinised the document in a business-like and leisurely manner. He pronounced it to be forged. The gentleman, a little chagrined, brought it away with him to town. It is not a little singular that he happened to know Mr. Burnett, of Portsmouth, whom he accidentally met, and to whom he showed the note. Mr. Burnett was evidently a capital judge of Bank paper. He said nothing, but slipping his hand into one pocket, handed to the astonished gentleman full change, and put the note into another. "It cannot be a good note," exclaimed the latter, "for my friend Christmas told me at Haverfordwest that it is a forgery!" But as Mr. Burnett had backed his opinion to the amount of twenty shillings he declined to retract it; and lost no time in writing to Mr. Henry Hase (Abraham Newland's successor) to test its accuracy.

It was lucky that he did so; for this little circumstance saved thirteen lives!

Mr. Christmas's co-inspectors at the Bank of England actually reversed his non-official judgment that the note was a forgery. It was officially pronounced to be a good note; yet upon the evidence

of Mr. Christmas as regards other notes, the thirteen human beings at Haverfordwest were trembling at the foot of the gallows. It was promptly and cogently argued that as Mr. Christmas's judgment had failed him in the deliberate examination of one note, it might also err as to others, and the convicts were respited.

The converse of this sort of mistake often happened. Bad notes were pronounced to be genuine by the Bank. Early in January, 1818, a well-dressed woman entered the shop of Mr. James Hammond, of 40, Bishopsgate Street Without, and having purchased three pounds worth of goods, tendered in payment a ten-pound note. There was something hesitating and odd in her manner; and, although Mr. Hammond could see nothing the matter with the note, yet he was ungallant enough to suspect — from the uncomfortable demeanour of his customer — that all was not right. He hoped she was not in a hurry, for he had no change; he must send to a neighbour for it. He immediately dispatched his shopman to the most affluent of all his neighbours — to her of Threadneedle Street. The delay occasioned the lady to remark, "I suppose he is gone to the Bank?" Mr. Hammond having answered in the affirmative, engaged his customer in conversation, and they freely discussed the current topics of the day; till the young man returned with ten one pound Bank of England Notes. Mr. Hammond felt a

little remorse at having suspected his patroness; who departed with the purchases with the utmost despatch. She had not been gone half an hour before two gentlemen rushed into the shop in a state of grievous chagrin; one was the Bank clerk who had changed the note. He begged Mr. Hammond would be good enough to give him another for it. "Why?" asked the puzzled shop-keeper. "Why, Sir," replied the distressed clerk, "it is forged!" Of course his request was not complied with. The clerk declared that his dismissal was highly probable; but Mr. Hammond was inexorable.

The arguments in favour of death punishments never fail so signally as when brought to the test of the scaffold and its effect on Bank Forgeries. When these were most numerous, although from twenty to thirty persons were put to death in one year, the gallows was never deprived of an equal share of prey during the next. As long as simulated notes could be passed with ease, and detected with difficulty, the Old Bailey had no terrors for clever engravers and dexterous imitators of the hieroglyphic autographs of the Bank of England signers.

At length public alarm at the prevalence of forgeries, and the difficulty of knowing them as such, arose to the height of demanding some sort of relief. In 1819 a committee was appointed by the Government to enquire into the best means of prevention. One hundred and eighty projects were

submitted. They mostly consisted of intricate designs such as rendered great expense necessary to imitate. But none were adopted, for the obvious reason that ever so indifferent and easily executed imitation of an elaborate note is quite sufficient to deceive an uneducated eye; as had been abundantly proved in the instance of the Irish "black note." The Bank had not been indifferent or idle on the subject, for it had spent some hundred thousand pounds in projects for inimitable notes. At last—not long before the Commission was appointed—they were on the eve of adopting an ingenious and costly mechanism for printing a note so precisely alike on both sides as to appear as one impression, when one of the Bank printers imitated it exactly by the simple contrivance of two plates and a hinge. This may serve as a sample of the other one hundred and seventy-nine projects.

Neither the gallows, nor expensive and elaborate works of art, having been found effectual in preventing forgery, the true expedient for at least lessening the crime was adopted in 1821:—the issue of small notes was wholly discontinued, and sovereigns were brought into circulation. The forger's trade was nearly annihilated. Criminal returns inform us that during the nine years after the resumption of gold currency the number of convictions for offences having reference to the Bank of England notes were less than one hundred, and the exe-

cutions only eight. This clinches the argument against the efficacy of the gallows. In 1830 death punishments were repealed for all minor offences, and, although the cases of Bank Note Forgeries slightly increased for a time, yet there is no reason to suppose that they are greater now than they were between 1821 and 1830.

At present, Bank paper forgeries are not numerous. One of the latest was that of the twenty pound note, of which about sixty specimens found their way into the Bank. It was well executed in Belgium by foreigners, and the impressions were passed among the Change-agents in various towns in France and the Netherlands. The speculation did not succeed; for the notes got into, and were detected at, the Bank, a little too soon to profit the schemers much.

The most considerable frauds now perpetrated are not forgeries; but are done upon the plan of the highwayman mentioned in our first chapter. In order to give currency to stolen or lost notes which have been stopped at the Bank (lists of which are supplied to every banker in the country), the numbers and dates are fraudulently altered. Some years since, a gentleman, who had been receiving a large sum of money at the Bank, was robbed of it in an omnibus. The notes gradually came in, but all were altered. The last was one for five hundred pounds, dated the 12th March, 1846, and numbered 32109. On the Monday (3rd June) after the

last "Derby Day," amid the *twenty five thousand pieces* of paper that were examined by the Bank Inspectors, there was one note for five hundred pounds, dated 12th March, 1848, and numbered 32409. At that note an inspector suddenly arrested his rapid examination of the pile of which it was one. He scrutinised it for a minute, and pronounced it "altered." On the next day, that same note, with a perfect one for five hundred pounds, is shown to us with an intimation of the fact. We look at every letter; we trace every line; follow every flourish: we hold both up to the light; we undulate our visuals with the waves of the water-mark. We confess that we cannot pronounce decisively; but we have an opinion derived from a slight "goutiness" in the fine stroke of the figure 4 that No. 32409 is the forgery! so indeed it was. Yet the Bank Inspector had picked it out from the hundred genuine notes as instantaneously—pounced upon it as rapidly, as if it had been printed with green ink upon card-board.

This then, O gentlemen forgers and sporting note alterers, is the kind of odds which is against you. A minute investigation of the note assured us of your exceeding skill and ingenuity; but it also convinced us of the superiority of the detective ordeal which you have to blind and to pass. In this instance you had followed the highwayman's plan, and had put with great cunning, the additional marks to the 1 in 32109 to make it into a 4.

To hide the scraping out of the top or serif of the figure 1—to make the angle from which to draw the fine line of the 4—you had artfully inserted with a pen the figures "£16 16" as if that sum had been received from a person bearing a name that you had written above. You had with extraordinary neatness cut out the "6" from 1846, and filled up the hole with an 8 abstracted from some note of lesser value. You had fitted it with remarkable precision; only you had not got the 8 quite upright enough to pass the shrewd glance of the Bank Inspector.

We have seen a one-pound note made up of refuse pieces of a hundred other Bank notes, and pasted on a piece of paper (like a note that had been accidentally torn), so as to present an entire and *passable* whole.

To alter with a pen a 1 into a 4 is an easy task—to cut out the numeral from the *date* in one note and insert it into another, needs only a tyro in paper-cutting; but to change the special *number* by which each note is distinguished, is a feat only second in impossibility to trumping every court-card of every suit six times running in a rubber of whist. Yet we have seen a note so cleverly altered by this expedient, that it was actually paid by the Bank cashiers. If the reader will take a Bank note out of his purse, and examine its "number," he will at once appreciate the combination of chances required to find, on any other note, any other figure that shall dis-

place any one of the numerals so as to avoid detection. The "number" of every Bank note is printed twice on one line — first, on the words "I promise," secondly, on the words, "or bearer." Sometimes the figures cover the whole of those words; sometimes they only partly obscure them. No. 99066 now lies before us. Suppose we wished to substitute the "0" of another note for the first "9" of the one now under our eye; we see that the "9" covers a little bit of the "P," and intersects in three places the "r," in "Promise." Now, to give this alteration the smallest chance, we must look through hundreds of other notes till we find an "0" which not only covers a part of the "P" and intersects the "r" in three places, but in precisely *the same* places as the "9" on our note does; else the strokes of those letters would not meet when the "0" was let in, and instant detection would ensue. But even then the job would only be half done. The second initial "9" stands upon the "or" in "or bearer," and we should have to investigate several hundred more notes, to find an "0" that intersected that little word exactly in the same manner, and then let it in with such mathematical nicety, that not the hundredth part of a hair's breadth of the transferred paper should fail to range with the rest of the letters and figures on the altered note; to say nothing of hiding the joins in the paper. This is the triumph of ambidexterity; it is a species of patch-work far beyond the most sublime achievements of "Old Patch" himself.

Time has proved that the steady perseverance of the Bank — despite the most furious clamour — in gradually improving their original note and thus preserving those most essential qualities, simplicity and uniformity — has been a better preventive to forgery than any one of the hundreds of plans, pictures, complications, chemicals, and colours, which have, been forced upon the Directors' notice. Whole-note forgery is nearly extinct. The lives of Eminent Forgers need only wait for a single addendum; for only one man is left who can claim superiority over Mathieson, and he was, unfortunately for the Bank of England, born a little too late, to trip up his heels, or those of the late Mr. Charles Price. He can do everything with a note that the patchers, and alterers, and simulators, can do, and a great deal more. Flimsy as a Bank note is to a proverb, he can split it into three perfect continuous, flat, and even leaves. He has forged more than one design sent into the Bank as an infallible preventive to forgery. You may, if you like, lend him a hundred pound note: he will undertake to discharge every trace of ink from it, and return it to you perfectly uninjured and a perfect blank. We are not quite sure that if you were to burn a Bank note and hand him the black cinders, that he would not bleach it, and join it, and conjure it back again into a very good-looking, payable piece

of currency. But we *are* sure of the truth of the following story, which we have from our friend the transcendant forger referred to; and who is no other than the chief of the Engraving and Engineering department of the Bank of England:

Some years ago — in the days of the thirty-shilling notes — a certain Irishman saved up the sum of eighty-seven pounds ten, in notes of the Bank of Ireland. As a sure means of securing this valuable property, he put it in the foot of an old stocking, and buried it in his garden, where Bank note paper couldn't fail to keep dry, and to come out, when wanted, in the best preservation.

After leaving his treasure in this excellent place of deposit for some months, it occurred to the depositor to take a look at it, and see how it was getting on. He found the stocking-foot apparently full of the fragments of mildewed and broken mushrooms. No other shadow of a shade of eighty-seven pounds ten.

In the midst of his despair, the man had the sense not to disturb the ashes of his property. He took the stocking-foot in his hand, posted off to the Bank in Dublin, entered it one morning as soon as it was opened, and, staring at the clerk with a most extraordinary absence of all expression in his face, said:

"Ah, look at that, Sir! Can ye do anything for me?"

"What do you call this?" said the clerk.

"Eighty-sivin pound ten, praise the Lord, as I 'm a sinner! Ohone! There was a twenty as was paid to me by Mr. Phalim O'Dowd, Sir, and a ten as was changed by Pat Reilly, and a five as was owen by Tim; and Ted Connor ses he to ould Phillips —"

"Well! Nevermind old Phillips. You have done it, my friend!"

"Oh Lord, Sir, and it's done it I have, most com-plate! Oh, good luck to you, Sir, can you do nothing for me?"

"I don't know what's to be done with such a mess as this. Tell me, first of all, what you put in the stocking, you unfortunate blunderer?"

"Oh yes, Sir, and tell you true as if it was the last word I had to spake entirely, and the Lord be good to you, and Ted Connor ses he to ould Phillips, regarden the five as was owen by Tim, and not includen of the ten which was changed by Pat Reilly —"

"You didn't put Pat Reilly, or ould Phillips into the stocking, did you?"

"Is it Pat or ould Phillips as was ever the valy of eighty-sivin pound ten, lost and gone, and includen the five as was owen by Tim, and Ted Connor —"

"Then tell me what you *did* put in the stocking, and let me take it down. And then hold your tongue, if you can, and go your way, and come back to-morrow."

The particulars of the notes were taken, without any reference to ould Phillips: who could not, however, by any means be kept

out of the story; and the man departed.

When he was gone, the stocking-foot was shown to the then Chief Engraver of the notes, who said that if anybody could settle the business, his son could. And he proposed that the particulars of the notes should not be communicated to his son, who was then employed in his department of the Bank, but should be put away under lock and key; and that if his son's ingenuity should enable him to discover from these ashes what notes had really been put in the stocking, and the two lists should tally, the man should be paid the lost amount. To this prudent proposal the Bank of Ireland readily assented; being extremely anxious that the man should not be a loser; but, of course, deeming it essential to be protected, from imposition.

The son readily undertook the delicate commission proposed to him. He detached the fragments from the stocking with the utmost care, on the fine point of a penknife; laid the whole gently in a basin of warm water; and presently saw them, to his delight, begin to unfold and expand like flowers. By and by, he began to "tease them" with very light touches of the ends of a camel's-hair pencil, and so, by little and little, and by the most delicate use of the warm water, the camel's-hair pencil, and the penknife, got the various morsels separate before him, and began to piece them together. The first piece laid

down was faintly recognisable by a practised eye as a bit of the left-hand bottom corner of a twenty-pound note; then came a bit of a five; then of a ten; then more bits of a twenty; then more bits of a five and ten; then, another left-hand bottom corner of a twenty—so there were two twenties!—and so on, until, to the admiration and astonishment of the whole Bank, he noted down the exact amount deposited in the stocking, and the exact notes of which it had been composed. Upon this—as he wished to see and divert himself with the man on his return—he provided himself with a bundle of corresponding new, clean, rustling notes, and awaited his arrival.

He came exactly as before, with the same blank staring face, and the same inquiry, "Can you do anything for me, Sir?"

"Well," said our friend, "I don't know. Maybe I *can* do something. But I have taken a great deal of pains, and lost a great deal of time, and I want to know what you mean to give me!"

"Is it give, Sir? Thin, is there anything I wouldn't give for my eighty-sivin pound tin, Sir; and it's murdered I am by ould Phillips."

"Never mind him; there were two twenties, were there not?"

"Oh, holy mother, Sir, there was! Two most illigant twenties! and Ted Conner—and Phalim—which Reilly—"

He faltered, and stopped as our friend, with much ostentatious rustling of the crisp paper, pro-

duced a new twenty, and then the other twenty, and then a ten, and then a five, and so forth. Meanwhile, the man, occasionally murmuring an exclamation of surprise, or a protestation of gratitude, but gradually becoming vague and remote in the latter as the notes reappeared, looked on, staring, evidently inclined to believe that they were the real lost notes, reproduced in that state by some chemical process. At last they were all told out, and in his pocket, and he still stood staring and muttering, "Oh holy Mother, only to think of it! Sir, it's bound to you for ever that I am!" — but more vaguely and remotely now than ever.

"Well," said our friend, "what do you propose to give me for this?"

After staring and rubbing his chin for some time longer, he replied with the unexpected question:

"Do you like bacon?"

"Very much," said our friend.

"Thin it's a side as I'll bring your honour to-morrow morning, and a bucket of new milk — and ould Phillips —"

"Come," said our friend, glancing at a notable shillelah the man had under his arm, "let me undeceive you. I don't want anything of you, and I am very glad you have got your money back. But I suppose you'd stand by me, now, if I wanted a boy to help me in any little skirmish?"

They were standing by a window on the top storey of the Bank commanding a court-yard, where a sentry was on duty. To our friend's amazement, the man dashed out of the room without speaking one word, suddenly appeared in the court-yard, performed a wardance round this astonished soldier—who was a modest young recruit—made the shillelah flutter, like a wooden butterfly, round his musket, round his bayonet, round his head, round his body, round his arms, inside and outside his legs, advanced and retired, rattled it all round him like a firework, looked up at the window, cried out with a high leap in the air, "Whooroo! Thry me!" — vanished — and never was beheld at the Bank again from that time forth.

END OF VOL. III.



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